

January, 1911.

Price 6d.

The QUIVER



Essential Core
Serenity

IT'S A GOOD CUSTOM



TO TAKE

Beecham's Pills.





By means of
Mellin's Food

the difficulty which infants generally find in digesting cow's milk alone is entirely overcome.

FREE. We have told you already how Mellin's Food is starch-free, how it nourishes a baby from birth, how, when mixed with fresh milk, it is an exact substitute for mother's milk. Free sample on receipt of 2d. for postage. Apply, Sample Department, Mellin's Food, Limited, Peckham.

Mellin's Food

"THE CARE OF INFANTS," a work of 96 pages, dealing with the feeding and rearing of infants from birth, will be sent free on receipt of 2d. for postage.

"HINTS ON WEANING," a work of 64 pages, treating of the care of infants during and after weaning, with recipes for simple diets, will be sent, post free, to those who have charge of young infants, on application to **MELLIN'S FOOD WORKS, PECKHAM, LONDON, S.E.**

Jewsbury & Brown's Oriental Tooth Paste

IT costs one halfpenny a week to keep the teeth polished and hygienically clean, and the mouth and breath fresh and sweet, with Jewsbury & Brown's Oriental Tooth Paste.

And there is no better dentifrice made than this.

1/- Tubes. 1/6 & 2/6 Pots.

JEWSBURY & BROWN,
Ardwick Green, Manchester.

S.Y.U.

If he "snaps you up" give him something "snappy"

—a nice stew made with E.D.S., not that dusty cold joint—at least he won't *know* it's the cold joint because Edwards' Desiccated Soup makes even scraps taste flavoury and juicy like fresh-cooked meat.

Don't tell this to your husband.

E.D.S.

"I have never tasted Cocoa that I like so well."

—SIR CHAS. A. CAMERON, C.B., M.D.



Fry's **PURE**
CONCENTRATED
Cocoa

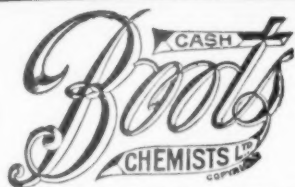
**300 Grands Prix,
Gold Medals, &c.**

"There is no woman who would not find her day's toil easier, and herself stronger, if she drank Fry's Cocoa regularly. It is the ideal beverage for a mid-morning lunch, for it feeds while it satisfies."

"Grand Prix," Brussels Exhibition, 1910.

The Highest Distinction that the Exhibition can bestow.

**Fry's Pure Concentrated and Malted Cocoas, Milk and Vinello Chocolate
were selected by Capt. Scott in preference to all others
for his British Antarctic Expedition.**



NEW YEAR GIFTS.

ARTICLES FOR THE TOILET MAKE APPRECIATIVE PRESENTS.



Cut Glass Perfume Spray.
Boots price 5/11



Manicure Cases, bone fittings,
Boots prices 1/- to 10/6
As illustration, 9/6



Cut Glass Toilet Bottle,
Boots price 3/11



Shaving Case, long grain;
special value,
Boots price 14/6



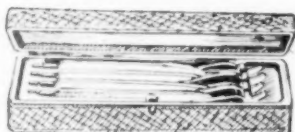
Manicure Cases, ebony fittings,
Boots prices 4/6 to 28/6



Leatherette Travelling Mirrors,
Boots prices: 1/6,
1/11, 2/6, 2/11, 3/11, 4/11



Wood Cloth Brushes,
handled, with splash,
black bristles,
Boots prices 3/11
to 9/6



Fitted Razor Cases, containing four razors,
Boots prices 15/-, 21/-, 25/-



Shaving Set, plain glass,
with fittings complete,
Boots price 10/6



American Xylonite Hand Mirrors,
Boots prices 3/11,
4/6, 4/11



Ebony Cloth Brushes,
Boots prices 2/11
to 7/11
Xylonite, 3/6 to 8/6



Xylonite Hair Tidy,
Boots price 1/11



Xylonite Hair Brush,
Boots price 0/11

BRANCHES ALMOST EVERYWHERE.

Illustrated Catalogue free on application to Head Office, Nottingham.

SIR JESSE BOOT, Managing Director.

Do This for Seven Days

And See How Your Hair will Improve.

EVERYTHING YOU NEED SENT FREE.

Write To-day for Your Presentation Package.

"Use this for seven days and see how your hair will improve."

These words were used by Mr. Edwards, the greatest specialist on the hair in the world, in describing the contents of the wonderful Toilet Outfit he is presenting as a free gift this week to everyone who writes to him for it.

THE CAUSE AND CURE OF HAIR WEAKNESS AND POVERTY.

Why is it that so many people possess such poor-quality hair?

Why are

**Greyness
Baldness
Failing Hair
Lustreless Hair
Scurf Deposits
Dull Hair
Greasy Hair
Dry, Brittle Hair
Discoloured Hair
Dandruff Dust**

such common complaints amongst both men and women?

Why?

Simply because people have not become acquainted with the true scientific method of caring for their hair.

It is in order to make up for this too frequent neglect that the greatest hair specialist and toilet authority in the world, Mr. Edwards, the founder of "Harlene Hair-Drill" and discoverer of "Harlene-for-the-Hair," is making this splendid gift to all.

ALL THIS WILL BE SENT YOU FREE.

That is to say, Mr. Edwards will send you by post as a free gift:—

- (1). A Bottle of that wonderful Hair-Tonic and Scalp Food—"Harlene-for-the-Hair"—the most popular dressing for the hair that has ever been discovered.
- (2). A Packet of the splendid "Cremex" Shampoo Powder for shampooing your hair and scalp at home. This Shampoo Powder has the effect of thoroughly cleansing the scalp of scurf and dandruff accumulations, and preparing the hair for the following "Harlene Hair-Drill."
- (3). A most interesting Book, telling you all about your hair, explaining the various disorders from which it is apt to suffer, showing how you can permanently cure them, prevent them recurring, and vastly improve both the beauty and the quality of your hair.

WONDERFUL RESULTS FOLLOW SEVEN DAYS' "HARLENE HAIR-DRILL."

Write for Free Outfit and follow the directions contained in it for seven days.

At the end of the week you will be both astonished and delighted at the resulting improvement, which will be so marked that no one can help noticing it.

All scurf and dandruff deposits will have disappeared from your scalp, nor will they form again whilst you continue practising "Hair-Drill."

New colour will return to your hair, and it will cease to fall out when brushed or combed.

New, vigorous and well-coloured hair will spring up over the thin or bald places of your scalp.

If your hair is weak and lacks brightness and beauty, all this dullness will disappear and be replaced by a delicate gloss, which will show that the "Harlene Hair-Drill" is doing good and increasing its vitality.

Your hair generally will take on a fresh, soft and silken lustre, and you yourself will find that you are looking much more youthful in years, and that your appearance is decidedly improved.

Write now, enclosing threepence in stamps to cover the cost of postage, and the whole outfit will be sent you by return of post and free of charge.

Further supplies of "Harlene-for-the-Hair" and "Cremex" can be obtained from all leading chemists and stores in the United Kingdom at the following prices:—

1s., 2s. 6d., & 4s. 6d. bottles. "Cremex" boxes (containing six shampoos) for 1s. The

same can be obtained post free by sending postal order for amount to Edwards' Harlene Co., 95-6, High Holborn, London, W.C.



Everyone who has given a seven days' fair trial to Mr. Edwards' "Royal Secret" of hair beauty is evenly astonished with the improvement it brings about in the growth and appearance of the hair. No part of the body grows so quickly under proper conditions as the hair, and that is why it is that a seven days' trial of the Free "Harlene Hair-Drill" Outfit is sufficient to demonstrate to everyone how worthy of recognition as the toilet is "Hair-Drill." Mr. Edwards is giving away dozens of his "Harlene Hair-Drill" Outfits free of charge, and anyone who sends for one will receive it without cost.

FREE COUPON.

To THE EDWARDS' HARLENE CO.,
95 and 96, High Holborn, London, W.C.

Dear Sirs,—Having read the above, I would like to accept your offer to send me a Free Outfit for "Hair-Drill," including a bottle of "Harlene," a packet of "Cremex" Shampoo Powder, and a copy of your "Hair-Drill" Instruction Book on the care and culture of the Hair.

I enclose 3d. in stamps to cover the cost of postage on package to my address in any part of the world:—

Name

Address

THE QUIVER, January, 1911.

QUITE A GOOD THING For the Table
ASK FOR IT.

HONEYCOMB MOULD

Every Cook and Housekeeper will be pleased to hear of this Honeycomb Mould. A Jelly Topping Creamy Base. Self-separated in one operation Rich as a cream and a sixth the cost.

3½d. Packet makes 1½ Pints.

Here's Another Good Thing—"SUNSHINE"

The First and Most Economical

CUSTARD POWDER

6½d. Tin makes 24 Pints.

A SEWING MACHINE FOR 6/6

Patented by H.M. the Empress of Russia.

This Machine has an established reputation for doing good work speedily and easily on thick or thin material. No experience necessary. Sent in wooden box, Carriage Paid, for 7s. Extra needles, 6d. per packet. Write for press opinions and testimonials, or call and see the Machine at work.

SEWING MACHINE CO. (Desk 10),
22 & 33, Brooke Street, Holborn, LONDON, E.C.

Will not turn black or rub off. Has been sold for thirty years, and is **STILL THE BEST.**

ARDENBRITE

LIQUID GOLD,

for decorating Chairs, Frames, Fenders, Gas Brackets, Hot Water Radiators, Figures, Cornices.

Sample post free sixpence.

T. PAVITT & SONS, SOUTHAMPTON ROW, LONDON, W.C.

PANSHINE KITCHEN MAGIC

Even the Crystal Palace would be bright and smart if it were cleaned with Panshine.

Panshine cleans and polishes all glass—windows, picture glasses, mirrors, and fine table glass—and it has a hundred and one uses in cleaning everything but clothing.


Sold in 1d., 3d., and 6d. economical droppers everywhere.

If there is any difficulty in obtaining it send 1d. stamp for sample, booklet, "Kitchen Magic," and name of nearest agent, to—

H. D. POCHIN & CO., Ltd.,
Salford,
MANCHESTER, C.

Infectious

FAMILY COLDS



PEPS Speedily Banish
The 'Cold-Germ' from the Home.

COLDS have a habit of running "thro' the house" because the first sufferer walks into the house and generally scatters broadcast countless germs which are breathed in by the rest of the family. Then brother, sister, father, or mother begin to complain of a cough, and it is a piece of good fortune if this does not leave behind some more serious chest weakness. There is no limit to the consequences of a cough or cold, and no wise alternative remains but to treat the first symptoms promptly with Peps—the wonderful medicine which is breathed from pleasant dissolving tablets into the cough-torn breathing-tubes. These rich medicinal fumes carry a soothing and healing influence through the delicate breathing channels right on to the furthest recesses of the lungs, where the germs of disease may have found a hiding-place. Every inch of sore, torn, and inflamed tissue is thus reached by Peps; and the cold, however severe or old-standing, is soon overcome. With a box of Peps always handy, coughs, colds, and influenza are banished from the home and kept away.

Of all Chemists and Stores.

PEPS

"A Pine Forest in Every Home"

When Buying a Pen

either for yourself or as a present, be sure you get

THE "SWAN" FOUNTAIN PEN.

It always writes when you want it to write—never skips, blots, or requires coaxing. Its action is so smooth and even that it makes writing a pleasure.

Don't choose at random. Get a "SWAN" that just suits your hand and you will have a Fountain Pen that will last a lifetime.

There is a "SWAN" for every hand at prices ranging from 10/6 up. Our booklet shows many styles. Write for it today.

Sold by Stationers and Jewellers.

Write for Catalogue.

MABIE, TODD & CO.,

79 and 80, High Holborn, London, W.C.

91, Cheapside, E.C., 92, Regent Street, W., London; 2, Exchange Street, Manchester; 10, Rue Neuve, Brussels; Brentano's, 37, Ave. de l'Opéra, Paris; and at New York and Chicago.

Use "SWAN" INK for Fountain or Steel Pens. 6d. & 1/- per bottle, with filler.



STAIN GREY & HAIRS

The Hair, Whiskers, or Eyebrows are simply and safely done with

"NECROCEINE."

Restoring the colour (any shade) to the roots, it has a lasting effect, and makes detection impossible. Does not stain the skin. Undoubtedly the cleanest and best Hair Stainer in the World. Light Brown, Golden, Dark Brown, and Black. Secretly packed by Post for 1/3, 2/3, 3/3, 5/3.

LEIGH & CRAWFORD (Bank 10), 32, Brook St., Holborn, London, E.C.

NOTE TO ADVERTISERS.

Advertisements in Provincial Newspapers.

Full particulars as to this class of publicity, by means of a large number of the above, circulating in England, Scotland, and Ireland, may be had on application to the Manager, Advertisement Department, CASSELL & COMPANY, Limited, La Belle Sauvage, Ladgate Hill, London, E.C.

FEBROGEN DOES CURE INFLUENZA AND FEVERISH COLDS.

Post free, 1/1, 2/9, 4/6.

Beef Extracts and Tonics have no curative action.

Prepared only by

W. S. MITCHELL, M.P.S., Chemist, 35, King Street, Egremont, Cheshire.

FREE TEST OFFER. If "Febrogen," taken according to directions, fails to prove beneficial after five or six doses, you may return remainder of bottle, and receive your money back in full.

HUNTER'S GREAT INDIGESTION CURE IS FOR YOU.

It is for YOU U, U, U, U, U

Because you have not been able to eat a good round meal without suffering much distress afterwards. In fact, much food which you enjoy you deny yourself because of indigestion.

Hunter's Great Indigestion Cure is to do away with this bother and enable you to eat and enjoy anything which reasonable people can.

A gentleman has just informed us that one bottle cured him, when for many months his life had been a burden.

Only those who suffer from spasms caused by indigestion could appreciate what it would mean if they were free from the pain they get after a slight meal.

WE WANT YOU TO SEND FOR ONE BOTTLE.

We will send post paid for 1s. 4½d. as a trial.

Send to the Manufacturer

W. W. HUNTER,

REGENT STREET, SWINDON, ENGLAND.

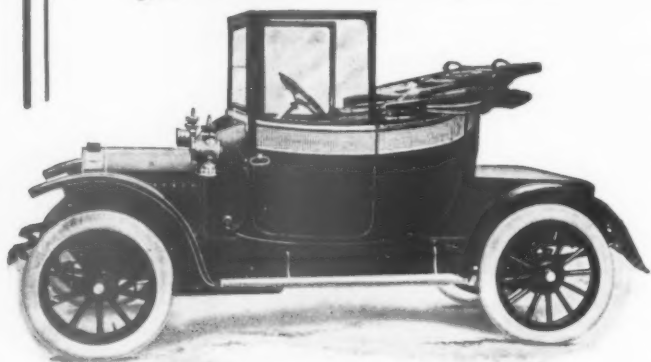
Or from any chemist. Do not take a substitute.

This remedy is good for the liver and for any stomach disorder.

Offside-entrance problem solved

A new feature of the 1911

De Dion Bouton



carriage bodies

Every motorist knows how desirable easy entrance to the driver's seat from both sides would be, and how difficult, if not impossible, it has been to obtain it. The carriage body design has not allowed this, and generally the gear and brake levers are in the way, but this is not so on De Dion Bouton chassis.

Without affecting the appearance—offside entrance is included, with other new features, in three carriage bodies we have designed.

These models are :

Double-purpose, to seat two.

Double-purpose, to seat four.

Torpedo-type, to seat four.

With De Dion Bouton chassis—renowned for reliability—they form a most satisfactory carriage.

Send for special leaflets on the above and our 1911 catalogue.




De Dion Bouton (1907), Ltd.,

99, Gt. Marlborough Street,
Oxford Circus, London, W.

Telephones—3151 City (3 lines).
Telegrams—"Andesite, London."

THE QUIVER



MR SANDOW'S HEALTH-MESSAGE FOR 1911

*"You Must be Healthy
to
Succeed & enjoy Life.
Let me Show you How"*

I WILL DO SO FREE OF CHARGE WHEREVER YOU LIVE.

THOUSANDS upon thousands of ailing men, women and children, whose ages varied from five years to eighty-five, suffering from many forms of severe and distressing illness, have during the last year been restored to the enjoyment of full health as the result of writing for one of my free booklets, offered to you to-day.

These cures were brought about by entirely natural means, without the use of a single dose of medicine, by simple, gentle

and pleasant movements scientifically prescribed for each individual so as to exactly accord with the condition, constitution, illness, and age of the person.

Now, I say to you, if you are suffering any of the forms of illness mentioned, let me send you one of my books dealing with your complaint. I don't ask you to make any payment for it; I don't ask you to even pay the postage; nor do you place yourself under any obligation to take my advice or treatment.

It does not matter in whatever part of the United Kingdom or the world outside you may live, the book you want will reach you if you care to simply write for it. Fill in and forward the application form below to me at 32, St. James' Street, London, S.W.

With the book you will also receive a personal letter containing a frank opinion as to the suitability of your case for treatment by my method.

Select the volume which deals with your own health trouble or physical requirement.

- | | | |
|--------------------------------|---|---|
| 1. Indigestion and Dyspepsia. | 10. Rheumatism and Gout. | 17. Circulatory Disorders. |
| 2. Constipation and its Cure. | 11. Anemia: Its Cause and Cure. | 18. Skin Disorders. |
| 3. Liver Troubles. | 12. Kidney Disorders: Functional and Chronic. | 19. Physical Development for Men. |
| 4. Nervous Disorders in Men. | 13. Lack of Vigour. | 20. Everyday Health. |
| 5. Nervous Disorders in Women. | 14. Physical Deformities in Men. | 21. Boys' and Girls' Health and Ailments. |
| 6. Obesity in Men. | 15. Physical Deformities in Women. | 22. Figure Culture for Women. |
| 7. Obesity in Women. | 16. Functional Defects in Speech. | 23. Insomnia. |
| 8. Heart Affections. | | 24. Neurasthenia. |
| 9. Lung and Chest Complaints. | | |

CUT OUT, FILL IN AND FORWARD THIS FORM.

Post to Eugen Sandow, 32, St. James' Street, London, S.W.

Special Application Form for "The Quiver" Readers

Please send me a gratis copy of Vol. No. with an opinion as to whether my case is one for treatment by your method.

NAME..... AGE.....

ADDRESS..... OCCUPATION.....

Ailment or Physical condition from which relief is desired.....

Give further particulars on your own notepaper

THE QUIVER



Dr. R. Marouche, M.D., B.S.C.
 "The accuracy with which he depicted my life, facts known only to myself, leaves me somewhat perplexed."

Capt. A. R. Walker, R.E.—"He told me of events my most intimate friends could not be cognizant of, and things are happening exactly as he foretold, in spite of the fact that he has never seen me."


Rub some stove black or ink on the thumbs, press them on paper; send, with birth date and time (if known), a P.O. for 1s. for cost of chart, etc., to be sent you, and stamped envelope. I will give you a **FREE READING OF YOUR LIFE** from chart, to advertise my success.

PROF. Z. T. ZAZRA, 90, New Bond St., LONDON, W.
 A Professional Man writes:—**YOU**

ASTONISH & HELP

NO LANCING OR CUTTING

 **BURGESS' LION OINTMENT.**
 Required if you use the world-renowned. It has saved many a limb from the knife. Cured others after being given up by Hospitals. The BEST REMEDY for WOUNDS and all SKIN DISEASES. A CERTAIN CURE for ULCERS, TUMOURS, Abscesses, Eczema, &c.
 Thousands of Testimonials from all Parts.
 Sold by all Chemists, 7d., 1/1s. 6d., per box, or post free for P.O. from Proprietor, L. BURGESS, 50, Gray's Inn Road, London. Advice gratis.



JUST TRY THEM

Yes. There are special merits in CARNA DENTIFRICE SALTS that others do not possess.

They cleanse the mouth to a degree rarely equalled by any other means.

They harden the gums and give them a healthy feeling and appearance.

They preserve the teeth and arrest decay. Have you a decayed tooth? Use CARNA DENTIFRICE SALTS and the decay will go no further.

They impart a pearly whiteness to the teeth which is much to be admired.

They give that cleanly and refreshing feeling to the mouth which is enjoyable.

After using them one gets the true flavour of the food one eats.

No waste in use. Just try them. SIXPENCE A BOX.

Of all Chemists, or post free of
CARNA MANUFACTURING CO., Ltd.,
 110, Strand, LONDON, W.C.

ESTABLISHED 47 YEARS

Cassell's Time Tables

A B C ARRANGEMENT

COMBINING ALSO

Complete Train Services

EASIEST, MOST UP-TO-DATE AND THOROUGH

Day and Night Services Visible at a Glance

Index and Time Tables in Clear Print, Excellent, Reliable Maps
 (Every Railway Co.'s Lines separately indicated)

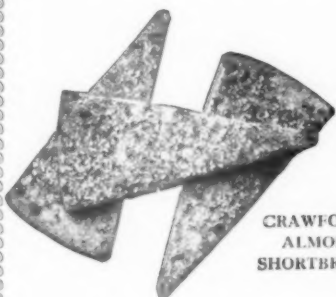
Specimen copy post free from the Publishers on receipt of postcard.
On Sale at every Railway Bookstall and from all Stationers and Booksellers throughout the Kingdom.

CASSELL AND CO., LTD., LA BELLE SAUVAGE, LONDON, E.C.

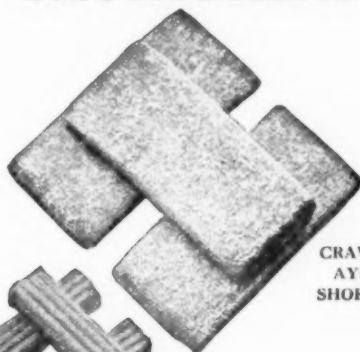
Xmas & New Year Dainties



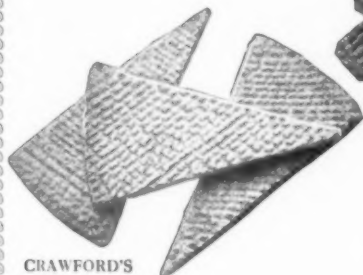
CRAWFORD'S SHORTBREAD



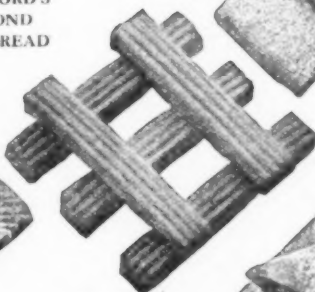
CRAWFORD'S
ALMOND
SHORTBREAD



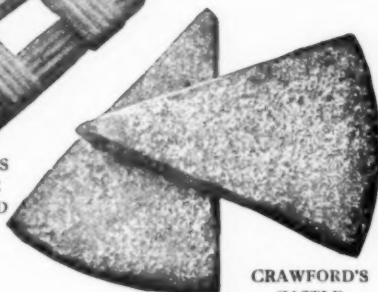
CRAWFORD'S
AYRSHIRE
SHORTBREAD



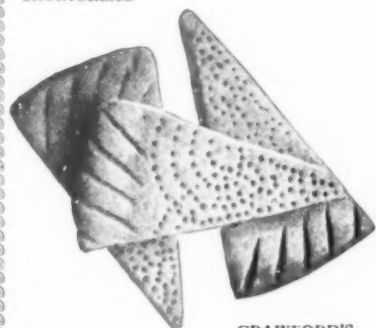
CRAWFORD'S
BALMORAL
SHORTBREAD



CRAWFORD'S
MISTLETOE
SHORTBREAD



CRAWFORD'S
CASTLE
SHORTBREAD



CRAWFORD'S
WAVERLEY
SHORTBREAD



CRAWFORD'S
LOTHIAN
SHORTBREAD

WILLIAM CRAWFORD & SONS, Ltd., Edinburgh, Liverpool, London.

MAY BE OBTAINED LOOSE BY THE POUND AND IN SPECIAL TINS FROM YOUR
OWN GROCER OR BAKER

Grand New Competition

FIRST PRIZE: 125-GUINEA STERLING PLAYER-PIANO.

SECOND PRIZE, £15 cash. THIRD PRIZE, £10 cash.

FOURTH PRIZE, £5 cash.

10 Prizes of £1 each, and 40 Consolation Prizes of Handsome Volumes.

Our former competitions have been so popular that we have decided to offer another handsome First Prize, and have accordingly made arrangements to offer a magnificent **PLAYER PIANO**.

WHAT YOU HAVE TO DO

Below we have reproduced eight picture puzzles, which represent either the name of some article advertised in our advertisement pages, the name or (in the case of a double name) part of the name of the firm advertising it, or a portion of their address, provided it is given in the advertisement.

This Competition is run in conjunction with **CASSELL'S MAGAZINE, THE STORY-TELLER, THE QUIVER, THE NEW MAGAZINE, and LITTLE FOLKS**, and the pictures represent advertisements or advertisements taken from any of these magazines during the six months the competition is running.

We shall publish two more sets—that is, one each in February and March numbers—and the first prize will be awarded for the correct list of solutions sent in.

In the event of no reader giving all the correct solutions, the first prize will be awarded for the list containing the greatest number correct, while should we receive more than one list absolutely correct, a further competition of a nature which the adjudicator may deem the most advisable to determine the winner will be arranged. The other prizes will be awarded in order of merit, or, in the event of a number of readers tying for second place, the second, third and fourth prizes will be pooled and divided in equal shares among them.

A competitor may send in only one list. Keep your sets until the closing date is announced. The advertisements, names of advertisers, and their addresses will be in all cases taken from the advertisement pages of "The Story-Teller," "The New Magazine," "Little Folks," "Cassell's Magazine," and "The Quiver," and not from inserted advertisements.

The list of winners will be published in the **SATURDAY JOURNAL** dated May 6th, 1917.

The Editor will accept no responsibility in regard to the loss or non-delivery of any attempt submitted. No correspondence will be entered into in connection with the Competition. The published decision will be final, and competitors may only enter on this understanding.

No employee of Messrs. Cassell & Co. is allowed to take part in this Competition.

THE PLAYER-PIANO

The Sterling Player-Piano, of which we give an illustration, is a magnificent instrument sold at 125 guineas. It is manufactured in the finest rosewood, and would be an acquisition to any home. It is of the best quality manufactured by this famous firm, whose reputation for instruments of this nature is unrivalled.



The Player Piano

FOURTH SET OF PICTURES



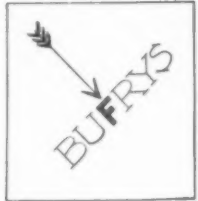
25



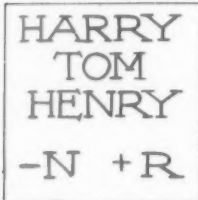
26



27



28



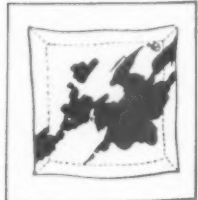
29



30



31



32

Name (write clearly in ink)

Address

Keep all your sets together till the closing date is announced in these pages.

Bird-mark Underwear

BEARS THE STAMP OF

DELICACY and REFINEMENT.

Of superb texture, and the mode of manufacture is such that it conforms to the figure without a crease; produces warmth without bulkiness.

UNSHRINKABLE, SEAMLESS.

If you would have the best, ask your draper or outfitter to-day for

BIRD-mark Underwear

and be sure you obtain it.



Peter Pen Knows Thousands Who Use The Onoto Pen

"But I am still looking for the men, women and children who have writing to do—and do it without the Onoto Pen.

"What a pen to have—the pen that doesn't leak.

"It does not splutter, blot or scratch.

"It fills itself in a flash. Fancy that—no filler—no squirt. It fills alone—a pen on its own.

"I could say much more. But when it's summed up Peter Pen's speech is 'Get a British-made

Price **10 6** and upwards of all stationers, jewellers and stores. Booklet about it free from Theos, De La Rue & Co., Ltd., 235, Bunhill Row, London, E.C.

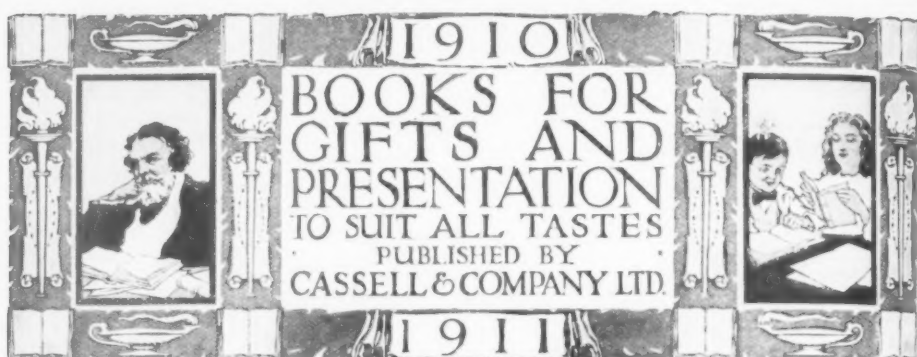
Onoto

Self-Filling - - Pen
Safety Fountain

IMPORTANT.—For those who require a larger pen, with a very flexible nib, a special model—the new "G" has been put on the market. Try this new "G" at your stationers.

Also ask for **ONOTO INK**
—the best for fountain
and all other pens.





Steamships and their Story

By E. Keble Chatterton

Contains a Frontispiece in Colour and over 150 Illustrations. It has a beautiful Cover Design in Gilt, enriched by a Coloured Medallion painted by the famous marine artist, Mr. Charles Dixon. Super royal 8vo, cloth gilt, gilt top, 21s. net.

"A handsome volume, handsomely illustrated."—*Evening Standard*.

100 Popular Pictures

Facsimile Reproductions in Colour of Popular Pictures selected from the World's Great Galleries, with an Introduction by M. H. Spielmann, F.S.A., and Note on each Picture by Arthur Fish. Vol. I, Imp. 4to, cloth gilt, 12s. Volume I. contains 50 Pictures.

The collection includes works by Van Dyck, Velasquez, Titian, Rembrandt, Rossetti, Raphael, Israels, Millet, MacWhirter, Whistler, Somerscales, etc.

The reproductions have been effected by the Three-Colour Process so successfully that the rich colour and delicacy of the original oils have been retained.

Women of all Nations

By G. Athol Joyce, M.A.

With Coloured Frontispiece and 64 Plates. Large crown 8vo, cloth gilt, gilt top. Popular edition, 6s. net.

A valuable book, dealing with the racial peculiarities of women. This was issued two years ago under the joint editorship of Mr. Athol Joyce and Mr. N. W. Thomas, M.A., when it met with a most cordial reception.

It has been carefully abridged by Mr. Joyce, and will doubtless prove in its new form to be the most useful book dealing with the subject.

Keartons' Nature Pictures

Beautifully reproduced in 24 Colour Plates, 72 Rembrandt Photogravures, and hundreds of Illustrations from Photographs by Richard and Cherry Kearton, with Descriptive Text by Richard Kearton, F.Z.S., F.R.P.S., etc. Medium 4to, cloth gilt, gilt top, 2 vols., 15s. each net.

"The educational value of such a book is really incalculable. He is a lucky boy indeed whose parents secure a copy of this splendid picture gallery! He will possess a treasure which his parents themselves, at any rate, had no chance of owning when they were his age."—*Daily Telegraph*.

"A unique natural history book for old and young alike."—*Lakes Field*.

In the Heart of Africa

By the Duke of Mecklenburg

With 4 Plates and 147 pages of Illustrations and 2 Maps. Imp. 4to, cloth gilt, 15s. net.

The author of this book, the Duke Adolphus Frederick of Mecklenburg, cousin of the German Empress, is the foremost sportsman in the Kaiser's dominions.

This volume embodies the results of a hunting and scientific expedition which the Duke carried out, accompanied by a host of scientific experts, into unknown territory in Central Africa.

The Sea and its Story

By Captain Frank H. Shaw and Ernest H. Robinson

With Coloured Plates by famous Marine Artists, and hundreds of Illustrations from Drawings and Photographs. Super royal 8vo, cloth gilt, 9s. net.

"Written in the pleasantest style by experts and admirably illustrated... brings its history and meaning home to us in the most effective way."—*Daily Telegraph*.

"An admirable gift book."—*Evening Standard*.

Please write for Gift Book Catalogue, CASSELL & CO., Ltd., La Belle Sauvage, London, E.C.

A Good Start in Life
THE
'Allenburys' Foods



BOY aged 4 years. Fed from birth on the 'Allenburys' Foods.

Weak Babies soon grow strong, sleep well, and gain robust health when fed on the 'Allenburys' Foods.

Milk Food No. 1 From birth to 3 months.
Milk Food No. 2 From 3 to 6 months.
Malted Food No. 3 From 6 months upwards.

Pamphlet, "Baby's Welfare," sent free.

Allen & Hanburys Ltd. London

Are You Ruptured?

Then why suffer longer when the means or instant relief are at hand? This is no idle statement. I have been curing rupture for 30 years with my BROOKS' SCIENTIFIC APPLIANCE, and what I have done for thousands of sufferers I can do for you. Write to-day for my free Illustrated Booklet on the Cure of Rupture. It gives full particulars of my Appliance and the price, which I have put so low that all may benefit, rich or poor.



MR. C. E. BROOKS.

I accept no payment if you are not absolutely satisfied. Write me to-day, C. E. Brooks, 80A, Bank Buildings, Kingsway, London.

FITS
CURED

SIMPLE
HOME
TREATMENT
Twenty
Years'
Success

Over 1,000 unsolicited Testimonials in one year. Pamphlet containing proof and full particulars post free from

TRENCH'S REMEDIES, Ltd.,
303, South Frederick Street, Dublin,
and 167, ST. JAMES' CHAMBERS, TORONTO, CANADA.

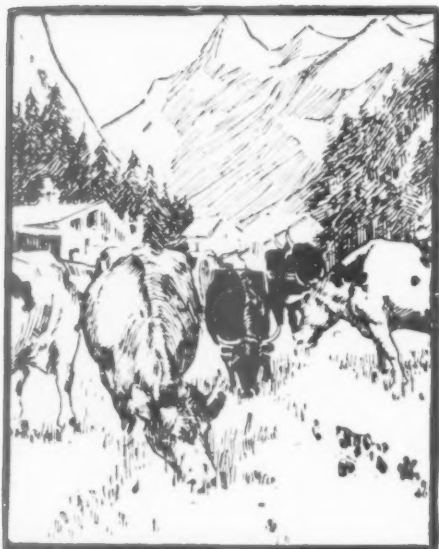
THE "ZITA" IMPROVED



Your skirt and blouse troubles will vanish for ever if you use the "Zita" Dip Front Adjuster and Skirt Retainer. Your waist looks smaller, and all untidiness in front is avoided. A perfect dip is obtained, and without the slightest trouble the skirt is held up at the back by means of a simple contrivance, which avoids the use of spikes or anything that will damage the material of your dress. Price 1/-

If unable to obtain from your draper, write to
The Crescent Manufacturing Co.
25 & 27, Fann Street,
London, E.C.

DIP FRONT ADJUSTER
PATENT



**NESTLÉ'S
MILK**
*comes to you
pure and
unskimmed
from the Swiss
high pastures*

The full-cream milk is cooled as soon as it is drawn from the cow, and condensed while fresh. It is then sealed in air-tight tins, and not subjected to the slightest risk of contamination until it is opened. It contains no chemical preservatives—absolutely nothing but the purest sugar obtainable. It will keep good in the hottest weather, and can be kept and used in small quantities as wanted.

And remember that Nestlé's Milk can be used for every purpose that ordinary fresh milk is used for.

When buying condensed milk, protect yourself against machine-skimmed condensed milk by asking plainly for Nestlé's Milk, which is Unskimmed, Unadulterated, Uncoloured and Undrugged.

Nestlé's SWISS ***Milk***
Best for Babies and for Every Purpose.

**SMEDLEY'S
PASTE**

Smedley's Paste
gives instant relief in

**RHEUMATISM,
LUMBAGO,
CHILBLAINS,
BRONCHITIS,
SORE THROAT,
NEURALGIA,
SCIATICA, &c.**

If applied when the first symptoms appear, it will avert
what might otherwise be a severe illness, producing
a healthy and vigorous circulation of the blood.

In such cases one application is usually sufficient.

As many worthless imitations are being substituted,
ask for SMEDLEY'S PASTE, and have no other.

*Sold by all Chemists in 1/1½,
1/6, and 2/9 bottles, or from*

**Hirst, Brooke & Hirst, Ltd.,
Leeds.**

Reaches the Pain
and stops it at once

PAIN

THE "QUEEN" RECOMMENDS
JOHN BOND'S "CRYSTAL PALACE"
WITH OR WITHOUT HEATING, WHICHEVER MARKING INK
KIND IS PREFERRED. Awarded 45 GOLD Medals and Royal
Appointments for Superiority.

FREE

AND ENCLOSED WITH EVERY BOTTLE A VOUCHER ENTITLING PURCHASERS TO THEIR NAME OR
MONOGRAM RUBBER STAMP, WITH PAD AND BRUSH. ALSO WITH 12 SIZE A LINEN STRETCHER.
100 YEARS' WORLD-WIDE REPUTATION. Price 6d and 1s. Sold by all Stationers, Chemists and Stores.



This is a picture
of the splendid
Austin Car
which is offered
as the first prize
in a Picture Puz-
zle Competition
now running in

Would you like
this motor car for
nothing?

You can win it.

"CHUMS" 1st weekly.

Buy "Chums" and read about it.

Q.—Jan., 1911.]

**"Youth
may fly—
but Beauty
lingers"**



**Dr. Harlan's Beauty-Cup
Massage removes Wrinkles and
Blackheads and makes the skin
soft and satiny.**

If you have or dread wrinkles—if you have
disfiguring blemishes on your face, neck, arms,
or body, you can get rid of them quickly, safely,
and easily by means of this wonderful self-applied
Massage Cup. There's no need to use so-called skin
lotions, which are often very harmful and usually ineffective.
Neither is it necessary to undergo an expensive course of treatment
at the hands of a beauty specialist. For the abnormally small sum
of 2s., the price of the Beauty-Cup, you can retain or regain a
perfect complexion and skin, and preserve it permanently in all
its youthful clarity and freshness. You can actually feel and
see the benefit of one application of this Beauty-Cup treat-
ment. Blackheads and similar blemishes are quickly removed,
and but few applications are needed to make wrinkles vanish.
This Beauty-Cup, in fact, is a toilet necessity that should be
on every dressing table. Order of your dealer, or Cup sent in
plain wrapper—with **FREE BOOK**, "Beauty and Health,"
Secrets of Priceless Value—to any address for 2s. rd. P.O. (abroad,
2s. 6d. M.O.). The book alone is worth many times this small
sum. Hundreds of unsolicited testimonials. Call or write: **G. J.
Harlan, Neu-Vita Institute, 55-116, Exchange Bldg.,
Southwark St., London. Established 1903. (Agents wanted.)**

Trade] "Neu-Vita" [Mark

Icilma FLUOR CREAM

FAMOUS FACE-CREAM.

This fragrant greaseless face-cream stimulates the skin to natural healthy action, which is the secret of beauty. Nothing else in the world can do the same. For removing roughness and redness, for softening the skin and giving delicacy to the complexion it is supreme. Price 1/- per pot everywhere.

FREE SAMPLE sent on receipt of post card, or complete box of Icilma Preparations for 3d. stamps. Icilma Company, Ltd. (Invt. 72 1/4, 14a Rosebery Avenue, London, E.C.

Which?

Will you have a
NASTY HEADACHE
or a
**Dr. MACKENZIE'S
SMELLING
BOTTLE?**



Which cures **HEADACHE, COLD IN THE HEAD, CATARRH, DIZZINESS, and FAINTNESS.**
OF ALL CHEMISTS, price ONE SHILLING, or direct, 14 stamps in the United Kingdom.
TUNBRIDGE & WRIGHT, READING.

**YOU CANT
HAVE BOTH.**



SALMON & ODY'S FAMOUS ELASTIC HOSE.

PERFECT FITTING & MOST DURABLE

STOCKINGS, LEGGINGS, KNEE-CAPS, ANKLETS, &c. WITH SEAMS, SEAMLESS AND TO LACE.

INVENTORS AND PATENTEES OF THE FAMOUS
SELF-ADJUSTING TRUSSES.

FEMALE ATTENDANT FOR LADIES.

EST. OVER 100 YEARS.

WRITE FOR LIST F.

SALMON & ODY, 164, STRAND, W.C.

TEL. 14947 CENTRAL.

AND BOMBAY, INDIA.



RUGS GIVEN AWAY

NEW
DESIGNS

Repeat
Orders
received
from the
Royal
Palace,
Stockholm



Patronized by H.M. the QUEEN OF SWEDEN.

GUARANTEED GENUINE BARGAINS.

THIS PHENOMENAL OFFER made to the Readers of THE QUIVER, is unique. On receipt of P.O. for 5/6 we will forward DIRECT FROM OUR LOOMS to your address one of 5/6 our Pradential Real Seamless Woven Half-Guinea.



(Regd.)

suitable for Drawing Room, Dining Room, Bedroom, &c. handloom woven, in Thirty Turkey patterns and fashionable self-shades of Crimson, Green, Blue, and Art Colours, to suit all requirements, and LARGE ENOUGH TO COVER ANY ORDINARY SIZE ROOM. These carpets will be sent out as Sample Carpets, with

FREE RUG,

thus showing the identical quality we supply in all sizes. They are made of material equal to wool, and being a specialty of our own, you will be able to stand direct from our looms, thus saving the Purchaser's Middle Profits. 40 Yds. square, 50 Yds. square, 60 Yds. square, 80 Yds. square, 100 Yds. square. THE FAST TWELVE MONTHS. Money wrongly retained if not approved. Thousands of Repeat orders and Unqualified Testimonials received.

GIVEN AWAY : GIVEN AWAY!
With every carpet we send ALSO LITTLE GIVE AWAY a very handsome Rug, to match, or we will send two carpets and two RUGS for 10 G.

Galaxy Bargain Catalogues of Carpets, Hearthrugs, Overmantels, Bedsteads, Linoleums, Bedding, Table Linens, Curtains &c. Post Free, a mentioning THE QUIVER, is sent, when writing.

F. HODGSON & SONS
(Invt. 131)
Manufacturers, Importers and Merchants,
Woodside Road, LEEDS.



DON'T DELAY

another day before taking Dr. Scott's Pills if you are feeling the effects of any form of liver derangement. They are the only infallible cure for anyone who feels weak, lacks energy, is bilious, does not eat, suffers from pain and flatulence after eating, starts at sudden sounds, is irritable, has no patience, feels like saying, "What's the use of anything?" or has any of the hundred and one signs of liver rebellion and life in the blood.

The very first dose you take will be enough to prove to you that this remedy is rapid of curing you.

At all Chemists and Stores (excepted) in a square glass package, 1/4 & 2/6 per box.

Dr. Scott's
Bilious & Liver Pills

Southalls' Towels

Sanitary, Absorbent, Antiseptic

A modern hygienic article for Ladies' use. Costs less than washing.

Sold by all Drapers, Ladies' Outfitters and Chemists, in silver packets containing one dozen at 1/6, also manufactured under their improved Patents, 1/3, 1/5 & 2/-

A Trial Sample Packet, just free in plain wrapper for six stamps, containing six Towels in the last standard sizes from the Lady Manager, 47, Bull Street, Birmingham.

Southalls' Protective Apron for use with Southalls' Sanitary Towels; very Light, Waterproof, Durable and Adaptable. Price 2/-

THE "TENSFELDT" PROCESS.

Electrolysis

HOME TREATMENT.

THE FACE PERFECT.

THE humiliating disfigurement caused by Superfluous Hair is one of the horrors that ladies of all ages have to endure. Thousands of so-called cures have come and gone, but it is left to the Tensfeldt Process, now universally known, to completely eradicate this terrible scourge, without leaving any marks or disfigurement. The Tensfeldt Process completely destroys the hair root. Ladies can now operate in the privacy of their own homes with results as positive as can be obtained by skilled specialists, at a great saving in expense.

SPECIAL FREE OFFER.

I want to show a copy of my book, "The Face Perfect," in the hands of every woman who is a sufferer from this dread scourge of superfluous hair. It is free to you for the mere trouble of asking for it. If you are anxious to rid yourself for ever of this disfigurement, this book will show you how it is possible. If you order, I give all letters addressed to me my personal and strictly confidential attention.

Throw razors, pumice stone, and all injurious preparations away. The Tensfeldt Electrolysis Home Treatment is THE ONLY POSITIVE CURE.

MADAME TENSFELDT,

HAIR AND
SKIN
SPECIALIST,

122 N,
Princes St.,
EDINBURGH.



COUPON.

"How, When, and Where" Corner.

To Alison, "The Quiver,"

Isa Belle Sauvage, London, E.C.

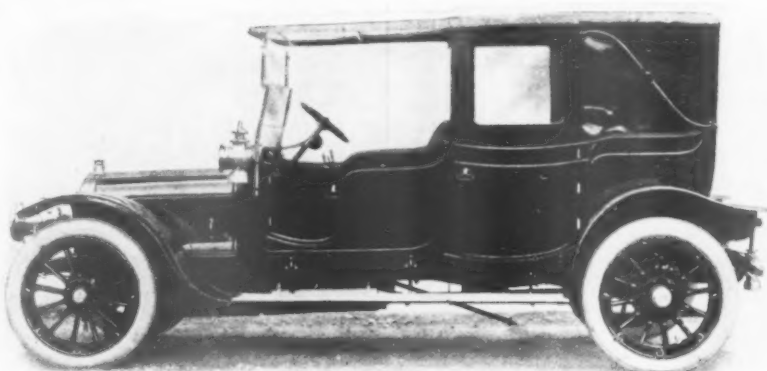
I should like to be entered as a Companion of the "HOW, WHEN, AND WHERE" CORNER, and will try to help in any way I can. I enclose a penny stamp for a Certificate of Membership.

Name

Address

Age

THE QUIVER



The Austin "Hertford" Cabriolet.

"The Morning Post" of Nov. 8th says:—

"The Austin stands for the very best characteristics of pre-eminently British Engineering as applied to motor car construction."



Austin



"The Car that has set the fashion to the Motoring World."

Catalogues giving full details of our cars sent at request. Trial runs arranged. Visitors to the works are always welcome.

Models:—7 h.p., 10 h.p., 15 h.p., 18-24 h.p., 40 h.p., and 50 h.p.

THE AUSTIN MOTOR CO., LTD.,

Longbridge Works, Northfield, near BIRMINGHAM.

LONDON: 134, Long Acre, W.C.

NORWICH: 18 & 22, Prince of Wales Road.

CHARITABLE APPEALS.

The Editor of "The Quiver" will receive and acknowledge any Donations or Subscriptions for the under-mentioned Charities that are forwarded to him, addressed La Belle Sauvage, London, E.C.

The Colonial and Continental Church Society

urgently needs men (particularly clergy) and means to meet the great emergency in **NORTH-WEST CANADA**, where a new nation in the process of rapid development needs to be moulded for Christ and His Church.

Ten clergy and a hundred and twenty-one Student Evangelists have been sent out in the last four years through the Society's **NORTH-WEST CANADA FUND**.

Settlers pour in by tens of thousands yearly, villages come in.o existence as if by magic, and become towns in a few months. Everything depends on what is done now. It is an unparalleled opportunity.

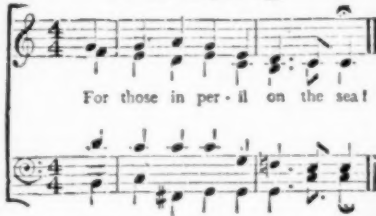
Contributions may be sent to the Secretary,

The Rev. J. D. MULLINS, M.A.,
9, SERJEANTS' INN, FLEET STREET, E.C.

THE SHIPWRECKED FISHERMEN AND MARINERS' ROYAL BENEVOLENT SOCIETY.

PATRON—His Majesty the King.

Over 600 000 Persons relieved since the foundation of the Society in 1839.



The Shipwrecked are instantly cared for on the spot and sent home.

The Widow, Orphan, etc., are immediately sought out and succoured.

The Distressed Seafarer is at once charitably assisted.

All Mariners are directly encouraged to exercise thrift by becoming beneficiary members.

FUNDS URGENTLY NEEDED.

President—The Rt. Hon. The EARL CADOGAN, K.G.

Chairman—Admiral W. F. S. MANN.

Bankers—WILLIAMS' DEACON'S BANK, Ltd.,

Cockspur Street, Charing Cross, London, S.W.

Secretary—G. E. MAUDE, Esq.,

26, Suffolk Street, Pall Mall East, London, S.W.

PLAIN NEEDLEWORK AND CUTTING OUT

By F. B. TOWNEND

Paper
Covers
1/-
Net

Contains 8 Plates and many other Illustrations.

Cloth.
1/6
Net

What the Press says:—

"A manual that will doubtless prove of great value to the amateur dressmaker... every stitch employed in plain needlework fully explained."—*Times*.

"The book is packed with practical advice upon the subject of needlework and cutting out... There are some exceedingly good hints... of saving time."—*Illustrated London News*.

CASELL AND CO., LTD., LA BELLE SAUVAGE, LONDON, E.C.

A Really Good Investment!

Put your money into Christmas Cheer for the thousands of poor and crippled bairns known to the

RAGGED SCHOOL UNION AND SHAFTESBURY SOCIETY.

Everyone can take SHARES in this joy-giving scheme, and so make this Christmas the happiest season of the year.

Contributions will be carefully used and promptly acknowledged.

"THOUGH FATHER CHRISTMAS HAS A KINDLY HEART, HE'S BOUND TO WAIT TILL YOU THE GIFTS IMPART."

Please send your gifts of money or kind to

SIR JOHN KIRK, J.P.,

Director and Secretary.

10, John Street, Threadneedle's Road,
London, W.C.

DO IT NOW.

THE QUEEN'S HOSPITAL FOR CHILDREN,

Hackney Road, Bethnal Green, E.

The East of London Hospital

134 beds always full.

Economically Administered.

£12,000 a year expenditure.

Assured income under £1,000.

The "North Eastern" Hospital

31,000 Out-Patients annually.

Inquiry System in force for prevention of abuse.

£7,000 Attendance.

No funds in hand.

PLEASE HELP.

T. Glenton-Kerr, Sec.

JEWELL

THE 'JEWEL' PEN IS DIFFERENT
to other Fountain Pens in this respect,
that whilst it will do the work that is
claimed for high-priced pens, and do
it well, it costs only 5s.

DON'T FORGET A CROWN 'JEWEL'
(All Stations of post free from
sole makers)

JEWEL PEN CO. (Dept. 103),
102, Fenchurch Street, London, E.C.

5s

PEN



**EVERY WOMAN OUGHT
TO KNOW
that REYNOLDS'
WHEATMEAL BREAD**

can be enjoyed by all. None so easy to digest.
The best bakery judges have awarded 75
Gold Medals on superior quality and flavour.

Sold by Bakers, Grocers, and the Stores, London,
and throughout Great Britain.

POSTAGE OF ENGLAND TO
J. REYNOLDS & CO., Ltd., 53, Albert Flour Mills, Gloucester.



1st Thermos.
"Push! I've been boiling for a
day and a night."

THERMOS FLASKS

Hot Liquids or Cold at Will!

The THERMOS FLASK keeps hot
liquids piping hot for 24 hours, and
needs neither chemicals, methylated
spirit, added heat or attention.

FOR

SHAVING, MOTORING, TRAVELLING.

Try the comfort of hot water, or a hot
drink, ready at any moment, and always
at hand.

Of all Jewellers, Chemists, Ironmongers and Stores.

None genuine without the word "THERMOS."

Prices from 6/6 to 11 guineas.

Wholesale only: A. E. GUTMANN & Co.,
8, Long Lane, London, E.C.



2nd Thermos.
"You can't see me! I've been
boiling for long days."

LETTERS COPIED WHILE WRITING

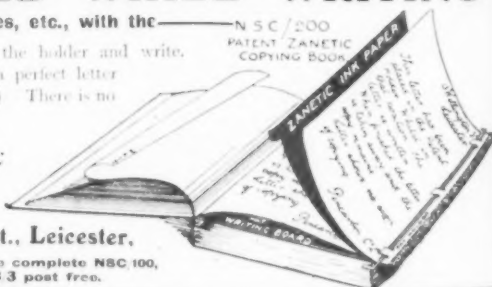
By using your own Letter Paper, Invoices, etc., with the

You simply insert your writing paper in the holder and write.
Whereupon you secure by the act of writing a perfect letter
and a perfect copy (which remains in the book). There is no
sign of copying, no perforated edge.

Sample of the **CELEBRATED ZANETIC**
PAPER which produces this result,
free from

Q. ZANETIC, 13, Wellington St., Leicester.

If stamped addressed envelope enclosed. One complete NSC 100,
copying 200 full size 10 x 8 in. letter, for 3.3 post free.



CHARITABLE APPEALS.

The Editor of "The Quiver" will receive and acknowledge any Donations or Subscriptions for the undermentioned Charity that are forwarded to him, addressed La Belle Sauvage, London, E.C.



Please Don't Forget
the
9,044 Destitute and Orphan
Children in

Dr. Barnardo's Homes

THIS
NEW YEAR.

* * Cheques and Orders payable "Dr. Barnardo's Homes."

Honorary Director, William Baker, Esq., M.A., LL.B., 18 to 20, Stepney Causeway, London, E.



KEMOLINE Razor Sharpener

REMARKABLE INVENTION.

2/9

This unique preparation is composed of chemically dissolved metal, which, unlike any ordinary dressing, thoroughly saturates the leather strop. The effect upon a razor after but a few strokes is extraordinary. No other sharpener in the world will give to your razor the perfected edge which results from using a Kemoline strop.

Makes your Razors last a Lifetime.

A good razor will last for years, but how often is one thrown away after but a short time? Why? Not because you cannot strop a razor, but because you are using an inefficient strop. Do you want your razors to be always sharp and ready for use? If so, you must use a Kemoline strop, and we invite you to

TRY IT FREE FOR FIFTEEN DAYS.

Send us a postal order, and you will receive a Kemoline strop by return. Use it for Fifteen Days, and if it is not in every way as represented, your money will be returned to you in full.

SPECIAL STROP FOR SAFETY RAZOR BLADES. 2s. POST FREE.

KEMOLINE RAZOR SHARPENER CO.,
17, Billiter Street, London, E.C.



2/9 POST FREE.

Finest Quality,
Specially Selected
French Calf Strop.
Best Finish. 4/6.

We will send
you sufficient
of the sharp-
ener to dress
your own strop
on receipt of
stamps value
SEVENPENCE.

Can be obtained at all
CLEMENTS' RAZOR DEPOTS:

- 92, STRAND, W.C.
- 95, CHEAPSIDE.
- 45, OLD BROAD STREET.
- 45, GRACECHURCH STREET.
- 45, MOORGATE STREET.
- 45, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET.
- 54, STRAND.
- 127, HIGH HOLBORN.
- 15, BELL LANE STREET.
- 15, LONDON STREET, E.C.

"Making Friends."

BIRD'S Custard


is welcomed with joy by the children, and makes friends everywhere, because its fascinating flavour and rich creaminess have a never-failing charm for everyone. Absolutely pure and wholesome.

C. With BIRD'S Custard your party is always a success.

As a DELICIOUS HOT SAUCE for PLUM PUDDINGS—prepare the Custard according to the usual method and serve immediately while HOT.



Prepared by the Manufacturers of NEAVE'S FOOD



Which has for many years been used in THE RUSSIAN IMPERIAL NURSERY.

Neave's Health Diet

DELICIOUS AND NOURISHING
A Milk and Cereal Food for general use. Invaluable in all cases of weak digestion and general debility, providing full nourishment with little exertion to the digestive organs.

A Doctor writes: "A most efficient preparation for Invalids, Nursing Mothers and people suffering from weak digestion, being far more nutritious than beef tea."
8th September, 1909.

The Hon. Chaplain, Hospital for Invalid Gentlemen, writes, "Am convinced it warded off Influenza, my whole system seemed braced up, and I got good sound sleep."
14th March, 1910.

Sold in Tins 1/3 and 3/6
Sample sent on receipt of two penny stamp for postage money on this publication.

JOSIAH R. NEAVE & CO FORDINGBRIDGE.

HARBUTT'S PLASTICINE BUILDER BOX.



EVERY BOY

big or little, takes a deep interest in all kinds of building. Their fingers itch to be doing something themselves—with the BUILDER BOX of :: :: :: HARBUTT'S PLASTICINE he can build Model Houses, Castles, Bridges, etc., to his heart's content—without Mess or Trouble. Complete with Brick Maker, Trowel, Roller, Tile Cutter, etc. Post Free 5/6. William Harbutt, 27, Bathampton, Bath. :: :: ::

THE QUIVER

CONTENTS FOR JANUARY, 1911

Frontispiece: "Help in Sight." *Drawn by S. W. Hunter.*

Are the Conditions of Modern Life Compatible with the Strict Observance of the Sabbath? Symposium Collected by A. B. COOPER .	PAGE 239
CYNTHIA CHARRINGTON. Serial Story. By MRS. GEORGE DE HORNE VAIZEY. Chaps. V.—VII. <i>Illustrated by J. E. Sutcliffe</i> .	245
To Jerusalem by Rail. By HAROLD J. SHEPSTONE. <i>Illustrated by Photographs</i> .	258
The Mystery of Ach-na-Goil. Complete Story. By H. HALYBURTON ROSS .	263
Life's Tangled Thread. I.—Life's Problems. By THE BISHOP OF RIPON .	273
A Florentine Face. Complete Story. By FLORENCE BONE .	277
Gardens in the Home. By S. L. BENSUSAN .	284
Our New Competition. By THE EDITOR .	287
Round a Sundial. By AMY LE FEUVRE. No. 2.—A Girl's Refusal .	289
Letters on Life and Love. No. 8.—To a Husband who does not Think his Wife needs any Pocket Money. By "AMICA" .	294
A Fresh Voyage. By LESLIE MARY OYLER .	296
Beside the Still Waters .	297
The Best Hat. Complete Story. By VIOLET M. METHLEY. <i>Illustrated by Paul Tarrant</i> .	300
As Others See Us. No. 2.—A Sense of Humour. By EDITH HENRIETTA FOWLER .	305
THE HOME DEPARTMENT:—	
Hints for Inexperienced Housewives. By BLANCHE ST. CLAIR .	307
"Charity Begins at Home." By ISABEL BROOKE-ALDER .	309
Baby's First Year. By ELIZABETH SLOAN CHESSEB, M.B. .	310
YOUNG PEOPLE'S PAGES:—	
How, When and Where Corner. Conducted by "ALISON" .	313
Plain Needlework for Girls. III.—Seaming. By MRS. F. B. TOWNEND .	317
The Crutch-and-Kindness League. By the REV. J. REID HOWATT .	319
The Road-Mender. By the REV. J. D. JONES, M.A., B.D. .	321
Amusing Competitions for Church Socials. By BETTY FINCH .	322
Conversation Corner. By THE EDITOR .	325
Sunday School Pages .	327

Registered at the General Post Office for transmission by Canadian Magazine Post.

All MSS. submitted to the Editor must be accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope, and should be addressed to "The Editor, THE QUIVER, La Belle Sauvage, London, E.C." While every care is taken to ensure the safety of MSS., the Editor can accept no responsibility for them.

Issued Monthly. Subscription Price, post free, 9s. per annum, or 4s. 6d. for six months.

SALE of IRISH LINENS.

During January ROBINSON & CLEAVER offer **GREAT REDUCTIONS** in order to dispose of Surplus Stock.

LINENS & DAMASKS.

Linen Damask Table Cloths, 2 x 24 yds., 9/6 and 10/9 each; 2 x 24 yds., 11/9 and 12/9 each. Linen Sheets, hemmed for use, 2 x 24 yds., 12/11 pair; 24 x 3 yds., 15/6 pair. Linen Towels, heavy Handkerchiefs, usually sold at 10/6, now 12/6 dozen. Linen Pillow Cases, 12 x 26 inches, 1/9 pair.

HANDKERCHIEFS,

being the Surplus from the Xmas Trade, are obtainable at tempting prices. For Ladies, gentlemen, or Children.

SALE LIST FREE ON REQUEST.

ROBINSON & CLEAVER, Ltd.,
36, C. Donegall Place, BELFAST.

The most ———
Perfect Preservative
for the **SKIN** and
COMPLEXION.

Bottles 1/-,
of all Chemists
and Stores.

Keeps the SKIN
SOFT, SMOOTH
and
WHITE.

Removes
and Prevents all
ROUGHNESS,
REDNESS, CHAPS,
IRRITATION, Etc.

M. DEETHAM & SON,
CHELTENHAM.

It is delightfully Soothing
and Refreshing after Golf,
Motoring, Cycling, etc.

THE LEAGUE OF LOVING HEARTS

By THE EDITOR

A LETTER has just reached me addressed from "On the Pacific Ocean." It was from a lady on the way to her home in China, who had been spending her spare time on board the steamer reading THE QUIVER. She is a widow with the responsibilities of a large family, but her heart was touched by The League of Loving Hearts, so she sent her portion to help our ten Societies. A reader on the Pacific thinks of those in the Homeland; are there not thousands of our readers in the Mother Country who have never even sent a shilling?

The following are the sums received from old and new members up to and including November 30th, 1910:—

- 20s. from Miss E. M. Smith.
- 11s. from Mrs. M. A. Youngson.
- 10s. from "A Member" (Oswestry).
- 5s. each from Mrs. J. C. Nurdin, Miss Jeanie Wiseman.
- 4s. 2d. each from Mrs. Emily McCabe, L. M. Wills.
- 4s. each from Emeline Lewis, Miss Farmer, Mrs. Helm.
- 3d. each from Mrs. Greweck, M. Birt, C. MacGregor.
- Mrs. Valentine, J. A. P., Mrs. C. B. Clarke.
- 2s. each from E. M. M. G., Mrs. J. Tweedie, "Wolverhampton," H. G. McKean.
- 1s. each from D. E. Holditch, G. A. Donisthorpe, Miss A. Venn, M. Ramey, Emily E. Bruton, Miss Annie Knight, Miss Hodges, Miss Caroline J. Plew, Mrs.

Walker, J. Leir, "Friend" (Reading), Alice M. Harvey, M. E. C., M. de D. Faber, E. H. Faber, C. R. Fillmore, Ada Fillmore, Mrs. Tarrant, Mrs. M. M. Salter, Miss G. M. Harvey, Mrs. M. L. Forbes Leith.

"THE QUIVER" FUNDS

THE following is a list of contributions received up to and including November 30th, 1910. Subscriptions received after this date will be acknowledged next month:—

- For Dr. Barnardo's Homes: "May," £1; M. E. C. 10s.; M. G. 3s. Total, £1 13s.
- For "The Quiver" Waifs' Fund: "May," £1; M.A.L. 5s. Total, £1 5s.
- For The Salvation Army: "May," £1.
- For The Stockwell Orphanage: "May," £1.
- For Quarrier's Homes: "May," £1.
- For The British Home for Incurables: "From a Llangollenite," £1.
- For The Church of England Waifs and Strays Society: M. E. C. 10s.
- For The Ragged School Union: M. E. C. 3s.
- For The Mission to Lepers: "An Old Ramsey Reader," 5s.
- For The "Arcthusa" and "Chichester" Training Ships: M. E. C. 4s.
- Sent direct to Dr. Barnardo's Homes: "Muswell Hill," 1s.

"THE PREMIER FOODS OF THEIR CLASS."

See MEDICAL TIMES, 26th June, 1909.

PLASMON COCOA

PERFECTION OF FLAVOUR. 9d. Per Tin.

"Much greater nutritive value than ordinary Cocoa."

BRITISH MEDICAL JOURNAL, 19th Feb., 1910

PLASMON OATS 6d. per Packet

THE BEST THAT SCOTLAND GROWS.

"Enormously increased in food value by the addition of Plasmon."—LANCET.

No Husk or Fibre—4 minutes' boiling only required.

"Simply magnificent."—Sir J. C.—, M.D.

PLASMON IS USED BY THE ROYAL FAMILY
And is Obtainable Everywhere.



Five Pounds

BRINGS TO YOUR DOOR A

Brinsmead Piano

THE REMAINING PAYMENTS CAN BE EITHER MONTHLY OR QUARTERLY OVER 1, 2, or 3 YEARS. THE BRINSMEAD INSTALMENT SYSTEM is a triumph of equity. Every possible contingency has been provided for, every change of circumstances foreseen.

NO INTEREST IS ADDED TO THE LIST PRICE, AND SPECIAL DISCOUNTS ARE ALLOWED under the 1 or 2 years' System.

The Brinsmead Upkeep System provides for Tuning and Maintenance in good condition at Trifling Cost, and forms an additional insurance to those who purchase on the Hire Purchase System.

Illustrated Catalogues for 1911, and a Booklet Explaining fully the Brinsmead Instalment System, Sent post free to every Enquirer on request.

John Brinsmead & Sons,

LIMITED,

18, 20, & 22, WIGMORE STREET,

LONDON, W.



THE ACME OF
COMFORT

Express Restaurant Car Trains

LUXURIOUSLY UPHOLSTERED
WELL LIGHTED
GENIAL TEMPERATURE

LONDON
(MARYLEBONE)

AND

RUGBY, LEICESTER,
NOTTINGHAM,
SHEFFIELD, YORK, LEEDS,
HUDDERSFIELD,
HALIFAX, BRADFORD,
MANCHESTER, &c.

For particulars of travel facilities, &c., apply any G.C.R. Station or Agency, Dean and Dawson's Offices, or send post card to Publicity Dept., 216 Marylebone Rd., N.W.

SAM FAY, General Manager.

WORTH WRITING FOR

**INDESCRIBABLY
DELICIOUS**

We want you to Try
SIMPSON'S
CARAMELIZED
CREAMS
and so we will send
A FREE SAMPLE
For 2d. to cover postage
and packing.
WRITE FOR ONE TO-DAY



**WRITE FOR
FREE SAMPLE
TO-DAY**

**SOLD IN
BOXES
6d. & 1/-
Post Free**

A GENUINE PURE DAIRY PRODUCT

They are absolutely the best confection to be had

SIMPSON'S (Liverpool) LTD., 20, Sir Thomas St., LIVERPOOL

Vapo-Cresolene

"Cures while you sleep."

The treatment of diseases of the throat, lungs, and air passages by inhalation, has the endorsement of the medical profession.

The rational and efficacious cure for
**Whooping Cough, Croup, Sore
Throat, Coughs, Colds, Bron-
chitis, Influenza, Asthma, and
Catarrh.**

is the inhalation of "Vapo-Cresolene."

The vapour reaches directly the seat of disease, destroys the germs and soothes and heals the affected parts.



*Of all Chemists
and Stores.*

Write for book-
let on the treat-
ment of these
diseases to the
Selling Agents:

**ALLEN &
HARDURYS,
LTD.,**

**LONDON ST.,
LONDON.**

**THE
ONLY
WAY**



£7 7s.

to keep the home free
from **DUST** and **DIRT** is
by using

**The "DAISY"
VACUUM
CLEANER**

**Carpets, Chairs, Rugs,
Upholstery, Clothing,
etc.,**

FREED FROM DUST
by powerful suction.

DUST means dirt—dirt means *disease*—
and *disease* means *death*. Don't die
prematurely—be a centenarian by using a
DAISY VACUUM CLEANER,
which prolongs life by keeping the home
healthy. But

**IT MUST
BE A "DAISY"**

Of all Ironmongers and Stores, or
**THE DAISY VACUUM CLEANER CO., Ltd.,
Gravelly Hill, Birmingham.**

Telephone—908 East. Telegrams—Lickon, Birmingham.



JANUARY.



HELP IN SIGHT.
(Drawn by S. W. Hunter.)



VOL. XLVI. No. 3
(VOL. L., OLD SERIES)

JANUARY, 1911

Are the Conditions of Modern Life Compatible with the Strict Observance of the Sabbath?

The Views of Bishop Welldon, Sir J. Compton-Rickett, M.P., Sir James Voxall, M.P., Mr. J. Ramsay Macdonald, M.P., Mr. Coulson Kernahan, Rev. A. W. Gough, Rev. Dinsdale T. Young, and Mr. Oswald J. Smith

Collected by A. B. COOPER

THERE is no question, if rightly viewed, which is of more importance than that of Sunday observance. To the Christian it is the Lord's Day, a day of spiritual refreshment, of worship, and of special activity in spreading the gospel of Jesus Christ. To the man to whom religion is only a name it is just Sunday, the first day of the week, and one which he may legitimately spend in any recreation or occupation which suits his fancy or his convenience. Between these two there is a great gulf fixed, and probably most, if not all, thinking people, whether they be Christian or not, would see in the Christian's attitude towards Sunday observance a substratum of idealism and altruism tending towards the boundless betterment of the race; whilst he would see in the disregard of all Sunday observance the beginnings of national decadence, of the decay of that freedom and emancipation of which the Sabbath has always been the symbol and the guarantee.

But there are many Christian people

who, whilst fully believing in the special sacredness of the Lord's Day, yet consider that the consciences of Christians are unduly weighted and trammelled by restrictions which they deem as archaic and cumbersome as the stage coach, and which they think constitute a hindrance rather than a help to a truer, more reverent observance of the Lord's Day. With the intention of obtaining the views of thoughtful men on this vastly important topic, I wrote to several, and their replies are set forth below. It will be noted that some of my distinguished correspondents stumble over the word "Sabbath," but I may say that I purposely used this word in preference to any other, because it is the Sabbath as defined by the Fourth Commandment which is the question at issue, and it is the seeming impossibility of reconciling the letter of this commandment with the conditions of life to-day which constitutes the burden on the consciences of countless Christians.

The Rev. A. W. Gough, the beloved, gifted and eloquent Vicar of Brompton,

THE QUIVER

who has lifted an almost derelict church into a foremost place in influence and usefulness, writes in answer to my question as follows:—

"There is no doubt that the practice of treating Sunday as a day given throughout its hours to sacred services and religious reading and conversation is becoming less and less observed. This tendency is partly due to what we call 'the conditions of modern life.' But a wider and deeper view of the facts carries us inevitably to the consideration of ideas and drifts of thought which have altered the common view of life and also many of its conditions.

"Why do men arrange, or suffer the arrangement of, the conditions of life so that the 'week-end' and Sunday golf and dinners and 'at homes' and concerts allow them to go to church but once or not at all on the Lord's Day? A great many people similarly placed in all respects with those who accept these social institutions are free to go to church twice or three times on Sunday, and to teach in the Sunday School. They do these things whilst their neighbours dedicate themselves to fresh air and a varied selection of 'modern conditions.' It is natural that, with the increasing keenness of life and the constant acceleration of movement, the desire for recreation should be more urgent and widespread than it used to be. To a great extent, this desire is not frivolous at all, but really a craving to an enhancement of energy to enable one to keep the pace.

"To-day, when a bland theology seems to have cleared the sky that canopies 'the man in the street' of the clouds and lightnings that, in our fathers' days, gave cause for Litanies, and, when no social stigma is commonly attached to a neglect of public worship, the man who goes to church usually goes because he is refreshed

by going; and the man who plays golf usually gives the same reason for what he does. 'This is the rest and this is the refreshing,' says the man wearied with a week's toil as he walks home on Sunday night after having spent several hours of the day in the church and school, and given other hours to sacred thought and to reading some large thoughted and calm-viewed book of life. He says it, and he is quite right. His energies have been renewed. He will not lag or fail to keep the pace in the coming week. His well-spent Sabbath is sending him with a refreshed faith, a rewarmed heart, and a calmed and reinvigorated nervous system, to find joy and not irritation in

the duties of the morrow. 'There is no beating Palmer,' said a rival lawyer of Roundell Palmer; 'he spends his Sunday at the church and teaches in the Sunday School, and then he stays up half the night throughout the week at his law-books!' Quite so. There is no source of energy to equal God, and no refreshment like communion with Him."

Bishop Welldon, the well-beloved Dean of Manchester, writes, in



(Photo: C. Vandeb.)

REV. A. W. GOUGH.

answer to my question:—

"There can, I think, be no doubt that the stress of modern life makes the strict observance of the Sabbath, or rather of the Sunday, more difficult than it once was. A certain relaxation of the old Puritan rule respecting the Sabbath or Sunday is therefore necessary, and I would even say desirable; but I am not aware of any reason why a citizen, who is also a Christian, should not still feel himself bound by these two principles, viz.:

"1. That he must give some part of every Sunday to the public worship of Almighty God.

"2. That he must not on Sunday, any more than on other days, act in such a spirit or manner as, if all other persons were to imitate it,

STRICT OBSERVANCE OF THE SABBATH



(Photo: *Hulton*.)

SIR JAMES YOXALL, M.P.

would be injurious to the highest welfare of the State."

That is the view of a broad-minded clergyman, a dignitary of the Church of England; and I will put side by side with it the views of a thoroughly serious, high-minded layman—a man who was brought up in a Methodist home, and whose whole life has been devoted to the serious study of education and morals. Sir James Yoxall, M.P., writes:—

"You have set me a puzzler. First of all, what is meant by 'the strict observance of the Sabbath'?—the Jewish Sabbath, the Puritan Sunday, the mid-Victorian Sunday (which I suffered from), or the kind of Sunday spent by the middle-class England to-day? A definition of terms is almost an essential. One understands what 'the conditions of modern life' are without closer definition, but what can now be regarded as a 'strict observance of the Sabbath'? My own children are allowed much greater latitude in the matter than I was, and I do not find that they are less reverent or moral. I am sure they are much happier. On Saturday night in my native town of Redditch the church bell began to ring at six o'clock, for what reason I know not; but I do know that the sound of it was like a knell in my ears, because of the almost funereal tinge of the morrow. One condition of modern life is huge cities. A Sunday in London for all who have not a thoroughly comfortable home, with a family or circle of friends,

must be a terrible day, in between the services. I do not see how sound sense or practicability can rule out the escaping from London into the country of hundreds of thousands of people on the Sunday; and yet that, I suppose, would not be a 'strict' observance of the day. Bicycle, motor-car, train, tram, and boat complicate the question. If it be, as I think it is, that the conditions of modern life are not compatible with what used to be considered a strict observance of the Sunday, the only comforting consideration would be that perhaps the old strict observance was not very rational, nor perhaps even justified by the Canon; that it was part of the letter which killeth; and that one can still go by the spirit which maketh alive."

Sir Joseph Compton-Rickett, M.P., a man who has succeeded in combining great intellectual with great business activities, and who has written several very thoughtful books, takes much the same view, though perhaps he more surely puts his hand upon the centre of the question when he refers to "a slackening in religious conviction." It reminds me of the remark of a certain clergyman, made in my hearing, when his attention was called to the irregular attendance at church. He said, "When men and women are alive in Jesus Christ they seek opportunities of worship." That is profoundly true, and Sir Joseph Compton-Rickett recognises its truth. He says:—

"If the phrase, 'a strict observance of



(Photo: *Vandyck*.)

SIR J. COMPTON-RICKETT, M.P., D.L.

THE QUIVER



(Photo: Russell.)

MR. J. RAMSAY MACDONALD, M.P.

the Sabbath,' implies such a technical treatment of the day as the Jewish ecclesiastical law enjoined, or as Scotch Puritanism practised, then it is clear that modern religious opinion is radically opposed to such a custom. There is no doubt, however, that a rest day, one in seven, is a live dogma, one held as firmly by the Secularist as by the Christian. There is no disposition to alter that first day of the week, hallowed by tradition, and consecrated by usage to Christian worship. The growing indifference to a distinction between a holy day and a holiday must doubtless be attributed to a slackening in religious conviction. When the Church is at close grip with the conscience of a nation, at least one day will be given to her, a breathing space between week and week, in which she may declare her message and gather her converts."

The reply of that respected Labour leader, Mr. J. Ramsay Macdonald, M.P., to my question will be read with special interest, for he is the chosen representative of the class which constitutes nine tenths of the nation, and upon which, therefore, both its present and its future depend. If Mr. Ramsay Macdonald's reply to my question voices the opinion of the men he represents, it would seem to be a good sign of the times and an augury that out of the present stage of transition, brought about by the huge growth of towns, the perfecting of means of locomotion, the growth of national wealth, the raising of the standard of comfort, universal

schooling, the dominance of the democracy, and the thousand other things, will emerge a freer but not less serious regard for the things which count for most in the national life and towards the welfare of the race. Mr. Ramsay Macdonald, M.P., writes:—

"My answer must depend upon what meaning you place upon the word 'strict.' I was brought up in the belief that whistling was a desecration of the Sabbath, and the very handling of a secular book was regarded as a sin. If we interpret 'strict' in that sense, then undoubtedly the conditions of modern life are not compatible with the strict observance of the Sabbath. If, however, we interpret it in a more liberal sense, and take the Sabbath as a day of rest and of spiritual contemplation, I do not think that modern conditions do make that impossible, and I have never ceased to regret that gradually there have grown up practices which have tended to make the pause of the Sabbath merely an opportunity for carrying on secular work which is elbowed out at other times by the rush and pressure of the ordinary days of the week. I am afraid I have often had to take part in these practices, but I have never done it without a feeling of great regret, and I would gladly welcome any practicable attempt to put an end to the custom."

The Secretary of the Lord's Day Rest Association, Mr. G. Oswald J. Smith, also favoured me with his views. He says:—

"Gradually, but surely, there has



MR. OSWALD J. SMITH

STRICT OBSERVANCE OF THE SABBATH

crept into all classes of society, rich and poor, an inordinate tendency to frivolity. Little or no check has been placed upon this desire; but, on the contrary, as it has increased, so has it been pandered to, until at the present time modern life has resolved itself into one vast craving—not for pleasure in its proper sense, but for excitement and dissipation. Business, work, travel, everything must be done at fever heat, and the same spirit has invaded the amusements of the people, so that, nowadays, it is not healthy physical exercise or mental rest and refreshment that is sought, but a state of continual physical and mental ferment and excitement, from which all more serious thoughts of spiritual needs are crowded out. Although a return to Puritanical days, pure and simple, is a thing by no means to be desired, it is a matter for deep regret that irreligion—which is the general modern tendency—has become the alternative. Such is the perversity of human nature, however, that a happy medium seems absolutely impossible, and it must be all or nothing.

"How is it possible, therefore, to expect those whose week has been spent in one vast whirl of mundane pleasure, feverish excitement, or dissipation, from which all spiritual ideals and aspirations have been excluded, to approach a day whose every association is essentially spiritual and holy, with the necessary penitent, humble, and thankful heart, which alone can render the day an intense spiritual joy, far excelling all earthly joys? It is not possible. Like the confirmed victim to the morphia or drink habit, who drops into a state of physical and mental depression and collapse when the drug is withheld, those whose lives are given over to the all-absorbing lust of amusement, view the peaceful, restful quietude which the strict observance of the Sabbath calls for, with depression

and dismay, because it deprives them of their 'stimulant,' which has become second nature to them. Holy aspirations or desires, in their truest sense, they have none, and therefore the solitude of their own thoughts becomes positively burdensome. For them, undoubtedly Sunday is a 'grey day' and a 'day of wretchedness and gloom.' Innocent and healthy amusements, within proper limits, are not by any means incompatible with the proper observance of Sunday; but when the desire for diversion and amusement has developed into lust, then there is absolute incompatibility."

Mr. Coulson Kernahan, whose recent book has done much to enhance even his high reputation, not only as a literary

artist, but as "one who loves his fellow men," and who looks into life's problems with something of a seer's vision, sends me a thoroughly characteristic reply to my question:—

"You ask me: 'Are the conditions of modern life compatible with the strict observance of the Sabbath?' I reply that I am not sure whether 'conditions' ever yet made the man do right who did not

do right in spite of them—and by 'right' I mean, in this connection, obedience to the dictates of conscience. If a man's upbringing, and the inner voice of conscience, cause him to believe that the Sabbath should be observed after the rigorous manner of our forefathers, and after that manner only—he has no choice but to obey.

"But if he sincerely and conscientiously think himself to be justified in spending his Sunday otherwise, it is not for me to sit in judgment on him. My own weekdays being at my own disposal, it is easy for me to refrain from, say, playing golf or cricket on Sunday, and, as a matter of fact, I do so refrain. But for a City clerk, at work six days in the week, to spend some portion of Sunday in health-



MR. COULSON KERNAHAN.

THE QUIVER

ful and restful exercise in the open air, does not seem to me—so long as he reserve some portion of the day for the worship of God and for the purpose for which the Sabbath was intended—to be a matter in which anyone has a right to dictate or to interfere. But the systematic abandonment of all religious duties, and the transformation of our quiet, restful, and beautiful English Sabbath into something approaching a Continental Sunday, I regard—and for other reasons than religious—with sorrow and dismay."

The Rev. Dinsdale T. Young, the popular and eloquent minister of Wesley's Chapel, City Road, writes:—

"In my opinion, speaking generally, the conditions of modern life are compatible with the strict observance of the Sabbath. Never was there such leisure for most people on Saturdays as there is now. Never were there so many holidays. If people so desire they can keep the Sabbath strictly and then have ample freedom for all necessary relaxation. Where the Sabbath is not kept the heart does not wish for a Sabbath. 'Is thine heart right?' is the determining inquiry."

Another well-known man, who prefers to maintain a strict incognito, writes as follows, and his contribution will serve as a summing up and a conclusion to this symposium. He says:—

"Let us try to imagine for a few moments—one could hardly bear to imagine it longer—what the world would be like without a Sabbath. It would become a sort of slave plantation, with the vast majority of mankind working continuously, without hope of rest or respite, week in, week out, without pause. It may be objected to this view of the case that the world is too keenly alive to the necessity of periodical rest to permit such a state of society to establish itself. But what has taught the world the neces-

sity for this periodical rest except the divine institution of the Sabbath day—the Rest day, one in seven? The inherent selfishness of mankind, a selfishness which has shown itself all down the ages in the terrible tyranny of power and the utter helplessness of those who are under its heel, proves conclusively that but for the divine sanction and authority there would have been no rest for the weary workers. They would have had to labour from dawn to sunset every day of the week, every week of the year; and if we could imagine the Sabbath being abolished, this state of society would inevitably return.

"If the Sabbath is a great, a good, a blessed institution—one which in every way makes for the uplifting of the race, quite apart from its divine authority—it is surely the duty of every good citizen to maintain it at a high level and not to allow it to be dragged down from its high place by carelessness and a slipshod observance of its sanctities. It is not too much to say that the man or woman who treats the Sabbath like any ordinary day is lacking in good citizenship, not to speak of good Christianity. The

man or woman who secularises the Sabbath has only to ask the question, 'What would the world be like if everybody used the Sabbath as I use it?' The answer to that question, unless the self-questioner is wholly given up to selfish, low ideals and aims, would surely startle any man or woman into a more thoughtful attitude towards this great and beneficent day. Great changes come by slow degrees, and every Christian should regard the secularising of the Sabbath with very great jealousy, not only because it is the Lord's Day, and therefore a sacred day to every Christian, but also because it is the greatest safeguard in this world of the highest rights and the best interests of mankind."



(Photo: E. Barnes.)

REV. DINSDALE T. YOUNG.

Our New Serial Story

Cynthia Charrington

By Mrs. GEORGE DE HORNE VAIZEY

(Illustrated by J. E. Sutcliffe)

SYNOPSIS OF OPENING CHAPTERS

CYNTHIA CHARRINGTON is a charming, beautiful and cultured girl, the daughter of wealthy and loving parents, who has never known want, trouble or anxiety; but who—perhaps for that very reason—admits to “a spasm of longing for something new—for a change, even if it were perhaps not quite so nice.” Her mother, who in her young days has known what it is to battle with the world, confesses only to a feeling of infinite satisfaction and thankfulness for the comfort and affection which surround their little home, and would, if she could, save her daughter from those darker experiences of which she herself has only too painful a recollection.

Mrs. Charrington gives a little party in honour of her birthday. Among the guests are Professor Daughlish, a brilliant but unfashionable young University man, and Mr. Stamford Reid, who is a dealer in cotton, and for whom Cynthia possesses a secret liking. The party ends rather tragically, for on that day the father of Beth Eliot, Cynthia's greatest friend, becomes a failure and absconds. A day or two after comes the news that he has committed suicide, and Beth is left practically unprotected for, with no trade or profession to her hands. She discusses the situation with Cynthia, and at last strikes a new idea.

CHAPTER V

A NEW PROFESSION

“I’m going to be a friend in need!” declared Beth triumphantly; and when Cynthia stared at her in blank amaze, she proceeded to amplify the idea. “A friend in need, a stitch in time, a mother’s help, a lady companion, a courier, an agent, a commissionaire! It’s difficult to say what I’m not going to be! Everything that anyone wants rolled into one; ready on the premises the moment I’m needed!”

“I think you are mad!” said Cynthia coldly. For some reason, she would have found it difficult to explain what, she did not feel so devoted as usual to Beth this afternoon. She had felt distinctly antagonistic to Mr. Reid’s idea of a home with his aunt, yet when Beth had thrust aside the suggestion without the compliment of even a few minutes’ consideration, she had felt annoyed with her in her turn. Really, she hardly recognised this girl, at one moment so self-possessed and independent, at the next so mysteriously excited, as the quiet, retiring Beth of a few weeks past. “Five minutes ago you refused to be a companion. You weren’t at all polite to Mr. Reid. You wouldn’t allow him to help you.”

“But he did help all the same, without an idea what he was doing! After being mistress in my own home for these last four years, I should feel suffocated living alone with a difficult old lady. And I don’t mean to suffocate; I mean to live a fuller, freer life than I’ve ever known before. To meet people—many people; the

more the better, not to be cooped up with one solitary female. You would feel the same in my place, so don’t look superior, there’s a dear, just at the moment when I need you most. The idea is only in the rough, and you must help to work it out. Sit down! . . . You remember what Mr. Reid said about the craze that people have for living in flats? ‘There must be hundreds of them within a quarter of a mile’s distance of my aunt. Women who live in flats are almost always alone. There must be dozens of things they want done, which ordinary servants are not capable of undertaking.’ . . . Think what that means, Cynthia! Hundreds of women wanting help, and unable to find it. Don’t you see a career ready and waiting? We have been deploring that my only accomplishments are domestic, but that’s just what is needed! I’m going to be a friend in need to a block of flats—to several blocks of flats in the same neighbourhood—and amass an income for myself at the same time. I’m going to offer my services by the hour, the day, the week, and I believe I shall ‘go with a roar.’ Don’t stare! Smile! It’s splendid—simply splendid! I’m enchanted with the idea.”

“But, but—” Cynthia was too bewildered to smile. She stared blankly at her friend, while difficulty after difficulty arose in her mind. “You couldn’t! How could you? You don’t know anyone. You might get one or two introductions, but hundreds—that’s impossible; and the one or two you knew might not need you. It might be very good if you were once started, but how are you going to start?”

THE QUIVER

"Circulars!" replied Beth briefly. Certainly she had made good use of her quarter of an hour's solitude. Though she had talked of her scheme being still in the rough, its details seemed wonderfully cut and dried. "I shall have circulars printed. We'll draw them out together. 'Miss Elizabeth Elliot, recommended by —' I must have some very good referees, whose names would be known in London, and would prove that I was respectable and to be trusted. 'Miss Elizabeth Elliot, recommended by, etc., etc., etc., offers her services as practical helper by the hour, day, or week. Duties undertaken——' Then will follow a list of duties which I am prepared to undertake. Such a list! I've been thinking it over, and it grows and grows. Give me a piece of paper, and let me write things down as they come: 'Shopping on commission. Engaging domestic servants. Finding seaside apartments. Superintending removals and spring cleanings. Washing valuable china and lace. Buying and arranging flowers and plants.' That's six! It's your turn, Cynthia. Suggest something yourself!"

"Taking pet dogs for walks!"

Beth sank back in her chair, staring with horrified, wide-open eyes.

"Oh! oh! I couldn't! Those little, pampered, be-ribboned creatures that you see carried about like dolls? My dear, that's too much. I'd face a good deal, but to march round and round a square with a Fee-fee or a Bijou—no, I could *not* face it."

Cynthia laughed mischievously. The spasm of jealousy and ill-temper had passed, and she was once more ready to help and advise; to tease, too, since Beth seemed sufficiently restored to be able to bear it.

"Silly! People aren't allowed to keep dogs in flats, but there are sure to be children. Substitute children for dogs!"

Beth nodded eagerly, but, on the point of writing, substituted an improved version:

"Amusing children! Taking them about in the holidays." That might be a boon! The poor, tired mother would be thankful for a substitute, when the urchins insisted upon a seventh visit to the Tower. And what fun it would be for me—seeing the sight free gratis for nothing. I should look forward to the holidays if they brought that kind of work. Seven! we are getting on. Then, of course, there are the more domestic duties; the weekly mending, as

inevitable as it's boring. Some people might be glad of help in that; the old ladies might like their caps re-made, and the young ones their hats. I'm good at millinery, and could save them more than they cost. And I could cover lamp shades—or——"

Suddenly Cynthia looked perturbed.

"My dear Beth, aren't you getting *too* modest? You don't want to degenerate into a little sewing girl, who comes in to do 'hodd jobs' and has her meals in the kitchen. As you begin, so you may go on. You must be careful!"

Beth reared her head with a strange, new air of dignity.

"I shall do 'hodd jobs,' but I don't think anyone will offer me meals in the kitchen," she said loftily; and, looking at her, it did, indeed, seem an impossible suggestion. "If I am to be a general helper, I mustn't shirk the dull bits. I hope I may find interesting work, as a rule, but I must take the rough with the smooth. I shall charge six shillings a day, three shillings the half-day, a shilling an hour—that ought to bring in a fair income. Of course, you could hire a seamstress for less, but I am not putting myself in competition with seamstresses. What I hope and believe is that many people may be thankful to know of a *lady* to whom they can apply when they are ill, or tired, or driven, or worried; a lady whom they can order about as they could not order a friend, and send flying all over the town—or all over the country, if it's necessary to do what they want done. It won't be all fun, but for an ordinary, unaccomplished creature like myself I do think it's a fine scheme! I shall love meeting new people and getting a peep into new lives; and I shall feel I am being of some use in the world. In connection with that I thought of a special invalid section. 'Invalids—reading aloud to, playing game with; walks—escorting on; sea—taking away to.' That ought to be quite a profitable section, I should say. There are lots of other things I can think of, but it is so difficult to define them properly."

"Lump them together under 'Emergencies.'—Emergencies of every description catered for with promptitude and despatch. Dinner vacancies filled on the shortest notice. Toilette guaranteed."

They looked at each other, and pealed with laughter. The cheerful sound greeted Mrs. Charrington's ears as she entered the



"She threw open the drawing-room door and swept forward, smilingly expectant."

house, and brought the light to her eyes. It was good to hear the girls laughing again as of old. She threw open the drawing-room door, and swept forward, smilingly expectant.

"Well, dears, had a pleasant afternoon? Enjoyed your little *tête-à-tête*?"

"It wasn't a *tête-à-tête*, mother! Mr. Reid called, and dropped pearls of wisdom, from which Beth has evolved the most brilliant scheme. She's going to be a superior Miss Jones, and do 'hodd jobs' for Ladies in flats!"

No wonder that Mrs. Charrington looked amazed, but when the scheme had been propounded at length, and the proposed circular read aloud, so far as it had been composed, her expression sobered to a more serious consideration than she had previously shown. Until this moment there had always been a reservation in her manner when Beth's work had been under discussion. The girls had felt it; she had felt it herself, but had been unable to hide the inner thought, the

inner amusement. This talk of an original career which was to afford at the same time liberty and a comfortable income showed an ignorance of self and the world which was alternately ludicrous and amusing. Beth was a dear, good girl, capable beyond her years in a strictly domestic sense, but a very little experience of "looking around" would make her thankful to accept some such safe easy post as was at present spurned with contempt. What Mrs. Charrington counted on was a month or two in town; an expenditure of valuable money in gaining experience—and nothing else, followed by the return of a chastened humbled girl, thankful to accept a safe quiet post in the home of some charitable friend. Beth would be admirable as a nursery governess or companion to an invalid. Such had been her thoughts, such her attitude towards the endless conferences, and now of a sudden a definite scheme had been propounded—original, daring, yet with indisputable possibilities of success. Mrs. Charrington possessed in

THE QUIVER

abundance that valuable faculty of putting herself mentally in another's place. She thought of the lives of the endless women shut up in flats, suffering from the shortage of service which follows shortage of room. She summoned them before her one by one—the busy woman, the weakly woman, the idle woman, the inefficient woman; she saw in imagination Beth Elliot enter the portals of each, and it seemed that she must be truly welcomed! In many ways Beth had seemed strangely young and undeveloped, but it was interest, not power, which had been lacking; once her interest was aroused she possessed a power of steady persistent effort which would go far towards helping her towards a goal. If she wished she could make a success of this enterprise.

"Well?" Cynthia's impatience could not support a longer delay. "What do you think? Do you think there is anything in it?"

"My dear, I can't make up my mind in a moment. It is a perfectly new idea—startlingly new—but it seems to have possibilities. It is the sort of work in which Beth is proficient, and I should think there was room for her. But—but—"

"Ah, I knew there was a 'But'! There always is—something prudent, and proper, that we have never thought of. What is it, mother? Let us hear the worst."

Cynthia had, as she herself would have expressed it, "croaked" a little on her own account, but she was convinced that her croak and her mother's could not be identical—rightly convinced, for another moment showed that they were, in fact, diametrically opposite. Cynthia had been afraid that her friend would sacrifice her position and be left stranded without friends; Mrs. Charrington dreaded a too great number of indiscriminate acquaintances.

"It is rather a dangerous position for a girl. You would be admitted on terms of more or less intimacy to a number of homes of which you knew nothing. It is unlikely that they would *all* be desirable. You would have to be very careful. London is full of adventurers."

The two girls looked at each other, and simultaneously their eyes brightened. Into the dull programme of duty a new element had entered—instead of dread, they knew a thrill of delight. Adventurers! What could that mean? In imagination they also entered the thresholds of those serried

dwelling and beheld the occupants waiting to receive them—no longer the middle-aged and elderly matrons stolidly demanding caps, and household assistance, but fascinating heroines of romance—mysterious beauties, languishing in retirement, thankful for the friendship of a girl like themselves; celebrated authors known throughout the world, firebrands of reform—political and social—one possibility after another swept through their fertile brains, and with each enthusiasm rose still higher. Mrs. Charrington's attempt at caution had given the enterprise the one quality which it had lacked to be altogether attractive. In that moment it became an accepted fact.

"I wish," said Cynthia wistfully, "I almost—wish I could go myself as junior partner in the firm."

The qualifying "almost" was not due to nervousness, or filial affection, or a natural preference for pleasure rather than work, but simply and solely to the remembrance of Stamford Reid.

CHAPTER VI

THE HERMIT AWAKES

MALCOLM DAUGLISH at thirty-four might have stood as a type of the scientific recluse. His work was his all; to it he devoted every power of body and mind; in it he found the interest, reward and recreation that a man needs to fill his life. For the rest, he went through the necessary everyday programme with an indifference amounting almost to oblivion. He dressed very badly, without a thought to anything beyond his own comfort, goaded into the purchase of an occasional new suit by the gibes of his colleagues only. He ate what was put before him, and often at the conclusion of a meal could not have told of what he had partaken; he lived in dreary rooms in a dreary sunless house, and had never once realised that they fell short of the ideal. His landlady preyed upon his ignorance, and raised her terms from time to time on one trivial excuse after another, when he paid up meekly, and thanked Providence that he was not obliged to face another move. He had a chair, a fire when it was needed, he was quiet and undisturbed—what more need a man wish?

In the matter of means Malcolm Dauglish was more richly endowed than most

CYNTHIA CHARRINGTON

people suspected, having come into a fortune yielding several hundreds a year shortly before his thirtieth birthday. The unexpected windfall had given him little satisfaction. It appeared to him that he already possessed sufficient for his needs; he had no wish to launch out in any direction for his own personal satisfaction. Secretly he contributed generously to the funds of the University, and to one or two favourite charities; secretly, also, he acted the part of fairy godfather to many a needy student; but on his own account, scarcely an extra penny had been expended during those long five years. He would have declared that there was nothing he wished to buy.

It is not to be supposed that a man still young, attractive, and brilliantly endowed should have been allowed to disregard society entirely. Invitation cards poured in through the slit of his letter-box, invitations to every kind of entertainment; and short of positive rudeness it was impossible always to refuse. Moreover, there was one thing on earth besides his work which had power to drag the recluse from his shell, and that was music. Music he loved and understood, and when the magic word was found inscribed on a corner of an invitation card, that invitation was invariably the one to be accepted. Thus it came to pass that while he remained a stranger to the more frivolous dancing, card-playing sections of the community, Professor Daughlish's tall, stooping form was well known in musical circles; and a certain amount of amusement was introduced into his work-a-day life.

Cynthia Charrington was not fond of musical evenings. "There you sit," she would declaim with frowning brow and dramatically waving hands, "all night long penned up in a row, next to everyone in the room you most dislike, watching the person you *do* want to talk to being pleasant to someone else three rows in front. When the interval *does* come, there's no room to move about; and when at last the stupid music is over, the carriage is waiting, and you have to go home! It's the dullest form of entertainment one could desire!"

All the same, being at an age when any entertainment seems better than none, Cynthia continued to accompany her parents to every musical "at home" to which she was invited; and it was on one of these occasions that she had first attracted Malcolm Daughlish's notice.

He was standing leaning up against the wall at the side of a crowded room, his ear intent upon the strains of an octet, his eyes fixed vaguely upon the occupants of the row of chairs which stretched right across the room immediately in front of himself, middle-aged men and women for the most part, sitting hunched up in their chairs, with the blank, expressionless faces with which most people listen to classical music, when suddenly, startlingly, the scene was changed.

Half way along the row a girl straightened herself and sat forward on her chair, bringing herself conspicuously into the line of vision. The quickness of the movement, the toss of the head, the whole aggressive poise of the figure were eloquent of revolt, of almost unbearable impatience. She glanced down at her programme, and her feelings were so plainly written upon her face, that the professor was amused and arrested, and screwed up his short-sighted eyes to examine her more closely. He decided slowly, thoughtfully, that, despite her musical limitations, this girl made an unusually agreeable object, and that in comparison with the motionless, comatose-looking figures by her side, she seemed astonishingly alive! Her hair was of a rich chestnut brown; her dress seemed to be of exactly the same hue; and between the two the shoulders sloping down from the long, white throat looked dazzlingly white and fair. She was frowning, and her lips were pursed; certainly her expression was not amiable, yet the professor smiled again even as he made the admission; for so natural and spontaneous an exhibition of feeling was refreshing to encounter in the midst of a formal social function. He asked himself seriously if this girl was what would be called pretty, and was doubtful of the reply. The next moment he was doubtful no longer, for, attracted by his fixed gaze, Cynthia turned her head and fixed two dark, heavily lashed eyes upon him. The tawny hair, the clear pink and white tints of the skin, the scarlet lips with their petulant, downward droop combined to make so brilliant a whole, that the professor's short-sighted eyes felt positively dazzled. He stared back with unconscious boldness, but Cynthia was unconscious of his admiration. That one glance had discovered "that frumpy old professor," and her eyes had wandered onward in search of objects more attractive.

THE QUIVER

She was all unconscious that in one brief moment she had upset the equilibrium of a man's life.

The clapping of hands awoke Daughlish to the consciousness that the octet had come to an end, and that for the last ten minutes not a single sound had penetrated to his brain. He had been absorbed in a series of speculations, the like of which had never before entered into his learned brain. What made one particular pair of eyes so extraordinarily different in effect from all others? How did it come to pass that some people looked more attractive when they frowned than other people when they smiled? If a woman's hair were apparently rolled round and round her head, how long would it be when it was unbound? Why did not everyone wear brown frocks?

In the crush and jostle of the supper-room a desire to see the wearer of the brown dress near at hand overcame the hermit's life-long shrinking from a crowd; he edged nearer and nearer, and finally was brought up sharply with his foot planted firmly on the train of the brown dress itself. He stammered, Cynthia tugged, and a daughter of the house standing near at hand offered a laughing introduction:

"Oh, Professor, you will be getting into trouble. Let me introduce you, so that you may make your own peace! Professor Daughlish, Miss Cynthia Charrington."

Cynthia's bow of response was a trifle chilly. She had been sitting still for two solid hours listening to classical music, and really, she told herself fretfully, she deserved a little distraction to make up. Mary Chevers might have had more tact than to land her with this dull old thing when there was a party of merry boys and girls just a few yards away! She talked listless commonplaces, with her eyelids cast down and her lips drooping, in transparent ennui; and the professor delivered himself of laboured platitudes in reply, the while he mentally continued his list of questions: "Why were eyelashes in some instances several shades darker than the accompanying hair? When hair was brown, how did it come to pass that little curls behind the ear could shine like gold? Talking of ears, he had not been previously aware that the ear in itself was an object for admiration. Cynthia Charrington—Cynthia! He had never before known anyone who possessed so charming a name."

Daughlish walked home that evening. It

had been his economical habit in his impecunious days, and now that the half of his income remained unspent it never occurred to him to indulge in the luxury of driving, even when, as on this evening, the rain was falling heavily. All the way down the long line of Princes Avenue he walked with head bent down, his old, worn mackintosh flapping about his legs, through the bisecting streets which led to the sloping road by the rocky cemetery, spanned over whose depths the noble cathedral of the future was in the earliest stages of its erection; into Rodney Street, with its endless rows of doctors' plates upon the doorways; finally by means of his latch-key into his own sitting-room, with its faded furnishings and cheerless, ill-kept grate.

It was his custom to go straight to bed on returning from an evening's festivity, but to-night he seated himself in his favourite chair, and sat in silence, not even smoking, for over an hour. He did not think of Cynthia Charrington—not definitely, that is to say. It was of himself that he thought—of his life, his surroundings, his future, so far as a man could see it; and, to judge by his expression, the review was not inspiring. He who had been the most easy-going, the most satisfied of men, was suddenly seized with acute depression and discontent. He looked around the room in which he had spent four happy years with eyes which for the first time were opened to its bare ugliness; it seemed a type of his own life. He had his work, and until today his work had sufficed; but now he told himself that of all the deep, personal experiences which made up the true life of men and women, he was utterly, absolutely ignorant. He was not a man—he was a machine: a machine for the acquisition of knowledge; a machine that would grow old and dusty and out of date. Other machines would come to the front, with newer ideas, newer discoveries; science would march on; but he would be left behind, an old man in a solitary home. Not even a home—two rooms in a dreary apartment house.

He thought of his money—the legacy which he had received with so little pleasure; which he had not cared to use. At that moment it seemed to give a startling revelation of his own aloofness—that he had had no ambition, no enterprise, even no hobby, which he had wished to further.



"Half way along the row a girl straightened herself and sat forward on her chair"—p. 249.

THE QUIVER

Like most great thinkers, Daughlish had a child-like directness of action. He possessed one woman friend, and the very next afternoon he repaired to her house primed with confidences. She was a young married woman, one of the musical hostesses of the city—bright, intelligent, and hospitable, with a truly feminine interest in the affairs of others. When Daughlish prefaced the conversation with a serious "I have something to say to you," her spirits went up with a bound, and she settled herself for an enjoyable hour.

"So you shall. You shall have tea, and I'll give orders that we are not to be disturbed. What do you wish to talk about?"

"Myself!"

Mrs. Vincent's eyes danced with glee.

"How thrilling. I love confidences. And am I to promise undying secrecy?"

"It's not so thrilling as you expect. I don't exact promises, for the simple reason that the subject is not interesting enough to invite repetition."

"Oh, you are too modest," Mrs. Vincent declared. Then the maid entered the room and received her orders. Daughlish was provided with tea and cakes on a little table drawn up to his side, and the way was open for the great disclosure.

"I'm devoured with curiosity. Do please begin at once."

"I have been thinking about myself—about my life! Until now I have not given much thought to myself. I have been content to drift. It—it occurs to me that perhaps I have drifted too far, that I am rapidly degenerating into an—an—into something perilously like—an old fogey! I know you will be honest with me. Am I exaggerating, or—has the idea ever—er—presented itself to you?"

Mrs. Vincent lowered her eyes, and played with the lace on the tablecloth. Not for worlds would she have allowed herself to laugh, but inwardly she was shaken with merriment, and her quick wits had diagnosed the poor professor's complaint with pitiless accuracy.

Who is she? she asked of herself. Who can she be? She thought of the various families connected with the University; of the few outside houses which Daughlish visited on terms of intimacy, and passed in review the eligible girls therein—Mabel Bewley, plain, learned, amiable; Helen Ross, musical, pretty eyes; the three Everetts, amiable enough, but lacking in

either individuality or charm. It must be Helen Ross! Very nice. Very suitable. A good thing for both. With her usual quickness of thought, Mrs. Vincent instantly nominated herself to the part of match-maker, and planned a succession of little parties, at which the interesting pair could meet at their ease. And the poor, blind bat was beginning to wake up to the discovery of his own eccentricities! Quite time, too. Certainly she would tell him the truth.

She lifted her lids, and looked him full in the face with humorous, grey eyes.

"My dear, good man, it *has* struck me—very forcibly, indeed! I've done my best in a small way to shake you out of the rut, but it's not been easy. All work and no play is the best receipt on earth for the manufacture of old fogeys. How old do you happen to be, if one may ask?"

"Thirty-four," said Malcolm Daughlish. He paused while his eyes looked straight into hers. "I think I have always been thirty-four," he said slowly. "Never young and careless and joyous, like other men; and now that it is too late, I am sorry! I should like to be young."

"You are young! Thirty-four—why, it's a boy! It's not the years that are wrong, Professor; it's the point of view. Your youth is not lost; it is only stowed away—covered up with a good deal of debris, it is true; but, never fear, when it is dusted and brought to light, it will be still in good condition; all the better, perhaps, for its long keeping! I've known surprising instances of revival!" Again the impulse to laugh was almost irresistible. "You must come out of your rut; you must open your eyes; you must realise the beauties, the possibilities of life."

"I have been realising them." He looked round the artistically furnished room with brightening eyes. "It seems to me, Mrs. Vincent, that I have been asleep, and that suddenly my eyes are open. Last night I realised for the first time the shortcomings of my own rooms. It seems a strange thing to say after being so long content in such surroundings, but I believe that I have within me a power of—er—appreciating keenly appreciating beauty in its various forms."

"It is Helen! It's her eyes. Poor, dear man, what a bat he is!" said Mrs. Vincent to herself.

"I feel, for example," continued the pro-

CYNTHIA CHARRINGTON

fessor innocently, "a keen satisfaction in this room as compared with my own. It occurs to me that I have been inconsiderate of this susceptibility in other people. Sometimes your husband has hinted to me that my dress—"

Then Mrs. Vincent could control herself no longer. She burst into a peal of laughter, and laughed and laughed until the tears stood in her eyes.

"Hinted!" she gasped. "My dear Malcolm"—it was only on very rare and intimate occasions that she called the professor by his Christian name—"look at yourself! Your collar is frayed; your cuffs are invisible; your clothes are green; your tie is—I find it difficult to find words in which to describe your tie! It ought to be made a criminal offence for a man to walk about the streets exhibiting such an atrocity! Your hair has not been cut for—how long is it since it has been cut? You talk of being old—it would take a good half-dozen years off your age if you would go to a decent barber and tailor, and let them take you in hand."

"Is that so?" asked the professor gravely. After a moment's reflection he added: "If you will be kind enough to furnish me with the necessary addresses, I shall be pleased to follow your advice. The picture which you draw is not pleasing. We owe a duty to the community as well as to ourselves."

Mrs. Vincent wrote down the address of her husband's tailor, and secured the professor's acceptance of her proposed musical evenings before he left the house. Helen Ross was present on each of these occasions, but, to her hostess's chagrin, the professor paid her no special attention. Neither did he to Mabel Bewley, the accomplished B.A., nor to any one of the Everett sisters.

On one occasion only out of the six Cynthia Charrington was present, and then she sat at the back of the room, surrounded by a little court of admirers, whispering and laughing behind her fan, and scribbling pencilled words on her programme, which had the effect of sending her companions into paroxysms of suppressed merriment. Very bad behaviour in the midst of a musical performance, Mrs. Vincent told herself. She was very much annoyed—or, rather, she would have been annoyed if the girl had not made such a fascinating picture of youth and happiness, that it was difficult to feel severely toward-

her. She coughed slightly to attract attention, and reproachfully shook her head, whereupon Cynthia made a little *moue* of penitence, and with her white-gloved hands gave a ludicrous imitation of a dog begging for favours.

Turning away to hide an irresistible smile, Mrs. Vincent met the solemn gaze of Professor Daughlish, evidently bent in the same direction as her own. He was sitting between herself and Helen Ross, and when the next interval arrived she could not resist remarking on a deficiency which presented such an admirable foil to Helen's virtues.

"I'm so sorry you were disturbed! It was that madcap Cynthia Charrington. Naughty girl, she has no appreciation for music. It was a mistake to let her sit at the back of the room with those young men. I must bring her forward after the interval, and not let her interrupt us again."

The professor had no remarks to make upon Miss Charrington's misdemeanours.

"Who is the man sitting to her right?" he demanded shortly. "I don't know his face. Clean-shaven—fair hair."

"Yes! Isn't he handsome? A Mr. Stamford Reid, from London. Quite a nice tenor voice. I think it's a case of mutual attraction. They certainly make a charming couple. My instinct as a professional match-maker warns me that it's a case."

The professor stared blankly into space. Mrs. Vincent peered at him, and regretted her thoughtless remark. He evidently disapproved, and it might perchance make him more suspicious of her own plans regarding Helen Ross.

Later on in the evening, when conversation was in full swing, the host of the evening felt himself touched on the arm, and turned to find Malcolm Daughlish by his side.

"Can you spare me a moment, Vincent?"

"Certainly, old fellow. What can I do for you?"

"I am particularly anxious to be introduced to one of your guests. I thought perhaps that you—"

"Delighted. Who is it?"

Mr. Vincent was curious; all the more so that he was a confidant of his wife's secret. Who could it be who had aroused dear old Daughlish's interest to such an extent?

"I wish to make the acquaintance of Mr. Stamford Reid."



"What do you wish to talk about?" "Myself!"—p. 22.

CHAPTER VII

STARTING A CAREER

MISS ELIZABETH ELLIOT, practical domestic helper, personally recommended by a canon and a baronet's wife, had considerable difficulty in finding a base from whence she could conduct her scheme of action. As is so often the case, the difficulty was complicated by the different ideas held by youth and age concerning what was essential.

Mrs. Charrington considered that it would be an ideal arrangement if Beth could board with an elderly lady, or a quiet, reliable couple, who could mother her and exercise a judicious restraint over her comings and goings. Beth, seconded by Cynthia, scoffed at the idea. She had not the slightest ambition to be mothered, but demanded to be free to direct her own life. She wished to live in one of the many establishments now scattered over London where she could pay for her own bedroom or cubicle, partake of meals in the restaurant

on the ground floor, and share in the common sitting-room; and a list of addresses being procured, the three ladies devoted their first days in London to a tour of inspection, interviewing lady superintendents, viewing the accommodation, and partaking of shilling lunches *à la carte*.

On the whole, the establishment to which they were recommended looked wonderfully comfortable and well ordered, but tender-hearted Mrs. Charrington suffered many a pang; for with the best will in the world it is impossible to make an institution into a home, and the faces round the long dining-table wore a worn and faded air which was sadly eloquent. Some of the number were middle-aged and elderly women; others were girls, as young as Beth herself; but their complexions had the same dull, sickly tint, their lips drooped, their eyes were dull and lack-lustre.

The dinner itself was wonderfully good for the money, consisting of meat, pudding, and cheese. (On alternate nights, the superintendent was careful to point out,

CYNTHIA CHARRINGTON

soup or fish was served and *no* cheese.) The inmates ate heartily, then pushed back chairs, and hurried from the room, without reference to those still seated at the table; and as the visitors came leisurely out into the hall, they caught sight of dark-robed figures already descending the staircase, hurrying out into the dark streets alone. The sight made Mrs. Charrington sigh afresh, but the extraordinary thing was that there was no shadow of her depression on the faces of the girls by her side. The eyes which were blind to signs of physical weariness, were quick to note small, outward signs of a freedom which makes its appeal to all carefully guarded creatures—the latch-key, the bunch of keys, the casual invitations given and received: "Come with me to-night to—" "I'm coming to your room for coffee," etc., etc. Visions of cosy parties over bed-room fires rose in the minds of the hearers; of brewings of coffee; of confidential talks, with no elder to interfere or to hustle one ignominiously to bed. Mrs. Charrington caught a whispered "*Rather fun!*" And for the twentieth time in as many hours marvelled at the extraordinary blindness and perversity of the young. Was it, indeed, the fact that appreciation, like all other graces, was an attainment only to be won by suffering? Must it be for ever the tragedy of age to watch the children blunder, and be powerless to hand on the experience which had cost so dear? For Beth Elliot it was a blessing that she could see the bright side of the picture; but it hurt to see the longing on Cynthia's face, to hear the echo of envy in Cynthia's voice.

At the end of three days the question was settled, and Beth became the prospective mistress of a bedroom at ten and sixpence a week, and was at liberty to take lunch and dinner at home or abroad as she pleased. If she took full board her expenses would amount to the extravagant sum of twenty-seven shillings per week, but a deduction would be made for every meal taken outside the building.

Even at the cheapest computation the sum must necessarily exceed her tiny income, and it was, therefore, necessary to begin work without delay. The circulars were despatched to the printer, with the new address appended; and Beth, with her two boxes, left the hotel and drove from fashionable to unfashionable London to

install herself in her new quarters. Cynthia had tears in her eyes when the parting came; she was leaving behind her closest friend, the confidante of her youth, and returning to a life which must necessarily be the poorer for the loss. Beth's eyes were dry; she was bound for a new life, and in her heart rejoiced at the change. She had done her duty towards the grim, silent man who had been a father in little more than name; but her life had been dull and circumscribed, the only young thing in a grey house. If it had not been for the entrée to the Charringtons' hospitable home, she would have been as much alone as if shut up in a retreat. Now, for the first time, she was going to *live*; to have a chance of developing her dormant possibilities, of gratifying her own personal tastes. She was sorry to leave Cynthia, would be sorrier still as the days passed by; but at the bottom of her heart she realised that the separation would have its good points in throwing her more upon herself. Hitherto Cynthia had led the way, and she had meekly followed. Cynthia's strong will and abounding self-confidence had settled all knotty points, and left no room for discussion. Occasionally Beth had awakened to a dim sense of her own limitations, but for very lack of energy she had soon subsided into the old attitude of acquiescence. Now she was awake; the time for dreaming was past; she must brace herself and stand alone!

First steps are proverbially difficult, and none can be more so than when a home is exchanged for an institution. Beth expected that her arrival would attract a certain amount of attention—that at least the superintendent would receive her, and escort her upstairs to her room; but, as it chanced, the superintendent was out, and no one appeared but a tired maid, who displayed no enthusiasm at the sight of an additional inmate. Beth's spirits sank as she traversed the bare corridor. She had left her hotel early, as the Charringtons were travelling to Liverpool by the four o'clock train; and the unwelcome question obtruded itself on her brain—how was she to get through the rest of the day? Tomorrow there would be work and excitement; but after she had unpacked her few possessions, how long the time would seem to-day! One or two simple black dresses to hang in the cupboard in the wall; three painted drawers to fill with the remainder

THE QUIVER

of a wardrobe; half a dozen favourite pictures to hang on the bare walls; a few ornaments and photographs to distribute. How long would it take? An hour; two hours at the most; and at the end it would be five o'clock. Which would require the greater courage—to go down alone to the common sitting-room, or to sit alone in that ugly, colourless room which stood for *home*?

But with the opening of the door came a thrill of surprise, for the room was charming—transformed out of recognition. Two handsome rugs covered the worn carpet; an oak bureau stood beside the window; the bed was concealed by an Oriental drapery; an easy chair was piled high with cushions; and a flowering plant in a brass pot stood on the table.

Beth stood and stared. The maid had disappeared, and she was alone in the big silent house, but the room seemed charged with the atmosphere of love and kindness. For some minutes she was content to do nothing but stand in the doorway, drinking in the general effect, then came the desire for a closer inspection, and each separate article had to be surveyed and examined in detail. Attached to each was a label bearing the name of the giver; the bureau from Mrs. Charrington, the rugs from her husband, the chair from Cynthia, the smaller articles from girl friends who had wished to have their share in the surprise. Little messages of love and cheer were inscribed beneath some of these names, which made good reading. Beth had not counted upon a pretty room as an asset in the new life. She was as proud as a queen inspecting a new domain, and impatient to unpack her own possessions to complete the effect.

She spent a happy couple of hours unpacking, arranging and rearranging her treasures, by which time it was dusk, and feeling chilled with cold—for the east winds of spring were in full play, and the atmosphere was indescribably bleak and cheerless—she took her courage in both hands and descended to the common sitting-room on the first story.

Four tired-looking women attired in what might almost have been a uniform of shabby blue serge were sitting over the fire. They made no movement to allow the new-comer to share the warmth; rather did an eloquent pause, accompanied by four stony stares, make plain the fact that her

coming had disturbed a confidential chat. Beth betook herself to a writing table at the farthest corner of the room, and with chilly, cramped fingers began a letter of thanks, but the words would not come; she could not think—the tide of reaction had set in, and she could remember only that she was alone in London, a new-comer in a house of strangers, shivering with cold because she could neither afford a fire of her own, nor be welcomed to the warmth of another. One girl after another dropped in as the dinner hour approached, and each in turn bestowed upon her the same stony stare, and then became apparently oblivious of her presence.

At last the sound of the gong pealed through the house, and with eager alacrity the waiters arose and streamed out of the room. Food was evidently longed for at the end of a day's work, and not one of the number paused to cast a smile of encouragement at the strange girl seated miserably by the writing table.

"If I went off to bed, and had no dinner at all, would anyone notice? would anyone care?" Beth asked herself in indignant affront. She crossed over to the fireplace, and knelt on the rug holding out her hands to the blaze. The warmth was so welcome that for a few moments she seriously considered enjoying it in comfort while the other inmates were downstairs, and then retiring to her room and satisfying her hunger on the chocolates which Cynthia had stowed in her trunk; but the impulse passed; she could not allow herself to show the white feather so early in the day. With a shrug of the shoulders she rose to her feet.

"I couldn't feel much more nervous if I were going to be presented at Court, but the longer I wait the more eyes there will be to stare. I'd better hurry down." Her eyes caught sight of her own reflection in the mirror over the mantel-shelf; she looked at it with a rather wry smile. "I look half like an inmate already! Black dress and white face. Beth Elliot! if you get the inmate expression into the bargain I'll never forgive you. Cheer up at once! Keep smiling!"

She swung round and marched bravely out of the room and down the long grey staircase. The walls were bare, here and there discoloured with patches of damp; at the half-way turning was a wooden case flanked with fire extinguishers. Beth

CYNTHIA CHARRINGTON

shivered with distress. It was right and wise that such safeguards should be at hand, but the sight of them was not conducive to cheer. Anyone with an imaginative mind must instantly picture the scene which would arise if a fire should really break out in this great barrack of a house. A house full of women, terrified, trembling, not one man from cellar to garret; women scurrying to and fro, jostling each other upon the stairs: a few brave, composed, resourceful; the great majority shrieking, crying, fainting, seeing themselves hopeless, their poor treasures lost, the struggle beginning again from the lowest rung. Beth gave her head an impatient tilt. It did not bear thinking about. She must make a point of turning her head to the right every time she passed that bend of the stairs!

The next minute brought her to the door of the restaurant, and she stepped in quickly, afraid of allowing her courage time to cool. Two long tables ran the entire length of the room. At the head of each respectively sat the superintendent and her secretary. At sight of Beth they exchanged a glance, and the secretary rose and shook her by the hand.

"Glad to see you, Miss Elliot. Hope you have settled in comfortably. This will be your seat. Fifth to the right."

That was all. She was apparently expected to "settle in comfortably" without outside aid. One inmate out of a hundred could not expect her coming to excite any interest, or the busy officials of an institution to have time to spare for welcomes. Another chill of realisation shook Beth as she seated herself on the fifth seat to the right, and looked down the long vista of the table. Cruet stands, water bottles, and baskets of bread stood at intervals down the centre, varied by the somewhat dusty-looking foliage plants. Soup was being served—a thin but appetising tomato soup accompanied by squares of tough, badly toasted bread. There were no flowers to be seen, no superfluous silver, no wine, not even mineral waters—without exception every one of the inmates drank water alone. No one attempted to speak to Beth, but until the first course was over there was

practically no talking at the tables; later on, when the warm soup had had its reviving effect, and the roast mutton was well under way, the tired tongues were released, and the hum of conversation went on steadily throughout the meal.

Beth dined practically on soup and biscuits. After the dainty *tête-à-tête* dinners of home she had little appetite for mutton, roughly cut, half warm, and accompanied by watery boiled cabbage and potatoes. The soup was appetising, however, the biscuits crisp, and the butter of good quality; so, remembering the modest shilling, she was not inclined to grumble. She lingered at the table as long as possible, shrinking from the alternatives of the solitary bedroom or the hostile common-room, but at last she was obliged to rise and make her way upstairs. The girl on her left had delivered herself of one remark during the course of the meal. "Will you pass me the butter, please?" she had said in a hasty undertone. The woman to her right had sighed in a gusty, impatient manner from time to time, and had extended her elbows in aggressive fashion; the two thin old maids opposite had discussed economics and charity organisation slips with much gusto and knowledge, but had apparently no philanthropy to spare for a sufferer nearer home.

Poor lonely Beth dragged wearily up the staircase, resolutely turning her head away from the row of fire extinguishers, and stood hesitating on the threshold of the common-room. As before, a group of older women entirely surrounded the fireplace; other groups were gathered at the writing tables, or the sofas; there seemed no place where a solitary unit could take refuge without being made still more conscious of her own loneliness.

She was turning drearily away to her bedroom when a hand was laid on her arm, and a voice spoke in her ear:

"Excuse me, I've got a fire!" said the voice with an accent of satisfaction so acute that it amounted to positive triumph. "You're new, aren't you? Will you come into my room, and sit with me beside my fire?"

[END OF CHAPTER SEVEN]



To Jerusalem by Rail

Sacred Scenes in Palestine which are now Linked Up by a Network of Railways

By HAROLD J. SHEPSTONE

DURING the last few years the railway engineer has certainly been busy in Palestine, linking up some of the most sacred places by means of the iron road. To-day the screech of the locomotive may be heard not only in Jerusalem, but on the shores of the Sea of Galilee, and in many other places associated with the life of our Saviour.

There are now four distinct railways in this sacred land, namely, from Jaffa to Jerusalem, from Beyrout to Damascus, from Haifa round the Sea of Galilee to Damascus, and the Hedjaz enterprise, which carries Mohammedan pilgrims from Damascus to Medina, the burial place of Mohammed.

Jaffa and Jerusalem Railway

The premier line, of course, is that which runs from Jaffa to Jerusalem. The distance by rail between the seaport and the Holy City is 55 miles, and the journey occupies three hours and forty minutes. Often it takes much longer, and not infrequently travellers are five or six

hours on the road. By a curious arrangement the trains only carry the Turkish mails besides passengers, and the foreign post offices in Jerusalem have to bring their mails from Jaffa by horse-drawn wagons. Except in the height of the tourist season, there is only one train a day, which leaves the seaport at half-past one. As the steamers invariably arrive early in the morning one is afforded an opportunity of seeing the city before commencing the journey to Jerusalem. Jaffa is at once picturesque and Oriental, with its clusters of palms and flat-roofed houses. It is one of the oldest cities in the world, although some people ignore the tradition that it was founded by one of Noah's sons. It has been the chief port of Jerusalem ever since Solomon landed his materials for the Temple there.

Through the Plain of Sharon

The journey is particularly interesting as one passes through scenes of many Old Testament events. Indeed, the



(Photo: American Colony, Jerusalem.)

JAFFA, THE TERMINUS OF THE JAFFA AND JERUSALEM RAILWAY.



(Photo: American Colony, Jerusalem.)

THE VIEW OF JERUSALEM AS ONE LEAVES THE JAFFA AND JERUSALEM RAILWAY.

making of the railway appears to be the fulfilment of prophecy: "The chariots shall rage in the streets, they shall jostle one against another in the broad ways, they shall seem like torches, they shall run like the lightnings" (Nahum ii. 4). In its earlier stages the line runs through the orange groves in the richly cultivated Plain of Sharon. Several interesting villages are passed before the first stopping place, Lydda, is reached. One of the most famous of these is Yasur, on the site of Hagar Thual. It is the traditional place where Samson caught three hundred foxes. Lydda, which is reached in thirty-five minutes from Jaffa, is the traditional site of Lod, which was built 1400 B.C. It is, of course, Lydda of the New Testament, where Peter visited the saints and cured Aeneas, who was sick of the palsy, and had kept his bed for eight years. Peter was at Lydda when he was called to Joppa (Jaffa) and raised Tabitha.

In the Philistine Country

Soon after leaving Lydda the village of Jimzo is passed, the site of Gimzo, one of the royal cities of the Philistines, which they took from the Israelites in the reign of King Ahaz. A little further on the

valley of Ajalon is discerned between the villages of Kabuh and Latran. It was over this valley that Joshua commanded the moon to stand still. The second stopping place, Ramleh, is now reached, the journey so far occupying about an hour. It is certainly not fast travelling, seeing that Ramleh is only $13\frac{1}{2}$ miles from Jaffa. Ramleh is the traditional site of Arimathea. It is famed for its picturesque tower built by the Crusaders, who occupied the place in 1099. It has also a magnificent church, now used as a mosque. This, too, is said to have been erected by the Crusaders.

The course now lies across the Plain of Sejed. The tableland of Neby Samuel, the Mizpeh of the Old Testament, is plainly seen from the carriage windows. All the children of Israel, from Dan to Beer-sheba, were called together at Mizpeh several times. Saul, the first King of Israel, was chosen at Mizpeh. A forty-five minutes' ride from Ramleh, the third station, Lejed, is entered. The railway goes the same way that the two cows did with the Ark, passing just to the left of Beth-shemesh. "And the kine took the straight way to the way of Beth-shemesh" (1 Samuel vi. 12).

THE QUIVER



(Photo: American Colony, Jerusalem.)

JERUSALEM STATION, ON THE JAFFA AND JERUSALEM RAILWAY.

Another twenty-five minutes and the fourth station of this interesting railway, Deir-Aban, is reached. Opposite the station, on a hill to the left, is Zarah, the birthplace of Samson. The train now enters a narrow ravine in the mountains of Judea. A large cave in the top of a rock is pointed out as that which Samson used. "And he went down and dwelt in the top of the rock Etam" (Judges xv. 8). The next stopping place is Bittir, the site of Bethel. According to Jewish history this was a place of great strength. It contained four hundred synagogues, and in each four hundred teachers. Here the Jews, under their commander, Baroch (the son of a star), made their last stand against the Romans, three and a half years, and when the city was entered 800,000 persons were killed, and the blood ran in the streets so strong as to carry away stones weighing four pounds.

Progress is so slow that it requires only an ordinary amount of activity to jump out, pick the flowers along the line, and rejoin the train as it laboriously pants up the steep incline. American tourists are fond of performing this feat. Jerusalem does not come into view until the train is close to the city. The first objects to meet the eye are the Tower of David and the city walls. There are five stopping places between Jaffa and the Holy City, and during the trip of 55 miles from the sea the line makes an ascent of 2,600 feet. The railway was opened for traffic in 1892. It was built by the French at a cost of £620,000.

From Beyrout to Damascus

For many years this unique railway could claim the distinction of being the only one in the Holy Land. As already stated, there are now three others. The second to be opened was that which runs from Beyrout, on the Mediterranean, to Damascus, the distance by rail between these two places being 91 miles. The journey takes nine and a half hours, the train leaving Beyrout at seven o'clock in the morning and not reaching Damascus till after four in the afternoon. The railway is of a narrow gauge, and for climbing the mountainous portion (some twenty miles) a cog-wheel and rack system is employed. Tourists making the journey invariably leave the train at El-Mulakka, some thirty-five miles from Beyrout, and go by road to the ruins of Baalbek near by. This was once the most magnificent of Syrian cities, full of palaces, fountains, and beautiful monuments. Now it is famous only for its ruins, the most imposing of which are those of the Temple of the Sun.

The Temple is said to have contained a golden statue of the sun god which, on certain annual festivals, the chief citizens bore about on their shoulders.

TO JERUSALEM BY RAIL

With the coming of Christianity, the Temple was converted into a church. The city was eventually destroyed through incessant raids and wars. On the way back to the station the ancient quarries—one of the sights of the neighbourhood—are usually visited. These contain a great stone 68 feet long, 17 feet wide, and 14½ feet high, estimated to weigh 1,100 tons.

Through Galilee by Rail

Much more interesting to readers of the Bible is the railway ride from Haifa, on the coast, to Damascus, round by the Sea of Galilee. The line runs right across the province of Galilee, where Jesus spent His childhood, gathered His disciples together, and performed many of His best known miracles.

Skirting along the foot of Mount Carmel, sacred to the Prophet Elijah, the railway runs to Afulah, within a few miles of Nazareth, and often alluded to as Nazareth Station, the first stopping place of any importance. Nazareth to-day is a flourishing town of 10,000 inhabitants, the majority of whom are native Christians. They have many large and interesting churches. Nazareth lies among the southern regions of the Lebanon mountains, just before they sink into the Plain of Esdraelon. One of the most striking features of the town is the high precipice to which it is supposed Satan led the Saviour to tempt Him. The line then continues to Beisan in the Jordan Valley.

It was the original intention of the engineers to continue the railway round the northern shores of the lake. If this had been done the little village of Capernaum would have been connected by rail with the Mediterranean. It will be remembered that it was near Capernaum that Jesus saw the first of His disciples, Simon Peter and Andrew, his brother, and said, "Follow Me, and I

will make you fishers of men." The engineers, however, finally decided to run the iron road round the southern end of the lake. The track passes through Semakh, at the southern extremity, from which boats carry passengers to Tiberias. From Semakh the line proceeds up the wild gorge of the Yarmuck, and thence to Daraa, where it joins the main line from Damascus.

The Pilgrims' Railway

The Hedjaz project is unique in its claim to be the only railway built for the purpose of carrying pilgrims. It is, indeed, known as "The Railway of the Pilgrims." Starting from Damascus, it runs almost due south, through wild and sterile country for more than 820 miles to Medina. Before the advent of the



(Photo: American Colony, Jerusalem.)

GOING DOWN THE MOUNTAINS NEAR BITTIR, ON THE JAFFA AND JERUSALEM RAILWAY.

THE QUIVER

railway the Mohammedan pilgrims made the journey by road, which, considering the barren country, was no mean undertaking.

It was the deposed Sultan of Turkey who suggested the construction of this railway, and the Turkish Government handed over to the Commission appointed to carry out the proposal 17,000,000 unused postage stamps. These were to be sold by auction in order to help finance the scheme.

A trip over the railway is an interesting experience. From Daraa the line gradually ascends the undulating slopes of a plateau as far as Zerka, where it drops into a deep valley, and climbs out again by a winding ascent to another small fertile belt. As the line proceeds southwards, signs of civilisation become fewer and fewer, and the sense of desolation is more pronounced. Pursuing a course parallel to the River Jordan, and almost identical with the old caravan route, the railway traverses a district as full of in-

terest for the Christian as for the Mohammedan. Decayed ruins of past civilisation and silent monuments of long-departed prosperity are visible on all sides.

At a point abreast of the Dead Sea the railway enters a barren waste. A foot traveller crossing this region must be astonished to encounter the steel rails and telegraph poles which mean easy communication with distant and more hospitable districts. And so the journey continues, for the greater part through desert wastes, until El Ula is reached. Here and there the track is carried by magnificent masonry bridges over wide and deep gullies, and in the mountainous districts considerable engineering skill was necessary to scale the steep ascents. El Ula is 600 miles from Damascus, and 210 from Medina.

Beyond this point none but Mohammedans may go! Even the engineer-in-chief, who is a German, had to relegate to a Mohammedan assistant the carrying

of the metals into Medina. The railway will eventually extend to Mecca, but to accomplish this 285 miles of track have yet to be laid across the desert.

When the Bagdad Railway has progressed another 200 miles, and the Bosphorus has been spanned by a bridge, Damascus and other cities of the Holy Land will be in direct communication with Constantinople. Is it too much to say that in the future — and at no distant date probably — one will be able to journey by rail from Paris, Berlin, or Vienna to Jerusalem, the ancient City of David, towards which have turned for ages the eyes and footsteps of myriads of the devout of mankind, and which to-day is sacred to the Christian, Jew and Mohammedan alike?



(Photo: American Colony, Jerusalem)

DAMASCUS, THE TERMINUS OF THE BEYROUT AND DAMASCUS RAILWAY.



"'I must apologise for intruding' said Andrew in his most matter-of-fact tone"—p. 264.

The Mystery of Ach-na-Goil

By H. HALYBURTON ROSS

Author of "Mary of the Muir," "Johnny Hamilton, V.C.," etc., etc.

ACH-NA-GOIL farm stood in a cleft of Glen Morin. No road led to it—a rough cart track over the fields was the only way of approach. The river, too, had to be crossed to reach it, and in winter the plank bridge over the Morin was often swept away in a "snow brew."

Looking across at the farm from the glen road, any passer-by must have been struck by the lonely aspect of the place, a huddle of grey roofs on a bleak hillside, cut off from civilisation by the deep gorge through which the river ran.

The same spirit of loneliness seemed to characterise its inhabitants. Since the day, five years before, when Saul Carnworth had entered upon his occupancy of the place, no stranger had crossed its threshold and no clue as to its owner's past history or place of abode had leaked out.

All the work of the farm he did himself, with the help of his only child, a daughter, who also was responsible for the manage-

ment of the house. Their intercourse with the village folk was limited to a weekly visit to the store to lay in the necessary provisions, and on these occasions neither father nor daughter vouchsafed any information as to their own affairs.

The old minister, John Semple, had made many efforts to overcome their reticence, but in none of his visits to the farm had he succeeded in gaining entrance, and he had at last given up the attempt in despair. Now he was dead and a younger and more enterprising man had been elected in his stead.

Among the first tasks Andrew Usher set himself was to penetrate the mystery of Ach-na-goil farm. With this end he started out for the place one day—his long legs traversing the distance in half the time it had taken his predecessor to plod the familiar road.

As he ascended the steep bracken-clad slope to the house, he had the uncomfortable

THE QUIVER

conviction that his approach was being watched from one of the windows. Nor was this suspicion discouraged by the lack of response to his knock. He had been warned of the contingency, and was quite prepared to meet it.

Leaving the porch, he made his way boldly round to the back of the house. A brood of fowls picked and scratched among the cobble-stones in the yard—otherwise there was no sign of life. The kitchen door was slightly open, and through the aperture he could catch a glimpse of firelight on the opposite wall.

He knocked once, loudly and decisively, and as there was no reply pushed open the door and entered.

There was a scuffle by the window as he did so, and turning quickly he was just in time to catch sight of a girl, who had evidently been on her knees before it, in the act of scrambling to her feet. That she was ashamed of being caught in the undignified position was evident from her flushed face, but there was indignation as well for his temerity in forcing an entrance.

"I must apologise for intruding," said Andrew, in his most matter-of-fact tone, taking off his hat as she spoke. "But I tried the front door and got no answer, and I particularly wanted to see Mr. Carnworth on business."

"You can't," the girl cut him short uncompromisingly. She raised her eyes deliberately to his face as she spoke, and he was struck by the contrast between their vivid blue and the raven hair.

"Is your father out, then? Can I find him anywhere?" he continued blandly.

"He doesn't see visitors," was her ungracious answer.

The minister reflected for a moment. The obstructions that were multiplying in his path only whetted his determination to succeed.

"Perhaps you will give him a message from me," he said, glancing round for somewhere to deposit his hat and stick.

She ignored the hint.

"It's no use," she muttered defiantly.

"May I sit down for a moment?" said Andrew. "It is a long walk from the village." He placed a chair for his hostess as he spoke, and drew up another for himself. "Won't you sit down too?" he said.

She cast a little apprehensive glance round her, then sank into it.

"I don't think I have seen you in church," he went on, gazing at her with his quizzical eyes.

"I never go," she retorted.

"That is no reason why you shouldn't come in the future," he persisted. "Surely your father would have no objection."

She shook her head.

"It isn't him—it's myself," she said. "I hate the people—I hate their staring faces, and they laugh."

"They wouldn't if you came to church regularly. That would soon cure them," said Andrew.

He was mentally taking note of the environment of this strange specimen of womanhood as they conversed. It was no ordinary farm kitchen in which he found himself. The walls were hung with trophies—old armour and weapons of the chase were to be seen everywhere; several fine engravings in ancient wood frames hung on the walls; and most astonishing of all a book-case ran from end to end of the room, filled with standard works in calf bindings—none of the ordinary Sunday-school type of book generally to be found in such a house.

The quaintness and freshness of the whole too delighted him. He apprised that the mistress of such a home, primitive as her behaviour might appear on the surface, must have no ordinary degree of taste and culture.

At this moment the sound of a heavy foot in the passage interrupted their conversation. Andrew knew who it was at once by the expression of the girl's face, and nerved himself for the approaching encounter.

As Saul Carnworth entered the room the first impression his visitor received was of some grey basaltic rock—hard and impenetrable, and of as unvarying a hue—grey eyes and hair, and clad in a suit of grey homespun.

"What is your business?" he said, motioning aside Andrew's outstretched hand as he spoke. "I don't see visitors. I thought that was clearly understood by this."

His voice was harsh, but the pronunciation was refined and superior to men of his class.

"I was quite aware that you objected to visitors, sir," Andrew acknowledged boldly.

THE MYSTERY OF ACH-NA-GOIL

"and I confess it was partly that that tempted me to come."

A flicker of a smile crossed his host's mouth; the next moment his face was stony again.

"I repeat my question," he said. "If you have no other business than curiosity, we need not prolong the interview," glancing meaningly towards the door as he spoke.

Andrew smiled—the odd quizzical smile that lighted up his long fallow face, rendering it so attractive at times.

"As you will have none of me as a visitor, there is a matter of business I should like to discuss with you," he said.

Saul Carnworth's answer was to turn towards his daughter. In obedience to the mute command she rose at once and left the room.

Andrew waited till the door had closed upon her.

"I have been asking your daughter why she never comes to church," he said boldly, taking the chair his host had indicated.

Saul Carnworth turned his impassive face towards him.

"Well, did she reward your——" Your impertinence was the word that plainly hovered on his lips, but some sense of decency forbade him using it.

"She told me she is afraid of being laughed at," continued Andrew in the same blunt uncompromising tones. "And I don't wonder. The life she lives is enough to make anyone sensitive. I don't think, Mr. Carnworth, you have any right to keep her secluded as you do."

The grey of his host's face turned to a livid hue as he spoke, and the muscles in his temples worked. Then all at once he laughed.

"You have courage, young man," he said. "And now what is your business?" dismissing the former subject contemptuously.

Andrew was wise enough not to refer to it. He stated his object as shortly as possible.

A church hall was wanted in the village. He was appealing for donations and looked to Saul Carnworth as a parishioner to take his share in the cost.

He had not the faintest expectation that his appeal would meet with any response, and was the more surprised therefore when after a short silence his host rose and, crossing to a writing table in the corner, seated

himself before it. He remained for some time with his square grey shoulders turned to Andrew. Then, taking up his pen, he wrote deliberately.

"That is my first subscription to the church in Morin," he said, rising and crossing over to Andrew again.

To the minister's surprise the cheque in his hand was for £5.

"I can't thank you enough, sir," he said. Saul Carnworth laughed satirically.

"In fact, you look to seeing me an elder some day," he said. "Well, don't. I have a reason of my own for giving you that help, apart from philanthropy."

"Your motive is no business of mine," acceded Andrew. "I hope you will allow me to call upon you again," taking up his hat and stick as he spoke, and moving towards the door.

"I am really surprised at your asking," was his host's sardonic reply as he followed him.

When the assembling worshippers the following Sabbath morning read the latest addition to the list of subscribers to the new hall, that was suspended in the porch of the church, they took no pains to conceal their amazement. Andrew, as he mounted the pulpit, saw it in every face and felt the atmosphere surcharged with excitement.

He had purposely made no mention of his visit to Ach-na-Goil or its results—even to his elders. He knew how gossip flies in such a small community as Glen Morin, and a sort of delicate loyalty besides kept him silent. He had thrust himself upon the privacy of the farm and was resolved that nothing that had transpired in his visit should be disclosed by him. The first mention of his intrusion must come from the Carnworths themselves.

Little by little he was resolved to break down the barriers that had ostracised them for so long, and the kindly tact with which nature had endowed him told him that the surest way of doing this was by first earning their trust and confidence.

The subscription, however, was another matter. His host had made no stipulation regarding it. The best way, therefore, was to accept it as a matter of course, by placing his name among the list of other contributors.

But the sensation the announcement

THE QUIVER

had created was destined to be eclipsed by a still more startling event before the morning was over. The choir had risen for the singing of the first paraphrase, and were grouped in silence round the precentor, when the curtain over the door at the end of the church was pushed aside and Jean Carnworth entered.

Andrew from his elevated position was the first to catch sight of her, but it seemed as if in a moment every soul in the church had become cognisant of her arrival. Heads were turned in her direction—suspicious eyes and covert smiles assailed her as she moved up the aisle. To Andrew it seemed an eternity before she reached the refuge of the Ach-na-Goil pew and sank down, burying her head in her arms.

His usually sallow face had reddened—in dignation smouldered in his eyes. Her indictment of the villagers on their first meeting had appealed to his chivalry, and he had resolved then that, if possible, she should never have to endure such indignities again. Now, all unwittingly, he had been the cause of greater martyrdom. Had she chosen any other Sunday to come to church, he believed her entrance would have passed almost unnoticed. It was the conjunction of the two developments that had aroused the suspicions of the congregation—Saul Carnworth's sudden and unexpected generosity, his daughter's equally unlooked-for appearance in church. He could almost see the people putting two and two together in

their minds, and passed a grim resolve that he would make the sum more difficult for them before they had done with it.

Something of his feelings rang out in his voice in the sermon and arrested the attention of his hearers. Interest was diverted for the time from the shrinking figure in the Ach-na-Goil pew. But to Jean there was no consolation in the fact. Only contempt for the cowardice of the act had kept her from turning back at the first sign of the

sensation her entrance had created, and it was this same spirit that chained her to the pew till the conclusion of the service.

She had sacrificed herself to the bidding of a stranger—and this was her reward.

Well, it was the last time. She almost hated the minister for what he had brought upon her.

There must have been a strong streak of recklessness in Andrew Usher's nature. For no sooner was dinner at the Manse over that morning than he

started for Ach-na-Goil farm. And this, too, despite an interview he had had with Thomas Drummond, his principal elder who had waylaid him after service and cautiously intimated the feeling of the kirk session regarding the "Carnworth business," as he called it; "scandal" was insinuated in his tone.

"For we weren't even aware that you were acquainted with him, sir," he had said by way of inviting Andrew's confidence.

"I don't think I have given any of you



"He opened the door cautiously—then flung it wide at sight of the cloaked figure on the doorstep"—p. 268.

THE MYSTERY OF ACH-NA-GOIL

a detailed account of my first 'visitation,' " was the minister's calm response.

"But hoo did ye win in?" the elder had queried eagerly, unable to conceal his curiosity further.

"By the door," had been on the tip of Andrew's tongue, but he refrained. "I was most hospitably received," he returned instead, "by Mr. Carnworth and his daughter."

"Ahem!" coughed Thomas. "Yon godless hussy, Jean Carnworth, has only been ance before to my certain knowledge in the hoose o' God—and I suld like tae ken what brocht her to-day."

"And I should like to know what there is to keep her away," returned Andrew abruptly. "Good morning, elder"; and he swung off with his long stride to the Manse.

Now he was on his way to make what amends he could to the girl for all she had suffered. Ever since their first interview the thought of her had been present with him, something strong and potent in her individuality had impressed him. Hitherto he had regarded women from a whimsical, rather than a serious standpoint. He was tolerant of their weaknesses, amused by their complexities which his shrewd perception enabled him to apprehend clearly. But this girl belonged to a different order. He recognised instinctively that her nature was cast in an heroic mould, and beneath his easy-going quizzical disposition Andrew had a very real admiration for the heroic.

He was looking forward almost unconsciously to seeing the flash in her blue eyes, the colour mantling her face, as she condemned the outrage of the morning. He wanted her to know that his desire had been to protect her, that he applauded her courage in braving the smiles and contumely.

As he was breasting the steep hill slope that led to the farm, his eye was caught by a flash of something bright among the bracken, and deflecting his course he came upon Jean ensconced amidst the waving fern, an open book on her lap and a hat with a poppy red scarf on the ground beside her.

At sight of him the colour deserted her face, her brows contracted.

"I was on my way to see you," he said, pausing in front of her. "To thank you for putting in an appearance this morning—"

She seized at a stalk of bracken beside her, tugging at it viciously.

"I wish I had stayed at home," she muttered. "I was a fool to go—I shall never go again."

"Why? Because you created a sensation?" said Andrew, with his little whimsical laugh. "That should make you more eager to repeat the experiment."

"You have never felt what it is to be—like me—apart," she interrupted him. "To know that you are really better than those that laugh. But that circumstances—circumstances——" She broke off.

He lowered himself lazily into the bracken by her side.

"Well," he said, "what are circumstances, after all? They don't make people—people make them. Your circumstances are all right if you'd only give them a chance."

She glanced sideways at him.

"You don't understand," she said. "I would rather not talk about it any more."

Andrew respected her wish. He picked up the book of verse which she had thrown aside at his appearance.

"Wordsworth, my favourite," he said. "There was a man who made more than circumstance; he created a whole new taste."

And they drifted into a discussion of the poet's philosophy.

As he had surmised on their first meeting, the girl was deeply cultured, gifted with an unusual artistic perception. He forgot the passage of time in the interchange of ideas. When at last he looked at his watch it was nearly five o'clock. He started to his feet, Jean rising too.

"Will you come back to the farm for tea?" she said.

"Thanks, I must get home," Andrew replied.

He glanced upwards as he spoke. Two small figures were moving in single file along the summit of the hill, silhouetted against the skyline, and both their heads were turned in his direction.

With a grim smile Andrew recognised Jock Drummond, the elder's hopeful, and another village urchin.

"The minister was spending the afternoon with Jean Carnworth on the brae."

How distinctly he could hear the story recited at the family tea-table a little later!

And the talk afterwards!

Well—let them talk.

THE QUIVER

The Morin was up. A week of torrential rain had followed that eventful Sunday, and the usually placid burn was roaring in spate through its rocky gorge.

The storm kept most people indoors, but they had made opportunities for meeting, nevertheless, to discuss what had become the burning topic of interest in Glen Morin, the minister's relations with the godless household of Ach-na-Goil.

Was he going to bring the heathen woman to reign over them at the Manse? Had Saul Carnworth's generosity been a bait to catch a husband for his daughter?

Jack Drummond's version of the episode on the hillside had not lacked colour, and of course the impression created by it was profound.

Andrew was conscious of the undercurrent of speculation wherever he went. But he met the rumour with a stoicism that, in spite of their suspicions, disarmed and mystified his traducers. An innocent conscience is the most invulnerable ally a man can possess, and the minister had that on his side. He was ready to answer any questions or meet any slanders face to face, and indeed looked forward to doing so. But his judges were too cautious to bring a direct accusation until all the necessary evidence was accumulated. That they kept a strict watch on his doings Andrew knew, and laughed scornfully at the idea. They would have more to concern themselves with, he told himself, before he had fulfilled his resolution of establishing a covenant between the lonely folk on the hill and their pharisaical neighbours.

Naturally the situation had emphasised the thought of Jean Carnworth in his mind. The suspicion that attached to her attached to him as well. Their two figures seemed to be isolated from the rest of their world by the foolish calumny. But as he had been the indirect cause of the mischief he was resolved to go any length to rescue his innocent partner from its consequences.

Some such thoughts occupied his mind as he sat over his study fire on this Saturday evening. The storm had lulled during the earlier part of the day, but towards nightfall it had risen again with increased violence, and he could hear the rain lashing against the window as he pulled reflectively at his pipe.

His housekeeper, Mrs. Soutar, was long

since in bed, having retired with a dismal prophecy of a wet Sabbath and an empty kirk on the morrow.

Her words were strangely apposite to the minister's train of thought. Would Jean Carnworth brave the elements, and that still more discouraging factor the smiles and jeers of the community, on the following day, he wondered, to fulfil his wish that she should come to church? He half hoped, half feared, that she would. His state of mind regarding the whole question was too uncertain for him to know definitely what he desired.

So many different principles, feelings, emotions, were involved. Only one course of action seemed plain—to champion the weaker side at all costs.

He had arrived at this conclusion, and was knocking out his pipe preparatory to retiring to bed, when a sharp rap on the outer door brought him hurrying into the hall.

He opened it cautiously, anticipating the blast of wind and rain that would sweep through the house as he did so—then flung it wide at sight of the cloaked figure on the doorstep.

"Miss Carnworth!" he exclaimed.

"My father is ill," she said. "Can you come? He wants you—he must see you."

"Of course I will come," returned Andrew quietly.

He would have made the same answer to the summons of any sick parishioner. No other thought than the immediate necessity entered his mind in that moment.

It was only when he was out in the dark night, with the girl battling along beside him, that the thought of the probable consequences of the step suggested itself to him. Then he dismissed the idea contemptuously. In this instance as before, the path of duty was too plain to require consideration. Indeed, to have hesitated would have been to give authority to the evil tongues.

As they walked Jean told him the few facts of her father's illness. He was subject to attacks of the heart, and on such occasions always treated himself, refusing medical aid.

"He was better when I left," she said, "but dreadfully troubled about something. I realised if I did not come for you he might have another and worse attack."

"You were right to come," confirmed Andrew quietly again.

THE MYSTERY OF ACH-NA-GOIL

They were silent after that. All their breath was needed for the struggle against the wind and rain.

"But the river," said the minister, halting suddenly in his walk and glancing down at his companion.

The remembrance of the spate had been gradually impressed upon his consciousness by a dull sound that seemed to dominate the night, and that was increasing in volume every step they advanced.

"The bridge is still there," she returned.

"And you weren't frightened?" he inquired.

She laughed.

"That sort of thing never makes me afraid."

A thrill of some heroic emotion ran through Andrew's frame. He felt a sudden wild exuberance in the adventure.

They had reached the banks of the swollen stream by this. The frail plank bridge over the water swayed to the impetus of the wind scarcely a foot above the greedy torrent.

Jean directed the light of the lantern on it.

"Shall I go first?" she said.

The minister nodded.

The next instant he was holding his breath as the slender becloaked figure faltered forth over the dark water, clinging for support to the single rail that protected one side of the planks. There was shame in his heart for even that momentary concession to the opinion of the world. How her courage seemed to falsify and render contemptible any such idea!

As quickly as safety allowed, he followed in her steps. Not a word was said by either of them as they climbed the dark slope of the opposite hill, guided by the lights of the farm.

Saul Carnworth was seated before the fire in the kitchen as they entered—a row of little phials on the table beside him. His face was ashen, his eyes had a dumb-stricken look as he turned them to the minister.

"It was good of you to come," he said. Then he glanced at Jean, and interpreting his desire she noiselessly left the room. "It's about her I wanted to speak to you," he said, as the closing of the door reached their ears. "When I am gone she will be left friendless, and with a stigma. Her mother, my wife, was convicted of forging

her father's signature for one thousand pounds—he was a lawyer in S—, where we lived then. She was innocent, as they discovered after she had served a year of her sentence. But she never recovered from the disgrace. We came here after she died—to escape the past. But it seems impossible."

He fumbled in his inner pocket as he spoke, and extracted a note, dirty and crumpled, which he handed to the minister.

"That came this afternoon," he said.

Andrew bent to the firelight to decipher it more clearly. With a start he recognised the writing of his principal elder.

"SIR," the missive ran, "I have discovered your secret. If you do not take yourself and your godless child out of Glen Morin at once I shall publicly announce your disgrace.—THOMAS DRUMMOND, Church Elder."

"He must have traced us by our letters," explained Saul Carnworth faintly.

The minister's long fingers crushed the note. His face was as pale as the other's; an almost divine anger against the brutal pharisaism of the act he had just discovered fired him, mingled with a fierce impulse of chivalrous indignation on Jean's behalf.

The two emotions swept him forward on a reckless tide.

"Mr. Carnworth," he said, raising his head impetuously, "I ask you for your consent to pay my addresses to your daughter. No one then will dare——" He broke off.

A smile had overspread Saul Carnworth's face at his words. But the shock of the relief was too intense—the next instant, with a little groan, he fell heavily forward.

Andrew called for Jean, and together they applied all the remedies known to the girl, but with no avail.

"He is dying," she said at last, raising her blue eyes pitifully to the minister's face. "Somebody must fetch a doctor."

"I will go," said Andrew. "You—you are not afraid of being left?"

"It is the only chance," she answered simply.

He turned away. This was no time to encourage tender considerations. He had a mission to perform which none but he could accomplish, and anything that tended to weaken his purpose must be resolutely banished from his mind.

At a break-neck speed his long legs took him down the slope to the river again. The

THE QUIVER

wind was still high, and sheets of rain lashed against him as he walked. But he scarcely realised the buffeting of the storm. His one thought was for the girl he had left, lonely and helpless, behind him. The doctor lived some miles on the other side of Glen Morin. It would mean getting out the Manse gig and driving the distance to fetch him, with the probability of being too late in the end. The thought spurred him on.

But as he reached the river bank an unforeseen check awaited him. The bridge had vanished. One length of plank still jutted out over the water—the rest had been snapped off and carried away by some passing wreckage. There was no alternative for the traveller but to swim across or remain on the wrong side.

Andrew smiled ruefully to himself. He had been used to the water from a boy, but to manipulate that swiftly flowing current would take all his skill and endurance. Nevertheless he was divesting himself of his macintosh and unlacing his boots in preparation for the attempt. To return to the farm seemed the only impossible course.

He had taken his watch from his pocket, and stooping to examine it by the light of the lantern he saw that its hands pointed to nearly twelve o'clock. Ten minutes more, and another Sabbath would have dawned, with all its sacred and particular claims on his time. Would he be enabled to fulfil those obligations, he wondered. Then dismissed the speculation. The immediate present was his concern. . . .

The cold of the water caught his breath on his first plunge, while the racing current swept him resistlessly forward for some moments. But he was prepared for the contingency, and made no effort at first to pit his strength against the stream.

His first strokes towards the opposite shore told him that he had not underrated the difficulties of the task. Compared with the force he was opposing, his exertions seemed so weak and futile.

Now and then a current aided him—he appeared to be gaining ground, only to be flung farther down by a swifter rush of water. Other flotsam, helpless as himself, swirled on the bosom of the flood—the overhanging branches of trees snapped off by the spate, a sheep-trough carried away in its course, iron palings mixed up with a mass of debris and such-like. Still he persevered.

Would the new Sabbath never break? He seemed to be swimming towards it ceaselessly, and always it evaded him. It was like the opposite shore—a mirage.

His strength was becoming exhausted—his strokes feebler—the roar of the water sounded more and more faintly in his ears. At last it died away altogether—there was a great silence in Glen Morin.

When the minister recovered consciousness he was lying in his own bedroom in the Manse.

Sunlight peeped in through the chinks of the blind, and he could hear the birds twittering in the branches of the two great lime trees that acted sentinel at the gate of the drive.

He wondered vaguely what time it was, and was stretching out his hand for his watch when the door opened and the familiar figure of the housekeeper appeared. Something in her movements seemed to suggest the importance of a sick nurse. Her eyes turned immediately to the bed, and seeing her patient looking at her she hastened across with a startled exclamation.

"My, sir—whenever did you wake up? The doctor's just gone this minute—he'll be back in half an hour."

"Doctor?" echoed Andrew. "Have I been ill?"

"You'll ne'er be nearer death till your time comes," was her portentous answer. Then, as if repenting of her indiscretion, "Weel, that's tae say— But you shouldna be talking—I'd strict orders."

Andrew was silent. Her references had set his brain working. A mist seemed to obscure the past—he had a vague idea of some pressing call on his time, some duty left undone, though he could not disentangle the memory.

All at once it came to him—the Sabbath.

"What day is this?" he asked, struggling up in bed, his eyes searching his housekeeper's face intently.

Mrs. Soutar glanced away and then back again.

"There," she said in an indulgent tone, "don't worry yourself."

But he was not to be so easily pacified.

"I must know," he insisted. "Is it—is it Sunday?"

"It is the afternoon o' the Lord's Day," she assented solemnly.

THE MYSTERY OF ACH-NA-GOIL

Andrew gasped.

"But this morning," he cried, "the service?"

"There was nae service in Glen Morin," she returned. "Thomas Drummond held a prayer meeting in the kirk for your recovery, and luik how quick the answer's here," a note of excitement appearing in her voice. "I maun send off tae tell him. Puir Thomas, he's been near distractit since ever they found you. He feels he was tae blame for the hale business, and if you had been drowned——"

"Drowned," ejaculated the minister, sinking back among his pillows again.

The word had supplied the clue to the mystery that had been troubling him. In a flash the whole memory of the past returned to him—the dark night, the storm, his own mission, the sense of helpless frustration as he struggled in the river—above all, the thought of the dying man and the girl left behind, alone and friendless in the farm, waiting for the succour that never came.

It was some minutes before he could muster his control to ask the question that was uppermost in his mind.

"Mr. Carnworth?" he said at last. "The doctor—was it too late?"

"Mr. Carnworth's a' richt," explained Mrs. Soutar amicably. "A wonderful recovery he made—wi'oot any doctor, neither. Yon girl o' his has spirit—she rounded on Thomas Drummond next morning for a letter he'd written her faither and that was responsible for his illness, and near as not for your death, sir. She said hoo finely you had behaved, standin' their friend, and caed a' the rest o' us Pharisees and such-like, and maybe she had cause. Leastways the story's tae be hushed up, and there's tae be nae mair backbitin' in Glen Morin," Mrs. Soutar concluded with a smile of magnanimous self-satisfaction.

Andrew smiled too. How easily fate had effected what he might have struggled for months to achieve and failed of doing in the end!

But though the desired reconciliation had been brought about a more serious and personal obligation still rested upon himself. His request to Saul Carnworth that night in regard to his daughter may have been made in a moment of impulsive indignation, but he had no thought of retracting it. True, the necessity for protection was past, but he was not at all sure that a stronger and more intimate motive did not remain.

At all events the obligation, whether dutiful or pleasant, acted as an incentive to his recovery, and in a comparatively short space of time he was up and about again, apparently none the worse for his narrow escape.

His first excursion was to the farm.

As luck would have it, he found Jean alone in the kitchen. The colour sprang



"The next instant he was holding his breath as the slender, becloaked figure faltered forth over the dark water"—p. 269.

THE QUIVER

into her face at sight of him, then faded, leaving her ashen pale. There was a veiled defensive expression in her eyes as she returned his greeting.

"I will tell my father you are here," she said at once, moving towards the door as if anxious to avoid a *tête-à-tête*. "He is lying down."

But the minister had no mind to lose such a good opportunity. The sight of the girl had driven away the last doubt as to the obligation he had incurred. He realised clearly now that inclination had overmastered the call of duty.

"Don't disturb him," he said. "I want to hear all about that night first, how you got on—what happened."

She was silent, glancing out of the window, the unwilling look still on her face.

"My part of it was nothing," she said at last in a constrained voice. "I—we can never thank you enough for what you did."

Andrew gave a little shamefaced laugh.

"Attempted to do," he corrected her. "You must have thought me a most unworthy messenger."

Her face had paled again as he spoke. She had a troubled expression, and her glance wandered to the door as if she desired to escape.

Realising this, Andrew's determination to fulfil the object that had brought him to the farm only increased.

"Suppose we change the subject then," he began in an altered voice. "Providence ordered all well that night, and here we are alive to reap the fruits—only I suggest we should do our harvesting together. Jean," dropping his voice suddenly to a deeper key, "will you give me the right to protect you for the rest of your life? I want you, dear. I——"

But she cut him short.

"Never, never!" she cried, her breast heaving, a gleam of passion in her eyes, and without pausing for explanation she darted from the room.

At the door Saul Carnworth met her. He drew back at sight of the tempestuous

vision, but made no attempt to stop her headlong course. There was a strange understanding expression on his face as he crossed to the fireplace.

Andrew, who had turned sharply to the window at her unflattering treatment of his proposal, glanced round again upon his host's entry. His face still bore the marks of his late emotion.

"Another storm," said Saul Carnworth, sinking feebly into his chair before the fire. "I thought the clouds had passed."

The minister gave a short laugh.

"I have made a fool of myself, that is all," he said.

"You mean that you have been refused?" said the older man.

"Flouted!" corrected Andrew.

A smile flickered over Saul Carnworth's face.

"I am afraid I am the culprit," he said.

"That night when I was so nearly gone I told Jean of your offer to marry her. She imagined it had been forced from you out of pity for her condition. She is proud by nature, and her history makes her more sensitive."

"If there is any pity, I consider I deserve it," the minister cut him short. "I love your daughter, and she cares nothing for me."

There was a silence for a moment.

"I wish you could have seen her that morning they brought the news that you were drowned," began Saul Carnworth reflectively at last, his gaze directed on the fire. "You might have qualified your impression. It isn't for a parent to give away his daughter's secrets—but if you follow her now, and tell her what you have just told me, I think there will be no pity required in the story."

He glanced round at Andrew as he spoke, and the minister was surprised by the gentleness of the smile on his face.

"We owe you so much—Jean and I," he went on in the same slow, deliberate voice, "a double debt—and there she is passing the window. Her favourite haunt is on the hill face."



LIFE'S TANGLED THREAD



BY

THE BISHOP OF RIPON

1. LIFE'S PROBLEMS

LIFE is a gift to us. It is a fatal gift, say some. It comes to us, they say, accompanied by such an oppressive number of drawbacks that the apparent boon becomes an actual burden. Life means suffering: we suffer as we grow in strength; we suffer as our years decline. Life means terror; for even when we are not tormented by the pains of growth or old age, we are startled by calamities which bring anguish and fear to the heart: the earthquake shatters a town and leaves hundreds of human habitations in ruins; the avalanche sweeps a whole village into death; pestilence and disease bring pain and destruction in their train; fire breaks forth, and hundreds of spectators of some innocent amusement or hundreds of worshippers in a church are burnt to death: thus around us on all hands stand grim terrors which threaten us with violent death. Does not life mean suffering, we are asked. We may reply, Do you not forget the joys of life? The answer comes back: "O cold, cruel, miserable life, how long are your pains! How brief are your delights! Life is one long tragedy!"

Such is one view of life, but it is not the only view. The pessimistic rhapsodist from whom I quote these sentences does not look upon life with a quiet eye or a calm and judicial mind. He is as a lawyer briefed against Nature. A mind, larger in outlook and more comprehensive in compass, writes in a different strain. Dr. Wallace, for instance, says that once we allow the idea of progress in the world—

the necessity of death and reproduction—"it is difficult to imagine a system by which a greater balance of happiness could have been secured."

We may, therefore, at least comfort ourselves with the assurance that whatever life means, the pessimist is not allowed to take his own way unchallenged; he is not accepted as the sole interpreter of the Universe.

Put Aside Emotionalism

The truth of the matter is that in studying life and Nature, we need, in the first instance, to put aside emotionalism; we must, if we are to understand matters, refuse to be governed by mere sentimentalism. As long as we are seeking to ascertain facts and their significance, we must employ what Bacon called "the dry light" of reason. We note with some surprise, and perhaps amusement, that the critic of Nature attacks Nature on sentimental grounds, but he will not suffer Religion to justify herself on sentimental grounds. J. S. Mill wrote in his *Essay on Nature*: "Everything, in short, which the worst men commit either against life or property is perpetrated on a larger scale by natural agents"; but Dr. Illingworth has remarked that "J. S. Mill's famous indictment of Nature . . . is one of the most emotional pieces of rhetoric of which a professed logician was ever guilty."

Sentiment is a noble and useful power of our nature; but when we allow it to usurp the throne of reason, and to cripple or crush patient thought, we give it a

THE QUIVER

power which has often been exercised to the destruction of society. Sentimentalism is like the guardian of the Colosseum at Rome who opened the gates to let the wild beasts into the arena. Let us cherish sentiment; let us refuse to listen to sentimentalism, her bastard sister. In judging of life and of Nature, we need quiet thought and impartial judgment. We must not be like the lady who criticised the engine because of the dirt, smell and oil which pervaded the engine-room, and ignored the fact that the engine was carrying her across the ocean to the place where friends were awaiting her.

Catastrophes

We all admit that there are such things as catastrophes. By these I mean the sudden convulsions of Nature, which overturn the surface of the earth, or wither it by some fiery stream, or sweep away the houses of men by some frozen flood. The volcano, the earthquake, the avalanche, may represent the agents—the natural agents spoken of by J. S. Mill—of these catastrophes. Yet to call them agents is incorrect; they are rather instruments which act in obedience to what we call law. "In their wildest paroxysms," said Sir John Herschel, "the rage of the volcano and the earthquake is subject to great and immutable laws; they feel the bridle and obey it."

Now, the moment we realise the reign of law, we escape the idea of caprice. It is something to know that the terrible catastrophes which startle us are not due to the whim of some fickle power. It is consoling to realise that we are not victims of some volatile God. Law may be stern, but it stands for fidelity: we do not, therefore, at this moment invoke sentiment to enable us to express our emotions; we set ourselves to understand the conditions under which these startling things take place. Practical men tell us that it is possible to build houses which will not prove potent for disaster when the earthquake occurs. In other words, the evil results of the catastrophe can be mitigated. We know the regions which are most likely to be shaken; we know the conditions which will lessen the ill consequences. To attend to matters

like these is much wiser than wildly to indict the powers of Nature.

Nature's Explanation

But it will be said, and truly said, that, to institute measures which will alleviate these ills, does not bring us nearer to any explanation of them. I admit it; but what explanation do we seek? Is the explanation asked for by our understanding or by our sentiment? If it is asked for by our understanding, I can only reply by quoting what men who have studied such phenomena can tell us. Some will tell us that the earthquake is due to the shrinking of the earth mass as it becomes cooler: the inward shrinking causes the light and loose crust of the earth to break or, as we say, to buckle up. The earthquake indicates a stage in the cooling process of our world. The eruption of the volcano is occasioned by some leakage in the base of the mountain, which admits the sea, and causes such an interior disturbance in the heart of the volcano that an eruption is inevitable. To quote Sir John Herschel again: "The volcano and the earthquake, dreadful as they are, as local and temporary visitations, are in fact unavoidable (I had almost said necessary) incidents in a vast system of action to which we owe the very ground we stand upon, the very land we inhabit, without which neither man, beast, nor bird would have a place for their existence, and the world would be the habitation of nothing but fishes."

The explanation therefore comes to this: we cannot have the blessings of a stable earth with her capacity for supporting and sustaining human life apart from the conditions which make these catastrophes possible.

I shall be told that this is only a scientific explanation of the physical causes of volcanoes and earthquakes. I shall be told that it is no explanation of the reason why such conditions were necessary at all. Could not the earth have been formed in such a way that these horrors never could have occurred? I can only reply: Doubtless in theory the world could have been so formed; but if you ask me why it was not so made, I can give no explanation at all. It seems to me idle to ask for such explanations, for

LIFE'S TANGLED THREAD

they only could be correctly given by Him Who made the Universe. If the Creator is almighty, we must either think of Him as wiser than ourselves, or as not so wise. We cannot think of Him as capricious, because we can trace law in the world. It gives us no satisfaction and no help to think of Him as less wise than ourselves. All the progress of our knowledge has been due to men trying to understand the meaning of things about them. If we

come to the conclusion that the Creator is less wise than ourselves, there can be no possible gain in trying to understand the meaning of His work, for it is useless to seek for meaning in the work of one less wise than ourselves; let us abandon our science. But this is absurd: our wisdom rebukes us; it is better for us to encourage men of science to pursue their investigations in the belief that every new discovery will reveal to us more and more the faithfulness of law than either to rail at Nature or to attempt futile ex-

planations. According to Sir J. Herschel, there is no more reason for criticising Nature in these matters than there is for a child criticising the order of the house because a kitchen boiler bursts. If the boiler is to be in the kitchen at all, the accident of its bursting becomes a necessary possibility. We have no other explanation available than this.

The Answer of Religion

It will be asked: Do we turn to Religion in vain? Has her venerable thought no explanation to give? Are her lips silent

in the midst of such catastrophes as these?

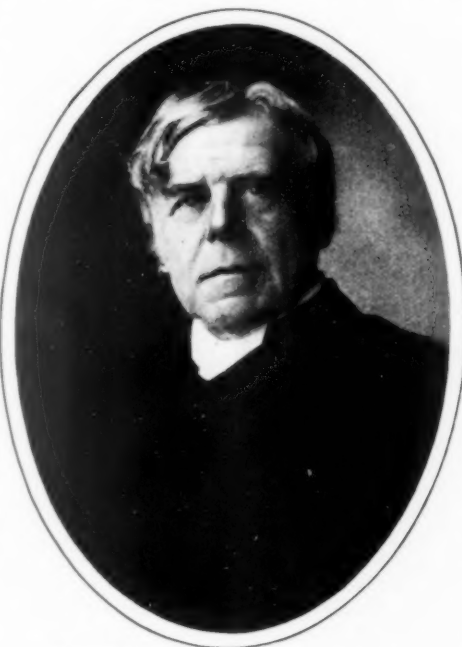
I answer that I do not think she can add to the explanation which the most experienced men of science can give: she will not venture to explain; but neither will she be silent. She will not explain, because the laws of the physical kingdom are not within her special realm; but she may point out the value and the influence in human life of those phenomena

which startle and arrest. She will say: Do not these things witness to the power of Him Who created the world? Do they not express the might which restrains the forces beneath our feet? Do not these things remind us of our frailty? Do they not teach us that we are in the hands of One mighty in power? Do they not add something to the solemnity of life? Do they not rebuke our frivolity and our forgetfulness of life's more serious issues?

Religion may speak thus; but she does not encourage us to go further; she warns

us against drawing false conclusions from startling facts; she will not speak in judgment of those who perish.

Our Lord once spoke of a calamity which had occurred at Jerusalem. A tower in Siloam had fallen, and eighteen people had lost their lives. "Think ye," said Christ, "that they were sinners above those who dwelt in Jerusalem because they suffered such things? I tell you, Nay: but except ye repent ye shall all likewise perish." In other words: Don't judge those who suffer, but look well to your own lives: these calamities



(Photo, Donham.)

THE LORD BISHOP OF RIPON.

THE QUIVER

call loudly for thought, for examination of your own life and conduct. It may be that quick death awaits you, and in any case a heedless, careless, selfish life of sin is certain to provoke its own judgment by and by.

Suffering and Sin

In giving this precept Christ lifted a great and ancient burden from the hearts of men. Calamities were constantly regarded as tokens of God's wrath and as evidence of some special wickedness in those who suffered.

We have only to turn to the controversy in the Book of Job to see how strongly rooted this notion was in the minds of men. The friends of Job have made up their minds that some dark fault in the life of Job must exist; for only on such a supposition could they hope to explain the calamities which had befallen him. We can understand how this cruel hypothesis must have wounded the suffering man. Was it not enough that children, houses, and possessions had gone? Must they add poison to the wounds of his sorrow? But they were so deeply imbued with the ancient belief that all outward evil must be punishment for sin that they cannot understand or believe Job's protestation of his own integrity.

Two principles fill their minds. First, no man could be chastened of God on account of his righteousness; hence follows the second principle: Any man who meets chastening must have deserved it. Hence, if Job suffers, he must have sinned. It is not for his piety that he is chastened. "Is it for thy fear of Him that He reproveth thee, that He entereth with thee into judgment? Is not thy wickedness great? Neither is there any end to thine iniquities" (chap. xxii. 4, 5). On the strength of this principle, Job is accused of stripping the naked, refusing food and drink to the hungry and weary (verses 9, 10). His calamities could only be accounted for by such sins of cruelty and inhumanity. The tragic position of Job is this: he not only suffers,

but his sufferings are a perplexity to him, seeing that he, no less than his friends, has lived in the atmosphere of the same belief that calamities betoken sin; but on him the calamities have come, and yet he cannot charge himself with wrong; he must be honest with himself: had he been a transgressor, such as his friends described, he would not have felt the pain of the hideous perplexity which now assails him; he could have accounted for his troubles by his conduct, but now, in addition to his sufferings, there falls upon him the agony of an unaccountable mystery; the very foundation of his previous faith is contradicted in his experience.

One element of the sublime tragedy of Job lies in the fact that what has befallen the patriarch has not only robbed him of material comfort and home joys, but has also overthrown one of the foundation principles of his faith. Like his friends, he believed that suffering meant punishment. He is the victim of this ancient heresy. It did not pass out of Jewish belief with the Book of Job. We find it in the disciples' minds in the day of our Lord. "Who did sin, they ask, this man or his parents, that he was born blind?" (John ix. 1-3). Jesus Christ repudiated the old heresy. "Neither hath this man sinned, nor his parents."

Suffering's Nobler Ends

Suffering may serve some other end than a witness of wrongdoing; it may become a stage for the manifestation of strength and power greater than man's, it may lead to the teaching of nobler principles of life than those which egotism lays down. The works of God may be made manifest in the suffering one. Thus did our Lord on two occasions wage war against the cruel belief which interpreted suffering only by the hypothesis of sin: He rolled the heavy burden of this belief away from the heart. He took from the sufferer the chain of degradation; He crowned him with the crown of an heroic soul witnessing for God.

[TO BE CONTINUED]

A Florentine Face

The Story of a Christmas Home-coming

By FLORENCE BONE

I

IT was a very silent place—the empty nursery at Marisland Hall. An old clock, familiarly known as the “wag at the wa’,” ticked away the spacious hours that seemed to hold no human interest as they moved monotonously on. The place was sadly tidy as well as quiet. No toys were dragged from curious hiding-places by little hands, so busy all the day that the sun went down too soon. No small, intent faces, no golden heads, bent over serious business on the floor. No sweet, high-pitched voices rang with gay laughter or were drowned in childish tears. The nursery it was always called, but it had been an empty one for long, slow years in the old house between the Yorkshire moorland and the sea.

The panelled walls were brown and mellow, and the few books on the oak shelves were old nursery classics in dim, dark covers that no little children would look at to-day. But once, in the narrow cushioned window seats shaded by the chestnut tree without, they had been pored over with rapture and regarded as mines of wealth by prim little figures in the dress of an older day, but with hearts just like those that dance in twentieth century nurseries.

There were quaint blue plates above the old books on the shelves, and curious teapots and rare jugs—once they had been the nursery china, but now, unknown to their owners, they were as precious as the books beneath them. Yet nobody ever took them down and told the old tales that belonged to them. Only Nanny, the oldest serving-maid in the house, ever came to brush and dust the prim, immaculate nursery.

Outside in the garden the sun of high summer reigned. The cedar swept the long grass beyond the shaven lawn; the roses glowed on the south wall beside the ripening apricots. There was silence here, too, except for the murmur of bees and the distant song of a robin; while beyond the opening between the trees barley fields shimmered and bent in the valley, and

against the sky long miles of moorland had donned its royal purple sheen.

A shaft of sunlight crept between the trees and into the old room. Slowly it crossed the swinging pendulum of the clock and the old books and the china, almost making the silence breathe as it passed.

Then it reached the fireplace, and it paused. The wide, cavernous chimney was bright with the polish of cleanliness, and the hearth was white. On the carved mantel stood one or two old photographs, brown and dim, and a pair of little china shoes. These the sunbeam passed, and then it stayed above the most wonderful, the most glowing thing in the room—a bit of life and everlasting colour in the room of dim tints and long-ago memories.

There was a picture hanging on the oak wall—a round picture in a carved Florentine frame. It was the picture of a face, copied by a skilful hand, for love, from a great masterpiece of Botticelli's in a far-off gallery in Florence.

It was a young face, not so beautiful as some, with wide blue eyes, and soft hair plainly parted above a broad brow. It looked downward with ineffable love, and yet with yearning sadness, upon the child below. It was a face of supreme unselfishness, not of a deity to be worshipped, but of a fair, true-hearted girl, whom life and its sadness, and its great everlasting lessons, had indeed made a Mother of Sorrow. She it was, who, in the same gallery, is painted as Venus, born of the waves, with the winds about her and the future in her face. But between the two pictures she had known love and motherhood, and they had given her a heart of sympathy, written in her face for all the world to read.

It was a fitting picture for a nursery, and many a child had been rocked to sleep under its peaceful Madonna's gaze since that day when a former squire of Marisland had spent a year in Italy. He painted it in the Uffizi Gallery for the wife who nursed her little son in an old villa, and was dearer to him than any Madonna in Florence.

THE QUIVER

But for all these years now, the picture had been left alone in the shrouded nursery where only old Nanny came.

On this August morning there was a stir in the atmosphere of Marisland, though it only accentuated the silence. The post-boy had brought a sheaf of letters up the hill, and Mrs. Ranwick, who lived alone at Marisland, had been shut up in the little south parlour all the morning, facing the future as best she could.

There were various rumours in the big kitchens and out in the mossy courtyard. Was Mr. Roger coming home at last? Was he bringing his foreign bride to Marisland to be its mistress?

They knew what that would mean. They knew without telling that his mother hated the sound of her name, and even the thought of the boy who bore her likeness, though he was a future master of the home she so loved. And her coming would mean the outgoing of Margaret Ranwick, who would never stay to see another mistress in the old place—and that not even an English-woman.

Ah, well! There was the little ivy-grown house which was her own, nearer to the moorland. Up there she would spend the years that were left to her, though they might even be long. And she would not trouble her son's wife with much of her company.

The door of the south parlour opened at noon, and its mistress came out. Margaret Ranwick was a tall woman, still in the prime of life. In the soft dusk, and in certain delicate, trailing gowns, she was still almost a youthful figure. Her brown hair was piled high above her face, and was yet only streaked with grey. She was dressed trimly and she walked with a quick, young tread. It was in all the vigour of a dominating personality that she was called upon to leave a place of which she loved every stone and leaf.

With a frown between her deep grey eyes, Mrs. Ranwick crossed the hall and went down the long corridor beyond. She came to the closed door of the nursery, and turned the key in its stiff lock. With a creak the door opened and she passed in and closed it behind her.

She stood for a moment looking across the shadow with dim eyes. She had never entered that room since that day ten years

before, when Michael Ranwick, her husband, had been carried out to the green grave under the yew tree where her heart was buried too.

This room had been his favourite in those long-ago days when Roger was a child. It was her boy's grandfather who had painted the picture, but it had been a dear possession to her once, when she in her turn rocked a child under the Madonna's gaze.

How much this empty nursery had figured in her life! She remembered the day she came to Marisland Hall as a bride, after that tour of dreams and delight which she and Michael had spent in the Italy of their desire. She had never been there since, and she had no wish to go.

She remembered how the man, who so loved his home, had led her proudly over it until they came at last to this room. He had not told her it was the nursery, but she had surmised the fact, and both had hoped it would become one again.

They had stood together before the Florentine face, and looked at it in silence. Both had seen the original in Italy, but this one was dearer because it hung on their own walls, and he had whispered to her that it reminded him of her. And she had laughed, and told him there was no sorrow in her heart such as looked at them from the Madonna's face. Ah! but she was a mother of sorrow now—yet without that sweet, unselfish wistfulness which gave, thinking of no return.

Even in those days, the nursery had been long empty. For five years the son to come was only a hope. And then Roger lay in the old-fashioned cradle, and his mother's heart was filled so full, there had never been room for the world, or for another child.

She looked down at the cradle under the clock with eyes that did not see. Again she saw her baby there, holding out hands to her, and she stooped involuntarily, and then remembered that he was a man in a far land, who had not always followed where she would have pointed, who knew little of her pride of place, who cared more for books, than for the land; and who was bringing a Florentine wife to the home that had been rightly his for some years now.

He had written out of a full heart of joy to bid his mother stay at Marisland, and with a yearning for his home that he had seldom



"'Oh, Roger,' murmured Marie. 'Can we—must we—leave it?'"—p. 280.

THE QUIVER

shown. He longed to see Marie there, he told his mother. He longed to make them known to each other. But her lip only shortened, and her eyes grew stern as she read. Life had closed for her, and the spring lost its green glory, when Roger's father went away, and the years left only deepened in their disappointment.

As she passed out of the room she did not look again at Botticelli's picture. Perhaps she did not wish to see that Florentine face which might be the face of Roger's wife. Perhaps its unselfish sorrow told her more than she cared to hear.

II

THE evening sunlight of Italy lay warm on the grey olives and the dark cypresses. Terrace above terrace on the hillside beyond Florence, the warm-coloured villas crept up to the village of Fiesole. White-clad monks climbed to the silent monastery that stood highest of all. Women with the dark eyes of the South sat at their cottage doors plaiting the soft Tuscan straw.

In the wide, dim loggia of one old villa a man and his wife sat together. The man was correcting proofs, and the woman was busy with some dainty needlework. She was young and full of grace, with a serene brow and quiet eyes, and now and then she looked up towards a shadowy room beyond the loggia where a child lay asleep in a little cot.

Presently she laid down her work and looked away across the landscape lying below in the sunset light. Crimson bars fell across the olives, and the warm vines between. Every cypress was tipped with gold and became a slender spire of dreams. In the distance rose the wonderful roofs and towers of Florence, the marvellous rosy-touched white of the Duomo, the exquisite form of Giotto's campanile. Away to the west the silver Arno wound into the distance and the infinite, while the last glory of the sun illumined it with gold.

Roger Ranwick put down his papers and came to his wife's side. He, too, looked out over the plain and away to the river.

"It is like a sea of glass mingled with fire," he said. "One might fancy that Florence was the new Jerusalem."

"Oh, Roger," murmured Marie. "Can we—must we—leave it?"

"I fear we must," said Roger gently. "The boy must be brought up in his own land, and to love his rightful home—as, perhaps, I never did. Yet I feel such a yearning for Marisland, Marie, and you will love the moorland when you have got to know it. Like most things in the North it hides a deep heart under an aloof exterior."

"As you do, Roger," laughed his wife, slipping her arm in his, and laying her dark head on his shoulder.

He turned and put his arm round her, and kissed her.

"Ah, Marie of mine," he whispered. "You little know how soon you stole into my stupid English heart. Do you remember? It was just such a day as this, but in the spring."

"Of course I remember," said Marie. "But tell me about it, I've a sort of liking for hearing it, you know. Perhaps my English grandmother helps me to understand your race. And am I not the mother of an Englishman now?"

"Of course you are," said Roger. "It's only our hearts can go back now to that day in the Uffizi Gallery. You know I had been commissioned to write a series of papers for an English magazine on old and new Italy, and I was at the Gallery. That morning I meant to just absorb Botticelli, and to try to trace his inspiration in his pictures. It was the old painting in the nursery at Marisland first gave me a hint of his charm, and I went first to the Madonna of the Pomegranates. I looked at it long, and at the face of the Venus beside it—the same face but how different. It was love and sorrow made Botticelli paint that face. He had seen it in his own life—and in my ignorance I said there were no faces like that now. That old serenity even in sadness had gone from the world, I thought, and yet I almost vowed that I would never love a woman until I found a face in which were written such promises and such records."

"And then you turned——" whispered Marie with all her own heart in her eyes.

"And then I turned," said Roger, "and I saw you—the woman of my dream."

"Has it been a bad dream?" Marie laughed happily.

"It is a blessed vision for evermore," said her husband. "I had hard work not to speak to you that morning, dearest. I'm afraid I did follow you about. I haunted

A FLORENTINE FACE

the dear old city looking for you, and that stern dragon, your aunt. Do you remember the lilies in the cloister of San Marco? They all seemed to grow there for us. The cypresses had never been so full of charm until that spring. It was fitting it should be spring, and there was never such a radiant summer as that."

"Except perhaps this," added Marie. "I can read it all in your book, Roger. It must make your name if others read your heart between the lines."

"Yes, I did 'look into my own heart and write,'" said Roger. "Sir Philip Sydney knew human nature—but it never changes because it is so bound up and made one with love."

"And sorrow," echoed his wife.

"Yes—but even sorrow, even the great parting shall never separate you and me."

The day had died swiftly as it does in the South. Every contadina had gathered up her pretty work and closed her door. Somewhere in the distance above the monks were chanting their evensong. Far below, darkness was falling over Florence and wrapping its towers in mystery, and the past. Even the cypresses were growing dim and Marie watched them disappear, feeling that she already said farewell to the place for ever as a permanent home.

She turned and left the loggia, following Roger into the darkened room where the boy's regular breathing was the only sound. For baby Michael, and with Roger, she was ready to face the cold, aloof North, so far from beautiful Italy.

Yet her heart sank on the December day, when, leading little Michael, who was just able to walk, she followed her husband across the gangway of the steamer and into the train bound for Charing Cross. And as the slated roofs of London appeared, glimmering through a dense brown fog, she looked with dismay upon a world that she had never even pictured. Yet this was the land of Roger's home, and Michael's future, so it must become the country of her own heart too.

"After all it's good to be in London," said Roger, sniffing the fog with an Englishman's inherent taste.

"Oh, Roger!" Marie laughed, as they were whirled away in a taxi, through such a roar and darkness as Marie did not know existed upon earth. It was early afternoon

of the next day when they reached the moorland and left the little white station so near to Marisland. There stood the old square house with its pillared portico, its long low windows, and the red firelight streaming out into the dusk.

Suddenly the atmosphere of England came home to Marie, never to leave her again, and the spacious charm of her new home became part of her own life.

Roger sprang into the hall looking for his mother, but nowhere in the old rooms was there any sign of her. They were all ready for their Italian mistress, but Margaret Ranwick was away in the small ivy-covered house up towards the moorland, sitting alone with grim eyes and closely shut lips, while her heart was down in the valley longing to feast itself upon the son whom she had shut out of her own will.

There was a shadow on Roger's face as he went in search of his wife, when he had failed to find his mother. Marie did not ask the cause, for she knew it, when she looked at him. She was watching baby Michael eat his bread and milk beside the fire in the old nursery, with an English appetite that rejoiced her heart.

Over the mantelpiece the red shadows danced with new delight about the old picture, as though glad to see a child once more in the silent room.

"Ah, this is indeed like home," said Roger, the shadow going as he looked up to the picture. "There it is, Marie—my favourite face. I declare it's well painted—and yes, I verily believe it. It's more like you than even the original is. Don't you see it yourself—the very brow and eyes? That must be why I looked round and saw it all in you, my own."

"I'm so glad, Roger," said Marie simply; "but lots of mothers look just like that, you know—at their little children. I—I expect yours will, even now, when she sees you."

Roger sighed, and then he smiled, as baby Michael waved his spoon in the air and pointed to the firelight. His sweet little face was rosy and sleepy, his chubby arms were held out. Perhaps he would solve the difficulty that had laid so dark a shadow over the home-coming to Marisland Hall.

And so he did.

Not even the cold and wind of a December morning could keep his active little feet indoors next day. The ground was firm



"Mrs. Ranwick with her precious burden made straight for the nursery."

and frosty, every pool sparkled with ice, and the old spreading cedar gleamed against a sky of soft clear grey.

A tree laden with holly berries made a spot of scarlet across the garden, and little Michael pointed to them in delight. His mother was busy, his nurse had not yet come, and his father was in the library deep in thought of how best to approach the woman who was longing to see him, but whose pride of place filled her outer heart.

So baby Michael found a branch of holly on the ground, and trotted off contentedly through the little wooden gate into the park, and away up towards the moorland over the rough country lane.

Margaret Ranwick had passed a sleepless night in her new and close quarters. She had taken her breakfast in silence, she had glanced at the daily paper without reading what was there, and now her eyes were out on the wide brown moorland, and her heart was in the valley.

Do what she might she could not keep it out of that old dim nursery which was once

more the haunt of a child. She yearned to see her grandson playing with the ancient toys, and under the Florentine picture.

Her soul ached for a sight of her son, and yes—perhaps it was only curiosity that made her long to know what Marie was like. Already she had repented in secret of the pride of land and tradition that lay between her life and her heart.

But it was too late now. She had burnt her boats when she left Marisland and refused to welcome the new-comers.

She wondered how Marie liked the old nursery—whether she disdained its panelled walls and deep window seats, and talked of light and air as many modern mothers did. She hoped not, for surely that room must ever be a nursery. She hoped they would use the old rocking-chair. Ah, she had rocked Roger there for many a night through a serious illness, when she had not known whether he would ever play there again. She almost thought she would like to tell his wife about that.

And in one of those window seats Margaret

A FLORENTINE FACE

Ranwick had sobbed out her heart after her first and last quarrel with her husband. As she thought of it the day came back to her as though it were yesterday, and she felt again the pain and the bliss of that long dead, yet ever living day.

And the picture! Was her son's wife looking at it with all the superciliousness of the much travelled person, and speaking of it as a wretched daub to be consigned to the Marisland garrets? Oh, surely not so. She could not picture life in the old house without the Florentine Madonna on the nursery wall.

What was that? A faint tap on the window, very near the ground. She looked up from her seat by the fire, but could see nothing except the grey landscape and the greyer sky.

"It will snow before night," she said to herself, wondering whether Roger would come to see her after what she had done.

The little tap came again, and this time Mrs. Ranwick saw a branch of holly waved against her window. A bough of scarlet holly! Was it an hallucination? What had she to do with the glowing tree that meant peace and goodwill on earth, and the memory of old Christmases? She caught a sob in her throat, and suddenly in the still winter morning she heard a clear childish voice.

"Let me in," it said, "I tired, and I cold, and I want mammy."

All the latent motherhood sprang up in Margaret Ranwick's heart. She went out to the little door and looked into the small garden. There stood a tiny boy, in a blue smock, with hair like an aureole about his brow. And his face was the face of the picture that hung on the old nursery wall. He ran to the woman who opened the door, and flung himself upon her, for little Michael had never known a rebuff.

"Michael so hungry," he cried.

She clasped him in her arms, a thrill waking her heart at the sound of his name.

They had given him the name of Michael—the one she loved best on earth.

"I am your grannie, darling," she said to him.

He shook his curly head.

"I know mammy and daddy," he said.

"I don't know no grannie."

She kissed him with a sob and brought him biscuits, and then wrapped him up in a great warm shawl. Down the hill she carried him, in the rising wind, and with the first snowflakes against her face and hiding in his hair. All her pride was gone, all her heart was on fire with love and longing as she reached the familiar wooden gate she had almost told herself she would never pass through again.

The hall door was wide open and there was a feeling of life and home that Marisland Hall had not known for long. Mrs. Ranwick with her precious burden made straight for the nursery, where the firelight was warm, and where Marie had just awakened to the terrible fact that little Michael had strayed into the cold.

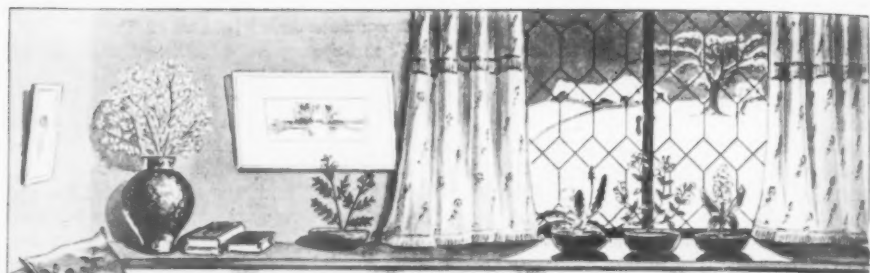
"Here he is," said his grandmother, putting him into her arms, with the scarlet holly bough. "I have brought him home to you, and I want you to take me, too. He has brought me the peace bough. May it be peace between us?"

"It has never been anything else," said Marie gently, with her own Madonna smile, and her southern grace of bearing.

Once more the firelight flickered on the Florentine face, and on those other faces in the nursery below where two women learned to love each other for evermore as they looked on the child between them.

Mrs. Ranwick went back to the tiny home that was to become such a centre of life and cheery content, but she spent little of her time there. And though Fiesole was still sometimes their home, neither Roger nor Marie was ever long content away from the moors of Marisland.





GARDENS in the HOME

By S. L. BENSUSAN

UNTIL about two years ago it had always been a matter of regret to me that the worst months of the twelve left the home dependent for green growth upon flowers grown under glass. Even in January there were a few blooms to be found in the sheltered places of the woodland, and in the hedgerows and coppice that looked to the south, but fine days were few and far between, and at a season when "roads are dank and ways are mire," there is little temptation to leave the beaten track. If a bunch of earliest blooms could be gathered they soon died, they had but little vitality. At last I decided to try the effect of taking the wild flower roots, bedding them in shallow bowls filled with good mould, and keeping them in an even temperature, and the result was so successful that I now have one or two bowls in every room of the house, from the beginning of the year when chrysanthemums and winter jasmine are over, down to the time when, not only are wild flowers quite plentiful and to be gathered readily from every lane and meadow, but the garden claims to be represented indoors. I soon learned to appreciate the exquisite beauty of some of our commonest growths, and everybody in the house has been pleased to tend the bowls and add to their contents. Even the kitchen and pantry are decorated in the winter as in the summer, and friends who have seen my rooms full of wild flowers in February and March have followed the example so enthusiastically,

that I am tempted to appeal to a wider circle to do the same.

Starting the Home Garden

In early January of 1909 I relied for a week or two upon the Christmas rose, one of the hellebores, to take the place of honour, and this, of course, is not a wild flower at all, though it will bloom much more freely in the house than in the garden, to which it may be transplanted when the last blooms have fallen. But the winter dandelion, herb robert, dead nettle, and a few daisies came bravely to represent the world outside, and in a moderate warmth, with as much sun as a few bright hours could afford, they did very well indeed, and were a source of pleasure. On days when it was impossible to stir out, the bowls with their young life and promise of spring to come were more than welcome.

February Treasures

Early in February I brought in branches of the hazel and alder, with their yellow or green catkins, together with groundsel and chickweed, speedwell and shepherd's purse, and realised the truth of the Preacher's teaching that there is a time for all things. The weeds that are a trouble to us in the later year are welcome enough when there is nothing else to be had, and it was most interesting to mark their growth day by day. Wood spurge and the young growths of the cuckoo pint, wood violet and dandelion in full flower

GARDENS IN THE HOME

were other of the February treasures, and where roots were long and leaves or flowers were feeble, it was an easy matter to give the necessary support with the aid of small pieces of bamboo and a little cotton.

In March there was no lack of attractions, and it was possible to fill the bowls with flowering plants. The wood anemones were so plentiful that they alone filled several bowls; the marsh marigolds (kingcups) were not yet a-flower, but a few plants in a bowl that was kept very well watered soon began to thrive, and where I have a small wild garden on marshy ground, the ditchweed or lesser celandine, of which Wordsworth has written so much and so delightfully, was very plentiful, and contrived to thrive admirably within doors. A few wild daffodils were found and made a brave show; so, too, did the colt's-foot, of which there was no lack. By this time it was possible to go out and collect plenty of wild blossoms, but I remained content to collect strong roots instead, and bring them back to the house. When flowering time was over, the roots of the more welcome varieties were not thrown away, but were taken down to the wild garden and planted out there. It was a simple task enough; a small hole was made with the sharpened end of a thick stick, and the root was put in. So great is the will to live among these strong growths of wood and by-way that there was no need to trouble about their future, and since I started a house collection I have been able to give a variety to the wild garden that has added very largely to its beauty.

Purple, Blue and Violet

With April the colouring in the bowls assumed a greater richness. The purple orchis from the woods, the cowslips, the lady's smock, early ranunculus, wood-sorrel with its clover-like leaves, sweet violet, periwinkle, and a few bluebells were all in flower in the bowls, and it was possible to enjoy the endless variety of tints in the smallest possible space, and to watch the flowers travelling day by day to perfection point. Not only human eyes were attracted. For all that the orchard was waking into life and there was an abundance of material for pollen

and nectar and propolis in every direction, my bees were very much attracted by bowls that stood before the open windows in the sun, and there would always be a few workers in attendance on a fine day. In May, speedwell and vetches, ragged robin, early campion, and a few flags from the water meadows were added to the list, though these tall flowering plants gave a little trouble, and in some cases the bowls were too shallow unless the earth was piled up very carefully. Other support was not needed for long, the plants soon accommodated themselves to existing conditions, but the handling of the bowls was a matter demanding plenty of care. June brought some delightful ferns to the house, and one or two extra bowls were requisitioned for the wild strawberry plants which had been gathered in the woods. Ox-eye daisies made a brave show, and so did some honeysuckle, but the water lilies could not thrive, nor would the meadowsweet and the later growths of ragged robin. Some willow herb from the river banks grew too fast in captivity and lost its balance; the mallows were a comparative failure, but the yellow ragwort seemed to enjoy transplanting. Perhaps, if the truth were told, the work in gardens and meadows was becoming so attractive that the need for flower bowls was no longer felt, and the claims of the garden could be denied no longer. By the side of the stately cultivated flowers, the more modest blooms ceased to hold their own interest, and one day, just before hay time, word was given that the roots worth keeping should go to the wild garden, and that the bowls should be kept for garden flowers until the summer ended. The same order was repeated last year.

With autumn the attractions of the world outside are chiefly leaves of all kinds, leaves assuming all the splendid tints that are the signal of decay and the prelude of death, so it may be seen that it is only in the earliest months of the year that such a collection as I have made for two long seasons can serve a special purpose. From early January to late March the interest is at its greatest, from April to June it slackens, and when the reign of the roses is all over the land, when the cuckoo is silent and the night-

THE QUIVER

ingale has joined the ranks of the bird thieves, the pleasant labour is over for the year.

But it must not be supposed that the interest of such wild flower collection is a limited one; on the contrary, it stimulates to the pursuit of inquiry in many directions. In late spring and summer, when flowers are all round us in endless variety, we have little or no time to study them, but in the very early days when they are scarce it is possible to follow many of the old legends and stories associated with the few that come to hand, and to find in the pages of the poet and essayist many a tribute to their beauty. Chaucer himself refers to daisies, lilies, hawthorn, maigold, wild rose, periwinkle, ivy, and many an old-time herb hardly known to-day. Then, again, there are many simple flowers that were named in pagan times and remained in the days of Christianity in honour of the Trinity. The snowdrop is known as the Candlemas lily, and there are a dozen flowers named of old time after the Virgin Mary. These include cowslip, cuckoo flower, marigold (Mary's gold), harebell, lilies of the valley, Canterbury bells, balsam and bedstraw (*Galium verum*). Many of the modest flowers we can pluck with their roots from the wayside belong to the family of plants that have considerable medicinal virtue and were highly esteemed of old time, when the still-room was part of so many country houses and the use of herbs was not limited to cooking. Then every skilled housewife knew and grew the herbs that were a sovereign remedy for simple ailments, and the part allotted to herbs was no less honoured than the orchard or formal garden.

Flowers in Unlikely Places

Residence in London or any other big city will not do more than limit the supply and the variety of plants that may be grown in a few bowls in the house. All plant life is well worth watching, and some of it is so supremely vigorous that it needs no more than the smallest measure of encouragement. Those who have passed down or up the Thames by the side of the concrete embankments, would surely say that no wild growths

could flourish on such uncongenial soil. But there are granaries on the banks of the river, and barges pass up and down laden with corn or hay, and in a light wind many thousands of seeds are blown towards the shore. Given a small crack in the concrete that has gathered a little soil and water, and the seed gets the small chance that is so eagerly taken. In the autumn of 1909, on the north side embankment of the Thames near Battersea, an enterprising botanist found over thirty different plants growing, some of them weeds that, while they are quite unpopular with the farmer, are not without a certain beauty of their own. If buttercup, dandelion, daisy, colt's-foot, clover, trefoil, convolvulus, and a score of others could thrive in such cold and uncomfortable surroundings of a Thames-side embankment, there is surely no house in any town that cannot boast a little miniature garden in its smallest room.

I have not spoken of seedling trees, but there are few who cannot raise oaks, chestnuts, and others from seeds and preserve them until they are sturdy young saplings, quite ready to thrive in the open; and whether you are raising the sturdy oak or a common dock, the marvel, mystery, and beauty of growth are in a measure the same. To be sure, the air of big towns is not good for trees—in London the plane, which sheds its bark annually, is one of the very few that can face the atmosphere, and in the small private and public gardens of the metropolis the old trees are passing rapidly to decay. But a very little way out of the towns any plant will grow on congenial soil, and this suggests that the use of the bowl is not limited to the countryside, and the more confined the space—indeed, the more limited the opportunity—the greater will be the pleasure when some modest little plant begins to respond to care, and spreads its leaves to gather such small share of nourishment as the air may afford. There seems to be some idea that only bulbs and plants that yield beautiful flowers can be cultivated, while, if the truth be told, there is no room boasting a little sunshine now and again that cannot afford an opportunity to the student of plant life, and some reminder of the open country beyond.

Our New Competition

By THE EDITOR

First Prize: Lady's or Gentleman's Gold Watch

Second Prize: £10 in Goods

Six Thermos Flasks, Six Onoto Fountain Pens, and Book Prizes

LAST month I announced a new Competition, for which I am hoping to get the active support of a large number of my readers. There were many who could not enter for the previous Competition, as it did not lie within their province to dress dolls. This Competition, however, should appeal to everyone, old and young, of both sexes.

Home-made Toys Wanted

Can you make a toy—of wood, iron, stone, cardboard, wool, or any other material? It may be of any size or shape that is reasonable, of any style or kind, as long as it is a thing that will appeal to the child mind. Look back on your own childhood, and think of the toy that most fascinated you, what a large part it played in your little world, though it may have been the smallest and simplest object imaginable! What gift would you have liked best to receive in those days? Let your imagination cross the barrier of the years, and then think what you can make.

Some toys are expensive—hundreds of pounds have been spent on them—but this is not what I want. One Shilling is all that may be spent on the materials for your toy, but you can exercise all the ingenuity at your command to make the best article for the money. I have a vivid recollection of some railway trucks, the wheels of which were made by cutting cotton-reels into halves! I remember seeing quite recently the work of some of the unemployed—queer wooden animals whose limbs and heads were jointed

and produced the quaintest effects when moved. Boys used, not so very long ago, to knit reins with many-coloured wool; I suppose they do so still. Some forms of toys are as old as the human race; others were only invented yesterday. All these may be employed in this Competition.

Every article sent in will go to some poor child who has few enough toys to be able to value highly what you make; so that nobody's work will be wasted, even though it fails to get one of the prizes.



FIELD " GOLD WATCH—LADY'S;
EXACT SIZE.

The First Prize: £25 Benson Watch

I have, however, arranged a prize list which will make it well worth while for the best talent to be employed. The First Prize is a Handsome "Field" Gold watch (Lady or Gentleman's), made by Messrs. J. W. Benson, Ltd., the celebrated watch-makers of Ludgate Hill, London. I have tried to get absolutely the best—surest, soundest, safest—

watch obtainable, and I think I have succeeded. Here is the description of the Lady's watch:—

"The movement is a three-quarter plate English lever, jewelled throughout in rubies, Breguet balance to prevent variation from changes of temperature or shock from violent exercise, and fitted with strong keyless works. The parts are made on the gauged and interchangeable system, ensuring absolute accuracy of manufacture throughout, as well as efficient repairs in the event of damage by accident. The cases are of 18-carat gold, hunting, half-hunting, or crystal glass, strong, close-fitting

THE QUIVER

and well-made, engine-turned, polished, or engraved. The half-hunters have the figures enamelled on the outer case in blue, or, if preferred, opal or blue enamel hour circles can be had. The hunters and half-hunters have sunk second dials."

Second Prize: £10 in Goods

Only one can obtain First Prize, but remembering how close have been previous Competitions, I have arranged a Second Prize of only secondary value to the first, viz. an order on Messrs. A. W. Gamage, Ltd., of Holborn, value £10. The winner may visit Messrs. Gamage's giant establishment, and choose one or a hundred articles to the value of £10. Or the prize may be selected from the large catalogue issued by the firm.

Six Prizes of Thermos Flasks

The next six in order of merit will each be awarded a Thermos Flask, value One Guinea. Most people have heard of these valuable devices for keeping liquids hot or cold; not everyone can afford the luxury except when they come as a free gift in this way.

Six Prizes of Onoto Pens

For the next six prizes I have arranged for Onoto Fountain Pens. These pens are self-filling, and do not leak. I have recently had an opportunity of handling one, and I am charmed with the simplicity and ease with which they are worked.

In addition I shall award twelve Hand-some Book Prizes.

The Conditions

The Conditions attached to the Competition are few and simple:—

(1) The cost of materials must not exceed One Shilling, though odds and ends

of trifling value that the competitor has by may be employed.

(2) The Competition is only for members of The League of Loving Hearts; but all readers may join this by filling in the coupon to be found in the advertisement section, and sending to me with a subscription of One Shilling. As I have explained before, all money received is devoted to the charities the League helps to support.

(3) In all matters relating to this Competition the decision of the Editor is final.

When to Start

First of all, join the League, and so become eligible to enter. *We want your money*, and are perfectly frank about it, because it is not for our own benefit, but for the charities that at this season of the year are in such urgent need of support. I am making a distribution of funds on December 31st, and I am most anxious that the share sent to each Society shall be as large as possible. I hope to announce the amount in due course.

Having joined the League, you may start at once. April 29th will be the last date for receiving the toys. This seems a long way off; but time quickly flies, and I urge competitors to make an early start. Last year I received several notes and telegrams on the last day asking for an extension of time; this will be avoided if readers start now.

Where the Toys will Go

The toys sent by competitors will be distributed among poor children to whom they will be as welcome as sunshine on a foggy day. The following are the Societies the League helps to support, and we shall divide the toys amongst such of them as deal with children:—

DR. BARNARDO'S HOMES, Stepney Causeway, E.
RAGGED SCHOOL UNION, 32, John Street, Theobald's Road, W.C.
CHURCH ARMY, 55, Bryanston Street, W.
SALVATION ARMY (Social Work), Queen Victoria Street, E.C.
MISS AGNES WESTON'S WORK, Royal Sailors' Rest, Portsmouth.
THE QUEEN'S HOSPITAL FOR CHILDREN, Hackney Road, Bethnal Green, E.
LONDON CITY MISSION, 3, Bridewell Place, E.C.
ORPHAN WORKING SCHOOL, 73, Cheapside, E.C.
CHURCH OF ENGLAND SOCIETY FOR PROVIDING HOMES FOR WAIFS AND STRAYS,
Old Town Hall, Kennington Road, S.E.
BRITISH HOME AND HOSPITAL FOR INCURABLES, 72, Cheapside, E.C.

Round a Sundial

By AMY LE FEUVRE

No. 2.—A Girl's Refusal

IT was the month of roses, and the garden was rich with rose scent. Roses in low old-fashioned bushes bordered the lawn; standard roses lined the drive; climbing roses covered the front of the old house, and a sweetbriar rose clung to the old sundial in the midst of the velvet lawn. Avice Thrale, standing in her clinging white gown by the dial, with roses in her belt, and still softer roses on her cheeks, was not an unfit personator of the queen of roses herself. Her golden head was bent, and her long lashes swept her cheek, as she listened to the low impassioned words of the handsome man by her side.

"Avice, sweetheart, listen! We have known each other for years. I have been abroad for seven years, and all that time my heart has never swerved from you. Now I ask you once again. You were too young, your father said, before—you are not very old now, but old enough to know your heart. Don't send me away. Give me the right to love and care for you. My heart is yours, tell me that yours is mine."

This, and more, was poured forth by the eager impassioned lover. And at last Avice lifted up her head, and her soft blue eyes were swimming in tears.

"Oh, Alfred, I have tried; you are so good, so kind, such a true friend that I want to keep you so; but I can give you nothing but my friendship. I can't tell you why, but I know that my heart is cold. I don't think I shall ever love anyone."

"Then let me wait, Avice. You are not cold—you weep over a dead bird as if your heart were broken. Let me teach you how to love."

But the girl shook her head, and as he made a hasty impulsive movement towards her, she put up her hands as if to ward him off.

"No, Alfred. I do not want to hurt you, but I love my father, I love my home too much to give it all up for you. You deserve more than that. You ought to love one who would sacrifice her all for you. I cannot do it."

She gazed wistfully across the lawn at the old house before her. A shadow seemed to creep over her blue eyes. He saw it, and spoke more earnestly:

"Avice, listen! I know you have had anxiety lately. Your father and I are such old friends that he has told me all. He has had heavy losses. I, as you know, have just been left a small fortune by my uncle, and that has brought me home again. Your father fears he may be obliged to give up this house. I know how you have learnt to love it, and your father hoped, as I hoped, that we might settle here together. There is nothing I would like better. I shall have to look for a house. If this fact might incline you to think better of me——"

He paused, for a little shiver seemed to run through the girl.

"Father wishes it?" she asked.

"I don't say he wishes it. I said to him that if—if you—cared for me, we could all live on together, and he seemed pleased. He is getting an old man, Avice."

Avice interlaced her fingers nervously together.

"I know," she said. "Poor father! He has never been the same since mother died. I think it would break his heart if I were to leave him."

Then she straightened herself, and her eyes kindled:

"Alfred, don't tempt me; it isn't worthy of you. And it would be wronging yourself. You deserve a wife who would really love you, not one who would always be cold, and—and indifferent. Don't tempt me to sell myself to you for the sake of my sweet home and my father's happiness. I will make father happy in a cottage. If his money has gone, we have had our good time and we can always look back. I think as one grows older one's greatest pleasures are in the past."

The man groaned, then he stretched out his hand. "Good-bye, Avice. I won't worry you any more. Tell your father of our talk. I don't think I will stay to dinner to-night. I was a fool to hope. I think

THE QUIVER

I'll go back to town to my sister. I only came down to the 'Raymond Arms,' as you know, to tell you I had come back to England again—and to try my luck. Oh, Avice! When I was last here, how we walked and talked round this old dial! Will you promise to let me know if your feelings change? Send me a bit of this sweetbriar. I will come to you at once from the other ends of the earth if it finds me there."

He raised her slim white hand and pressed his passionate lips to it, then left her; and Avice, sitting down on the stone bench beneath the dial, burst into tears.

How was it, she wondered, that she could not love Alfred Moreton? She had known him for so many years. As a school-boy he had spent his holidays with her. He was the son of her mother's greatest friend, and had been left an orphan at the age of six. He and she had played together, had shared each other's joys and troubles, and her life had always seemed incomplete without Alfred. Even now a few minutes ago she had almost wavered—Alfred little knew how nearly he had won her—and she realised what it was that had made her draw back with such determination. It was the picture he gave her of himself as master of her old home.

Avice dried her tears and paced round and round the sundial.

"It is you who keep me from marrying him!" she said, addressing the old dial. "But oh, how I love you! It will break my heart to leave you."

Then, leaning her elbows on the dial, she rested her chin in her hands and, gazing dreamily over the distant park, she was soon absorbed in a reverie of the past.

How well she remembered coming as a little child to this beautiful home. She could see herself a tiny imaginative girl dancing through the gardens, and feeling as if she were about to live in an enchanted palace. She remembered her parents walking through the historic old house, and her father telling her mother that he had bought the portrait gallery of the Raymond family as it stood. She had looked up into the faces of those strange men and women with awe, and the solemnity and magnificence of the reception-rooms had sent her flying out into the garden to a simpler and sweeter atmosphere. By the old dial she had

paused. She had spelt out with difficulty the motto which surrounded it:

"Shadow and sun—so, too, our lives are made,
Yet think how great the sun, how small the shade."

She had puzzled over the meaning of it, had placed her hand over the shadow, and then had tried to cover the sun in the sky with the same tiny member. "Mother!" she had cried, "I can shut away the sun as well as the shadow with my hand. Isn't it wonderful?"

And her mother had replied with a smile, and a sigh: "It isn't very difficult to shut out the sun."

Then suddenly her eyes had lighted on some crooked and uneven lettering round the bottom of the dial. And she spelt the words out with eager curiosity:

"I will come back. Dei Gra. G. R."

The letters were freshly cut. She pointed them out to her father, and the old lodge-keeper, standing near, told her he believed they had been done by the little boy who had gone away. She asked many questions about this boy, and heard many stories about him. He was a Raymond, a descendant of those haughty men and women in the portrait gallery.

"What does 'Dei Gra.' mean?" she asked. "Was that his name?"

Her father had laughed. "You will see it on a penny," he had replied. "It means 'By the grace of God.' Her spirits had sunk to zero at once. For months she was haunted by this absent boy; by the certainty that he would indeed come back and turn them out. For was not the grace of God without question an infinite power? Not to be withstood by any mortal being?

She remembered how she shunned the portrait gallery, feeling herself an interloper amongst them; how sometimes at night she would imagine the house was haunted by them stepping to and fro, and how, shuddering with fright, she would bury her head under the bedclothes, and murmur over and over to herself: "I wish I had been born a Raymond, then they wouldn't hate me so!"

Once in a fit of temper, she had taken a pen and inkpot down to the old sundial, and written in her best copy-book writing under the words "I will come back," "*You shan't.*" Out in the sunshine she had



"He raised her slim white hand and pressed his passionate lips to it."

THE QUIVER

rejoiced in her audacious handiwork, but when in bed that night, and darkness was around her, her over-conscientious little soul worked itself into a perfect frenzy of repentance and fright.

Her mother found her sobbing bitterly when she came to have a last look at her.

"Oh, mother, I've been so wicked. Do go down and rub it out. I forgot the 'grace of God.' Nobody must say 'shan't' to that, and I've done it, and oh, perhaps I shall be shut out of heaven. Do rub it out, and ask God to forgive me."

Her mother had been long in understanding her, but had finally soothed her to sleep, by saying that she would be able to undo her work on the morrow. And Avice never knew if she were glad or sorry when she visited the dial before breakfast the next day to find that a heavy rain storm had washed out her words of defiance.

As she grew older her feelings underwent a change. She thought of the dethroned heir as an absent prince, a wonderful stranger, who would one day return and make her acquaintance. In her romantic moods, she pictured him with every virtue under the sun, a chivalrous knight riding through the world and redressing all wrongs as he did so. She would scan the newspapers for accounts of any noted traveller, and once her breath came fast and her cheek flushed crimson at the notice of the death of a "George Raymond, aged 30." She went straightway to an old man in the village almshouse who had been one of the Raymonds' gardeners. And she returned home relieved to find that the absent boy's name was Godwin, and that he even now would be only about four years older than herself.

All this and more Avice thought of now. Never in all these years had she considered herself more than a tenant of the old house. She pictured in her dreams the true heir coming back to his own one day. She was confident that those boyish words on the old dial would come true.

And it was the incongruity of the thought of Alfred Moreton taking his place as master in the Raymonds' house that had sent a shiver through her soul. If she was to bring that about, she could never forgive herself.

Could she see the true heir return one day and turn her and her husband out as usurpers? And the certainty in her own

mind that Alfred would never fit into the Raymonds' house, made her more than ever sure that she would never marry him.

"He would fit into a London house, or a suburban mansion, but never into an ancient place like this."

She did not ask herself what would become of her when the heir returned. She imagined she would willingly abdicate in favour of him even if he came accompanied by a very lovely girl—his chosen wife.

And so Avice lived and dreamed by the old sundial, and all the time she was conscious of the shadows deepening overhead.

She started from her reverie when she heard her father's step. He looked bent and worn and weary, and sat heavily down on the bench by her side.

"Well, Avice, and so you have dismissed your lover?"

She put her hand caressingly on his.

"Don't scold me, father dear. I have always liked Alfred as a friend and comrade, but he could be nothing more."

"It's a great disappointment to me."

"Is it? To keep me by your side assured of my undivided love?"

Mr. Thrale sighed heavily.

"I am breaking up, my child, and your future is uncertain, and—and dark. Only this morning I had a long interview with Benson. He tells me I am on the verge of a crash, and I am powerless to avert it. It is those gold mines—well, they brought me my fortune, so I won't abuse them, but it has only been a short season of prosperity. I'm thankful I have no debts to drag you down. I've always paid my way fair and square, but I did hope"—here his eyes wandered sadly over the fair scene before him—"to leave this to you as your inheritance."

There was a little silence, then he continued:

"You love the place, Avice. Are you willing to go away out of it with me into a tiny house? You know that Alfred told me he would be willing to take it right over from me, giving me what I gave for it. That is, if you become his wife—otherwise he would prefer a house in town. He would make you a good husband, Avice, and I should have no anxiety about your future."

Avice shook her head.

"You are not absolutely ruined, father.



"Don't scold me, father dear. I have always liked Alfred as a friend and comrade, but he could be nothing more."

You have no debts. We shall be very comfortable together in a cottage."

"And you are willing to leave all this?"

Avice looked around her with sad wistful eyes, but with brave smiling lips.

"Somehow or other," she said slowly, "I never looked upon it as my inheritance. It has been a happy home, and I love it dearly; yet I was not born in it, father, and if a Raymond could leave it bravely and cheerfully, we can do the same. I have been thinking of this old sundial's message:

"Shadow and sun—so, too, our lives are made,
Yet think how great the sun, how small the shade."

"We have had a great deal of sunshine; and if we are to live in the shade, we can remember that the shadows come from the sun. It is there shining behind all the time, ready to shine out again at the right time. Oh! father dear!"—and here Avice raised her bright face to the blue heavens above—"our Sun is eternal, what do the shadows

signify? How *great* our Sun! How *small* our shade!"

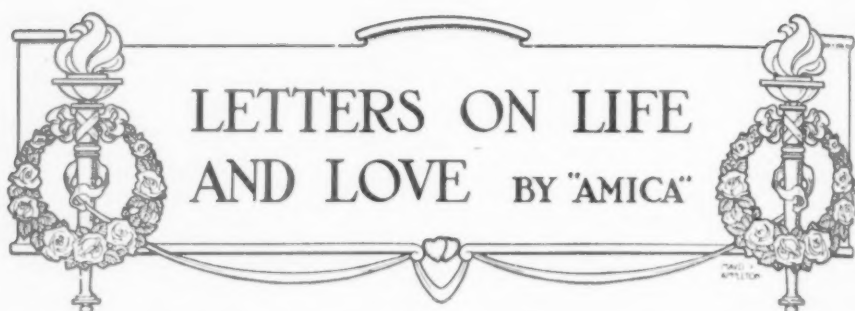
The old man nodded shortly. He was a man of few words where he felt deepest. And lately the worthlessness of big possessions, compared to ease of heart and soul, had greatly impressed him. He sat still with his hand on his daughter's shoulder, and his thoughts wandered to the wife who had escaped through the shadows into the eternal sunshine.

"I could not marry without love, father, just to keep my home. Tell me I did right to refuse him."

Her father answered:

"I am content, dear. We will go through our bit of shade together, for it will not last."

And as he spoke the last rays of the setting sun flashed across the sundial, and touched the white head of the old man and the golden head of the girl with a halo of glory.



LETTERS ON LIFE AND LOVE BY "AMICA"

8.—To a Husband who does not Think his Wife needs any Pocket Money

MY DEAR MR. DUGUID,—As your conversation with Marion, anent a wife's allowance from the household income, took place in my presence—with some heat on her part, and some slightly acid pleasantry on yours—I discharging the onlooker's bounden duty of hearing both sides and saying nothing, will you permit me now to undertake what I consider the obligation of a mutual friend, and tell you, with detachment from the whole matter as a *casus belli*, what I think?

Marion has no income of her own: you knew that when you married her. I have no doubt she assents in the main to your contention that you are a very good husband, and that she has nothing to complain of. She is as well-dressed and as well-housed as other women in her position, she has her annual outing which the community calls a holiday (but which is not such for the mother who takes her young family with her, and feels as responsible for them as at home), and she is at liberty to order from the tradespeople whatever she requires for domestic or personal use, you paying the bills quarterly; the difference of opinion only begins when you contend that this means financial freedom for her and financial responsibility for you.

When you made her your wife, you made her your partner. Now you are enough of a business man to know that no partner in a commercial undertaking would consent to an arrangement which would place him in the abject position of giving his entire time to the firm in return for his food, laundry and haberdashery. He would demand, and no person would

propose to withhold, the share of profits agreed upon during preliminary negotiations, these to be determined by the nature and success of the business.

That wives are never granted a single coin for their own absolute use, as is the case in far too many homes, is a dreadful injustice from which good wives and good women are the chief sufferers; bad wives indemnify themselves by falsifying the household accounts, by running up bills without any regard for marital capacity to discharge them, or by procuring pocket money in ways it is not advisable to discuss. Has any human being the right to hold an intelligent, kind, capable, useful partner in a position of such financial incapacity that every penny she gives to a beggar, every gift she bestows on a friend, every postage stamp she attaches to a letter, is supplied directly, and often with obvious reluctance, by the other member of the firm? I feel sure your reasonableness and sense of justice will answer "no."

You may allege by way of argument that where the wife has an allowance, the husband is still the fountain whence this portion is drawn. The same may be said of the cook's wages and the secretary's salary, and with quite as much truth. A wife who directs her household satisfactorily, who supervises her servants, who manages her nursery and her tradespeople so that her husband enjoys a dignified and happy domestic life, is a wage earner, and has such an absolute right to a twentieth of his income, great or small, for her own uncontrolled use, that she ought to be able to sue for it in a court of law when it is withheld. This is

LETTERS ON LIFE AND LOVE

a disagreeable suggestion, but the fact preceding it is as disagreeable, and unjust furthermore.

I think the male mind is disturbed by the thought that mere woman would make an ill use of her putative income, and would continue to levy on him for clothes and obvious necessities. It is of no avail to reason against an assumption that degrades the whole of womankind; as reasonably might one withhold matches from her, lest she should set the house on fire, or knives lest she might use them to slay her neighbours.

Please observe that I do not claim a favour, I allege a right: a wife earns her share in the domestic income; the husband who withholds it acts with habitual injustice because circumstances have given him the power. She is a junior partner in the concern; the senior pays the items of general expenditure. A twentieth of the net income is her share, and she is as much entitled to that on pay day as is the coachman or the gardener to his wages. Where a wife has no allowance, it is often the husband's usage to give her her clothing as presents; when she receives a silk dress, having anticipated a merino one, she feels grateful, and often says, "How good you are!" But her momentary gratitude does not touch, much less modify, the permanent wrong; no one has a right to withhold the recompense of valuable service even to present it afterwards as a gift. "Who wrongs his friend wrongs himself more." The habit of filching from one's best friend injures not only the two people concerned, but the generations born of them.

Has it ever struck you that that profound sentence, "After death the judgment," applies to the estimates of the dead which the survivors entertain; that it is not by our words, or by detached acts, whether noble or vile, that our descendants will judge us when they stand in rank with us, or stand alone, the old guard having fallen, but by the manner in which we discharged the daily obligations they beheld? How will sons and daughters appraise their father when they remember that their mother was never granted the small right accorded to the meanest servant, of holding periodically certain

coins and saying, "These are my very own"?

I freely admit that there are bad wives, wasteful wives, drunken wives; that there are some women who would be unhappy if they could not handle and even misuse the whole of the domestic income, but believe me, it is not these who seek a defined portion for themselves, knowing they are entitled to it, but the careful, honest, truthful women who want no more than is fair, this to be disbursed to the best advantage. Purchasing to advantage can only be done where the purchaser knows the extent of her finances, and has some cash in hand.

I remember a governess whose whole scholastic career was embittered by the fact that her employer always gave her her holiday salary *as a present*. It was in vain that she was wont to protest: "I have done the year's work, I am entitled to the year's pay"; the employer was unable to see that the annual salary, even if disbursed in monthly instalments, was due in its entirety when the year's work was finished. Both were good women, both wanted to be honest, yet the employée was injured *de jure* if not *de facto*. She was put under an implied obligation by being given what she had earned, and was entitled to claim.

No one would allege that a drunkard or a spendthrift should be given money she has not earned because she occupies a place whose duties she does not discharge: the law, which aims at justice without sentimentality, would not accord the bad wife the rewards which naturally attend the good wife's services; on the other hand it must be borne in mind that a human being may be excellent without being amiable, and that a woman who discharges her domestic and social duties so as to contribute to the general well-being, is entitled to her share of the household income, *even if she is not an amiable wife*. To do justly by people when they are agreeable to us, and unjustly when they offend us, is the meanest form of domestic tyranny, since it would allege some plea of justification, and thus mislead the unthinking. You have an agreeable woman at the head of your table, but even were it otherwise justice is justice; we must strive to do

THE QUIVER

what is right, not merely when the conditions are pleasant to ourselves, but even when they are highly unpleasant. We are not human beings for naught; to be lured to the discharge of our moral obligations by sweet rewards is to be on a plane little higher than that of the donkey which goes forward because a carrot is dangled before its nose. One does not withhold the wages of a crusty servant, or the salary of a crusty clerk; even if he has the power, a husband has not the right to withhold from a crusty wife what belongs to her.

This circumstance of power to wrong others, and the claim of a right to do so that sometimes attaches thereto, lies not merely at the root of woman's present-day agitation for what she alleges to be her rights, but at the root of much of our social woe.

If a woman has to wheedle and coax to attain bare justice, has to make herself winsome if she would clothe her person and find food, surely one can see what such demands tend to make of her. But this reaches beyond the region of a wife's personal allowance (to call it an allowance is in itself unfair, it is her earned increment), and for the present I will leave it.

I judge a twentieth of your income to be due to Marion for exactly the same reasons that rent and taxes are due to your landlord and rate collector respectively, and I hope you will begin to pay it soon, not as a concession made for the sake of domestic peace, but as her just due withheld too long.

Yours very truly,

AMICA.



A FRESH VOYAGE

ANOTHER year has swiftly sped,
We launch the boat of life once more;
Oh, may we ever steer ahead,
Unfalt'ring, to the distant shore!

We do not know what may betide:
Perchance the waves with cruel force
Will compass us on ev'ry side,
To drive us from our onward course,

Or fogs may shroud us ruthlessly,
And fill our hearts with gloom and fear.
But, if we lift our eyes, we see
Hope's beacon light still burning clear.

Yes, though the winds in fury blow,
It ever shines serene and bright,
Our heritage, for none, we know,
But we ourselves can quench its light.

Our voy'ge may lie through waters calm,
Our voy'ge—the year each soul now starts.
Then let us keep all storms of harm
And fogs of doubting from our hearts,

For then we dare to face the main,
The swirling waves and shrieking blast,
If we must pass through these to gain
The peaceful harbour, safe, at last!

LESLIE MARY OYLER.



"Nevertheless, Afterward——"

THE leaves upon my tree of life
Once clustered green and fair.
They were God knows how dear to me ;
They let no ill come near to me ;
They sheltered me and shaded me :
The leaves upon my tree.

The branches of my tree of life
To-day are wellnigh bare ;
For, one by one, they fell away—
The leaves that made my summer gay—
So much I grieved I scarce could see
The leaves left on my tree.

But should God strip my tree of life,
Still will I not despair ;
For since the leaves are less, yet more
The sun shines through than e'er before,
And comfort brings, although there be
Few leaves upon my tree.

KATHARINE ALISON BROCK.

Suffering with Christ

THERE is a sentence in David Hill's biography—that rare, gentle, refined spirit who moved like a fragrance in his little part of China—a sentence which has burnt itself into the very marrow of my mind. Disorder had broken out, and one of the rioters seized a huge splinter of a smashed door and gave him a terrific blow on the wrist, almost breaking his arm. And how is it all referred to ? "There is a deep joy in actually suffering physical violence for Christ's sake." That is all ! It is a strange

combination of words : suffering, violence, joy ! And yet I remember the evangel of the apostle : "If we suffer with Him we shall also reign with Him," and I cannot forget that the epistle, which has much to say about tribulation and loss, has most to say about rejoicing.—DR. J. H. JOWETT.

A New Year's Resolve

HERE you stand at the parting of the ways. Some road you are to take, and, as you stand here, consider and know how it is that you intend to live. Carry no bad habits, no corrupting associations, no enmities and strife into this New Year. Leave these behind, and let the dead past bury its dead.—E. PEABODY.

A Kind Word

DURING a long life I have proved that not one kind word ever spoken, not one kind deed ever done, but sooner or later returns to bless the giver and becomes a chain binding men with golden threads to the throne of God.—LORD SHAFTESBURY.

A Royal Year

THIS year, if you will only crowd it with generous purposes and virtuous efforts and noble sacrifices, you may make it equal to twenty years of ordinary life. For God will measure it, not by its months and days, but by the depth of its love and aspirations, and the earnestness of its work and service.—C. J. PERRY.

THE QUIVER

The Value of Rests

"THERE is no music in a rest, but there is the making of music in it." In our whole life melody the music is broken off here and there by "rests," and we foolishly think we have come to the end of the tune. God sends a time of forced leisure, sickness, disappointed plans, frustrated efforts, and makes a sudden pause in the choral hymn of our lives, and we lament that our voices must be silent, and our part missing in the music which ever goes up to the ear of the Creator. How does the musician read the rest? See him beat the time with unvarying count and catch up the next note true and steady, as if no breaking-place had come in between. Not without design does God write the music of our lives. Be it ours to learn the time, and not be dismayed at the "rests." They are not to be slurred over, not to be omitted, not to destroy the melody, not to change the key-note. If we look up, God Himself will beat the time for us. With the eye on Him, we shall strike the next note full and clear. If we say sadly to ourselves, "There is no music in a rest," let us not forget "There is the making of music in it." The making of music is often a slow and painful process in this life. How patiently God works to teach us! How long He waits for us to learn the lessons.—RUSKIN.

"Labour is Prayer"

THE shoemaker in the little inland town who makes an honest shoe for some unknown customer across the world and who feels the sacredness of his work, is in his humble way consecrated. The scientist who counts nothing too hard in his unwearyed struggle to win one more secret from the unknown, that he may add it to the slowly-growing total of human knowledge, is to be enrolled among those who are consecrated.—R. M. JONES.

Riches of the Word

THERE is a beautiful Eastern story of a child walking beside the sea, who saw a bright spangle lying in the sand. She stooped down and picked it up, and found that it was attached to a fine thread of gold. As she drew this out of the sand there were other bright spangles on it. She drew up the gold thread and wound it about her neck and around her head and her arms and her body, until from head to foot she was covered with the bright threads of gold and sparkled with the brilliance of the silver

spangles. So it is when we lift out of God's Word an ornament of beauty to put into our life: we find that other fragments of loveliness all bound together on the golden chain of love are attached to the one we have taken up.—DR. J. R. MILLER.

"To-morrow"

*WHAT if to-day be lonely and drear,
And sad and weary your way;
There's always this hope to remember—
To-morrow's another day!*

*Sorrow and pain they come to us all,
Yet as quickly fly away,
And however we grieve and suffer,
There is always another day.*

*So, if to-morrow be sadder yet,
And full of pain and of ill,
Whatever you do, your courage keep,
And trust in to-morrow still.*
EVELINE YOUNG.

The Ceaseless Flow of Love

NIAGARA stopped once. Owing to an ice dam thrown across the river the waters failed, the rainbow melted, the vast music was hushed. But there has been no moment in which the love of God has failed toward the rational universe, when its eternal music has been broken, or the rainbow has ceased to span the throne. There never will be such a moment. The crystal tide flows for ever.—DR. W. L. WATKINSON.

The Danger and the Lighthouse

THE passengers on an Atlantic liner are straining their eyes to catch the first glimpse of the Welsh coast. Right in the steamer's path, off the coast of Anglesey, is a group of dangerous rocks called the Skerries, twice each day covered by the tide. Some one calls out, "There are the Skerries!" And presently over the steamer's bows all fix their gaze upon a bright point of light gleaming far away on the darkening horizon. "But where are the Skerries?" "There are the Skerries." Long before you reach them their presence and position are disclosed to you, but only by the lighthouse that has been placed in the dangerous spot to render them harmless. So the word in which God announces peril to the voyager on the sea of life is a Word which spells refuge. Before He announces the danger He announces the deliverance.—REV. C. S. PEDLEY, B.A.



(Photo: E. W. Jackson.)

That time of year thou may'st in me behold
 When yellow leaves, or none, or few, do hang
 Upon those boughs which shake against the cold
 Bare ruin'd choirs, where late the sweet birds sang.

The Best Hat

A Story of Love's Resourcefulness

By VIOLET M. METHLEY

THE train glided into the Hammersmith Tube Station. Bert Anstey jumped out and ran up the steps, his hands full of parcels. He elbowed through the crowd at the entrance and made his way along at a brisk pace. In one hand he held a paper bag whose shape plainly denoted a straw hat, whilst in the other he tenderly carried a smaller bag into which he occasionally peeped to see that the crimson roses for Susie were safe and uncrushed.

Anstey was a tall, red-haired young fellow, with a pleasant freckled face which Susie considered handsome, although probably she would have found few to agree with her. He was very red and hot this evening; he had been working overtime at the office and it was nearly eight o'clock. But in spite of weariness, his spirits were high and he whistled under his breath as he glanced up at the lovely evening sky, rose-flecked with the tiny clouds which presaged another perfect summer day.

Yes, he decided that there was no need to be anxious about the weather. It would be fine undoubtedly for the Great Occasion.

Nothing less than capitals can do justice to the case; it was an Event. The head partner of the great firm in which Bert was a hard-working junior clerk was celebrating on the morrow the coming of age of his eldest son. He had invited all those in his employ to spend the day at his beautiful house upon the Thames. It was to be an entertainment fit for royalty—bands, games, five-course lunch, boats on the river, and dancing upon the lawn in the evening. Everyone connected with the firm, from the highest to the lowest, would be there, and each might bring wife, sister, daughter, or sweetheart as he felt disposed.

As far as Bert was concerned there was no question. When one has the sweetest, prettiest, and altogether most desirable little wife in the world, one need seek no farther.

The two had been looking forward to this day for months past, and now it was almost here.

Bert opened his front door, whistling merrily. He broke into a popular chorus as he hung up his hat and entered the sitting-room.

Then—he stopped abruptly. The table was laid for supper and Susie was in her usual chair, but—she was crying; yes, undoubtedly and unmistakably crying.

For a moment Bert was dumbfounded; then he found his voice.

"Susie! I say, Susie! What's up, old girl?"

No answer except a convulsive sob. Bert advanced farther into the room and then noticed, for the first time, that his wife's right hand was bandaged. He was at her side in a moment.

"Susie, have you hurt yourself? Tell me what it is, dear? I'll go for the doctor."

Then at last she found her voice.

"No—no, Bert, don't—I'll tell you. It's nothing serious—at least—I burnt my hand this afternoon. The chemist down the street bound it up, and he says it'll soon be all right."

Bert sat down upon the arm of her chair and put his hand on her shoulder.

"I say, I'm awfully sorry. How beastly! Does it hurt badly, little woman?"

"Oh, it's not *that*!" Her voice rose almost into a wail.

"What is it, then?"

"It's to-morrow!"

"Why—why—Susie, you don't mean that—that it'll stop your going to the show?"

"N-o. The *hand* will be all right enough, but—but—oh, Bert—it's my hat!"

For a moment Bert did not grasp the situation. He scratched his head perplexedly.

"But I don't see—have you burnt that too, then?"

"Oh, no, no! Don't you understand? It's not ready. I haven't bought it or trimmed it. I meant to get the shape and flowers and things this afternoon, and then do it this evening, but it was no use to buy anything after I hurt my hand. I can't possibly sew."

THE BEST HAT

The whole extent of the tragedy had not yet dawned upon her husband.

"But—couldn't we go out and get one already trimmed up, you know?"

Susie negatived the suggestion emphatically and hysterically.

"You know that I wanted a particular sort of thing—I took you to see the hat that I was going to copy in that Oxford Street shop last Saturday. You remember, the one with all the roses and the green bow. I could never get anything the least scrap like it ready trimmed unless I spent pounds and pounds. And I knew exactly what I wanted. I've seen everything for it in different shops, and I made a list with the prices and all, and where to get the things; and it would have looked worth *guineas*! It would have just gone with my new dress—and now there's no time and *nothing* to be done!"

Poor Susie broke down again completely and sobbed with her head on Bert's shoulder. He sat perplexed and miserable. This was all so utterly unlike his sweet-tempered little wife. To do her justice, even this unfortunate happening would not have been taken so hardly if she had not been thoroughly overwrought and wretched with the pain of her burnt hand.

Bert ventured another suggestion.

"I say, couldn't you wear your Sunday hat—that blue thing, you know? It's always looked most awfully nice——"

Susie sat up, indignation overcoming her grief for the moment.

"Bert, how can you be so—so idiotic! You know that it was spoilt last Sunday in that heavy shower. There it is—an absolute wreck. And even if it wasn't—*do* you suppose I'd wear a blue hat with a green muslin dress?"

The withering scorn in her voice effectually quenched Bert. He thrust his hands deep into his pockets and looked at his wife despondently.

"Then I don't know what to say," he answered despairingly.

"Of course you don't—there isn't anything to say. I shall just have to wear my old black sailor—if I go at all, but I don't think that I shall. I should only be a laughing-stock, and—and you too! No, I'll stay at home. Oh, don't stand there staring, Bert! Do get your supper, it's all ready. I'm going to bed. My hand hurts

and I've got a headache and—and—don't come up with me, please. I don't want anything except to be left alone——" The speech ended in an ominous sob, and Susie ran out of the room and up the stairs.

Bert, left to himself, stood for some moments reflecting dismally. Presently he drew a chair to the table and sat down to his solitary supper. But he had none of his usual appetite for German sausage and lettuce, and even the open jam tart scarcely tempted him.

He felt miserable, and angry with circumstances. They had both looked forward to this day so much, and now—now it was all spoilt. Of course he should not go unless Susie did; it would be quite out of the question to leave her all alone, poor little girl, and even if she went, as was possible, that he might not be disappointed, he knew that all her pleasure would be spoiled and that the black sailor hat would hang like a dark cloud over the proceedings.

The depressing meal over, he wandered to the window and stood looking out at the dusky street and the translucent evening sky.

Suddenly, either from the street or from the sky, came inspiration. He thrust his hands into his pockets and stared thoughtfully at the ground. Then he turned back into the room and studied the ruined blue hat long and attentively. Afterwards, with a definite purpose before him, he picked up the little list which Susie had left upon the table, and saw written down the different items required for the hat.

Bert marched into the hall, jammed his hat defiantly down upon his head, and let himself out, closing the door softly behind him.

Once in the street he again studied the list. At the top was written: "*Écru* shape, 2s. 11 $\frac{1}{2}$ d., at Snelton's."

He made his way to Snelton's, which was only in the next street, but here he received his first check. The shop was shut, and there was apparently no one within to hear his frenzied knocking and ringing. He gave up at last in despair and once more scanned the list. He must go on to the next shop mentioned "*Roses, red and cream, o.j.d. a spray, at Cleaver's.*"

Fortunately he knew where Cleaver's was also, and hurried on. But Cleaver's, too, was shut. Bert was completely discouraged.

THE QUIVER

There was only one more shop on the list, and why should that be open when the others were closed? Susie had only written: "Big shop at end of Danvers Street," and a small piece of green material was pinned on to the paper to be matched in "ribbon at 7½d. the yard."

The young man almost ran to Danvers Street in his fear lest the shop should be closed just before he arrived there. But at last his troubles were rewarded; it was still open, although the blinds were drawn down and two or three yawning assistants were putting away the hats off the stands in the window.

Once inside the shop Bert was confronted with a new difficulty. He had only the very haziest idea of what he wanted. He tried to summon before his mental vision a picture of the hat which Susie had so much admired in Oxford Street. If only he had observed it more narrowly! He remembered that there was a mass of red and cream-coloured roses, and a big green bow at the side, with ends, which seemed to join the roses together. He had an idea that the hat itself was cream-coloured, but he could not be sure. Once more he produced the list.

"I want an *écru* shape," he said boldly, "at 28. 11½d."

The tired shopgirl looked mildly surprised.

"Yes, sir," she said; "what size and shape, please?"

"I—I don't know," stammered Bert. "Just—oh, *écru*, you know, and for an ordinary-sized head."

As he had not the vaguest notion what "*écru*" meant, he was relieved when she produced a pile of hats of a yellowish-cream colour, which seemed to him to resemble the model of Susie's ambitions.

The variety of shapes and sizes was bewildering, and he was quite unable to judge of how the naked hat would appear when trimmed; but at last, with the aid of the impatient assistant, he came to a decision, although the hat of his choice was quite double the price that Susie had written on her list.

The next question for consideration was the purchase of red and cream roses, and here Bert was once more completely at a loss. He had not the faintest idea of what number would be required, and was obliged to ask for help again from the sleepy shop-

girl. She was roused to faint interest by the helplessness of the young man and gave him some advice, which resulted in his buying what seemed to him a perfect *parterre* of roses.

The final item on the list was the most easily obtained. Susie had already seen the ribbon at the price mentioned in this very shop.

At last, to the unconcealed relief of the assistant, Bert set off homewards, bearing his purchases in a huge white cardboard hatbox. He reached his house at last, tired and hot, and shut himself into the sitting-room. His first proceeding was to remove the remains of his supper from the table, and to spread thereon the contents of the hatbox.

He surveyed them dubiously. A vast enterprise was before him, and he was bound to try and learn something about the materials which he must use. He had resolved to do nothing more nor less than trim a hat for Susie, as nearly as possible to resemble the one which she had so much admired.

He had a few ideas on the subject; at least he had seen the thing done a great many times. Susie not only trimmed all her own hats, but very often those of her and his sisters and cousins and aunts, who had a high opinion of her taste and skill in this respect. He had frequently watched her clever fingers at work with interest and admiration. But that was a very different thing from doing it himself.

With the weather-beaten Sunday hat on the table beside him and the Oxford Street model before his mental vision, he set to work.

From the very beginning there were difficulties. He was nearly a quarter of an hour trying to thread a needle. At last he discovered an enormous one, intended for darning, into which he tied his cotton securely and was able to begin work.

Bert's hands grew hot and moist, his head ached with concentration. He took off his coat and waistcoat and threw the window wide open. His brain throbbed with the effort to recall the exact appearance of that elusive hat, and to make the vision take on a concrete form with the aid of the stubborn materials before him.

Once he pricked his finger deeply, and it was more than twenty minutes before he could stop the bleeding sufficiently to dare



"Dear old boy, thanks—thanks ever so much. I did not know that my husband was so clever"—p. 304.

THE QUIVER

to return to work, although he held his hand under the cold-water tap in the scullery for a considerable part of that time.

Never had he imagined that anything could be so unmanageable as those roses—until he tried to make the ribbon into the large bow which he remembered, and found that an even more difficult task.

His cotton was for ever becoming entangled in wire and rose leaves, and every few minutes it formed itself into a new and elaborate knot, which had to be untwisted or broken off. Again and again he was obliged to rethread his needle and start afresh.

Hours passed and still Bert toiled on. The early midsummer dawn began to glow in the sky and the sparrows twittered in the evergreens outside the win low. Presently a ray of sun stole in and gilded his bent head.

A moment later he had finished. He put in the last stitch, broke off his cotton, and rose, stretching himself and yawning.

The hat lay before him on the table—a completed creation. He surveyed it with honest pride and admiration of his craftsmanship. It seemed to him very like the original, although he was still dissatisfied with the green bow.

Bert glanced at his watch. Four o'clock—lucky thing he had not to be up at six this morning. It was hardly worth while to disturb Susie by going to bed now. He would just lie down on the sofa and have a bit of a rest. Which he accordingly did, and was asleep in five minutes and snoring unromantically.

Susie awoke at six o'clock. She had soon cried herself to sleep the night before, and her rest had been peaceful and undisturbed. She felt very much refreshed and distinctly ashamed of her hysterical outburst of last evening. Her hand, too, was much better, although it still felt stiff and sore.

She turned over and then sat up in bed with a shiver of apprehension. Bert was not there.

In a moment she had jumped up and was dressing with feverish haste. What could be the matter? He had never been upstairs at all, that was plain. Had he gone out after supper and had an accident—oh, what had happened?

With these thoughts driving her on she was soon ready and ran downstairs. The door of the sitting-room was ajar. She

pushed it open and stood motionless upon the threshold. Her eyes quickly took in the scene before her; the sleeping figure on the sofa, the disordered table, finally the hat, lying resplendent among the litter.

It did not take long for the girl to realise everything. She stepped noiselessly across the room, and, bending over the great achievement, she dropped a kiss upon its roses—and something else as well, if I am not much mistaken, for there was a suspicious moisture on the petals when she rose.

Never was breakfast laid so quietly as by Susie that morning. Bert did not awake until everything was ready and the sausages were sizzling in their pan in the kitchen.

He sat up on the edge of the sofa, feeling dirty and uncomfortable and a little dubious as to what Susie would say. She had seen the hat, for there it was, moved on to a side table to make room for the breakfast things. He was afraid that the bow was not quite right.

He was not left doubtful long. Susie came into the room with the bread and butter in her hands, her face as sunny and sweet as ever.

Down went everything on the table, and in a moment she was at Bert's side with her arm around his neck.

"Dear old boy," she said, "thanks—thanks ever so much. It was a lovely thought of yours. I did not know that my husband was so clever. And the hat is perfectly beautiful—just like the one we saw in Oxford Street. How *did* you remember it so well? I shall be most awfully proud of wearing it to-day."

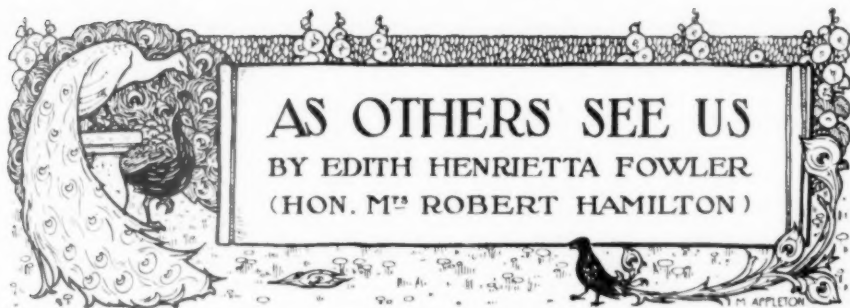
All Bert's doubts had vanished. His honest boyish face was positively beaming. That bow *was* all right then, in spite of his misgivings—everything was all right.

"I'm jolly glad you like it, old girl," he said. "But—my word—you women must want patience for hat-trimming! Hardest job I ever took on."

Susie kissed him again.

"Now run away and get clean for breakfast," she said. "Hurry! it's all ready, and we mustn't be late in starting."

And Bert hurried, while Susie went about her work with a very tender smile upon her lips, and the sunbeams stole in at the window and played caressingly over the best hat—the best in the world to Susie.



No. 2.—A SENSE OF HUMOUR

THERE must be a wide interest in this subject, because it is impossible to meet anyone who confesses to the lack of a sense of humour. It seems to be a quality universally bestowed; and yet the old fairy, who carries it about among her gifts for the sons and daughters of men, tells how comparatively few are the cradles in which she leaves a real parcel of it. Possibly cheap imitations are to be bought in the world's marts, and so all feel themselves abundantly equipped thereby. And probably, also, a great many who boast of its possession do not in the least know what a sense of humour is. It is something quite different from an aptitude for and appreciation of wit; it is as far removed as the poles from the oppressive practice of punning, or any such laborious juggling with words. It is unforcible and unforced, bubbling up like some irrepressible spring, but never to be pumped up from any man-made artificial wells in the soul.

Humour as a Sense of Proportion

It is always difficult to catch into expression an elusive attitude such as humour, or charm, or the like. But the nearest, I think, that we can get to humour is a quick sense of proportion and a natural delight in such incongruities as the superficial upset of proportion's prim laws involves. The great humorist has the finest possible sense of incongruity and a keen amusement in such freaks, and, like the true artist, he shows what he sees to others, and so lets loose a flood of laughter over his world. Of course the sense of incongruity may

be in very different stages of development, and in that we see the wide difference in the humour of the classes. The intense hilarity caused among hooligans by the wearing of each other's hats springs from the crudest elements of incongruity, and an unexpected harmless tumble will spread a smile over the faces of almost every class, though it is also among those first elements. But beyond this bare alphabet of humour the class distinctions are very marked. The educated and the uneducated do not as a rule laugh at the same things, because the educated humorist has a deeply subtle sense of incongruity, and that is so much keener and rarer that it makes the first elements seem dull and tame. Just as when we advance in a language we are no longer content with reading about "Where is the mustard of the gardener's daughter?" And that is why a sense of humour is rarely strong in very young people. The child and the schoolboy have, of course, their elementary jokes; and the schoolgirl appears to paddle in a perpetual ripple of them; but a real sense of humour comes through a maturer gaze—a deeper knowledge of proportion, and so a keener realisation of incongruity. The humorist is not only the man with a sense of humour—there are many of the latter to few of the former—but he is the artist of humour who shows up its hidden mysteries for the laughter of mankind.

"The Wind Bloweth where it Listeth"

Like all artists, the humorist must be born, not made. He alone sees the flash of humour across the canvas of almost

THE QUIVER

every picture, whether they be fitting subjects or not. He can't help it, and, having seen, the humorist cannot help but speak. Speech is his breath, his instrument. A sense of humour may see and be silent, but the humorist lives in expression, and must share the good thing he is heir to. And it is, indeed, a good thing. No cruelty of sarcasm or unkindly thought embitters the wells of true humour, though it is no respecter of persons, or anybody, or anything under the sun. It is a good thing to laugh, and therefore a great debt is owed to those who can inspire wholesome, healthy laughter.

Developing the Sense of Humour

But though it is impossible to manufacture a humorist, it is quite possible to develop a sense of humour into fuller proportions than perhaps its original ones. Not by attempting to make jokes. There is nothing so luridly depressing as the attempted jokes of one who imagines himself a humorist and is not. But by being exposed to, as it were, the infection of humour, and gradually learning to appreciate the expression of it by others. Also the cultivation of seeing things as they are, and not through the spectacles of convention, is a help to the appreciation of humour. The bare truth is often humorous, because there is an incongruity between it and the poses of mankind: and to see the truth is, there-

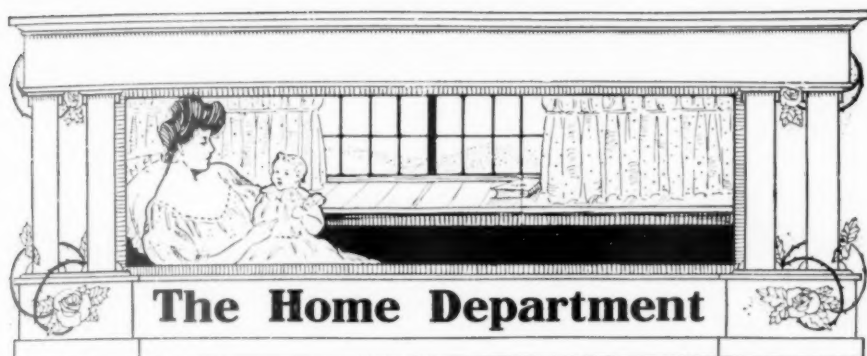
fore, a necessary step in the detection of incongruity.

Fortunately in this twentieth century, whatever its faults may be, humour is the fashion, just as naturalness, and outspokenness, and, in a measure, truth itself, is also the fashion. Humorists are intensely popular, for everyone really loves to laugh, especially now that it is no longer considered loud and vulgar to do so. It is true that a good many people still don't know how to laugh. They smile noisily, and imagine they have laughed. But real laughter is no excess of smiling—it is a perfectly different thing in kind rather than degree. It is one of those glorious experiences, like a dip in the sea, when conventionality, and affectation, and pose, and rank, and pride, and all the other man-made fences fall down as so many nine-pins. It is a great leveller and a great lifter, and therefore is of enormous value in a society which is built in tiers, and is always peeping down and peering up the little steps of which it is composed, but yet never really setting out to climb the vast inclines which slope up away into the universal experiences of humanity.

If we possess a real sense of humour, happy are we. And if not—well, we are still happy, because we are sure that we do possess it all the same. As I heard a true humorist observe the other day, "Everybody believes that he has a sense of humour and is a small eater."



Photo: W. Paul, Edinburgh



HINTS FOR INEXPERIENCED HOUSEWIVES

By BLANCHE ST. CLAIR

AS each succeeding year draws to a close, and we mentally review the successes and failures which have attended our endeavours during the past twelve months, most women are apt to make many resolutions which, if faithfully kept, would place them on pedestals far and away above the plane of the average work-a-day mortal.

And what is the usual result of these resolutions? In a week most of them are forgotten, and at the end of a month the remainder are buried in oblivion.

Now would it not be infinitely more satisfactory to the housewife (and my remarks anent resolutions are applied to her in particular, as also to everyone else with whom she comes in contact, if, after a careful review of the past, she were to devote a little serious thought to probing the said failures to the very root, and having ascertained the cause, to search out and try various methods until she arrived at one which effectually solved her difficulties? If each woman made and adhered to one such resolution each New Year's Day what a very different place this world would be.

After our retrospection most of us will find that want of management is the commonest cause of all household failures. Method and forethought must be the watchwords of the successful housewife, applied equally to general arrangements and details. As a matter of fact a moment's consideration will show that it is the attention bestowed on the little parts that goes to make a satisfactory whole.

It is not necessary to rush to extremes, as is the way of so many women, and to try to run the home on the hard and fast rules which are unavoidable when a large institution has to be controlled, but even this would be preferable to the appalling state of muddle which exists in so many houses, where untidy dusty rooms, haphazard badly-served meals, and a discontented household constitute the domestic shipwreck.

One of the greatest helps towards maintaining a well-managed house is to order one's expenditure to suit one's income, to so apportion one's worldly wealth to provide necessities before luxuries are even imagined. The first stage, therefore, towards the successful oiling of the domestic wheels is to have a fixed sum for housekeeping. This may be received weekly, monthly or quarterly, as is most convenient, and accompanying it should be a very definite understanding of what "housekeeping" comprises. In most cases the allowance has to cover the cost of food, laundry and household cleaning materials, but some husbands expect their wives to pay wages, and provide extras in the shape of fuel, lamp oil, aerated waters, etc., so, in order to avoid the possibility of future controversy on the subject, commence with a very clear agreement as to what is expected from the housekeeping purse.

The next sum, i.e. the sub-division of the allowance, must be worked out by the individual housekeeper according to the tastes and requirements of the members of her household. Some people eat little meat

THE QUIVER

and fish, but substantial puddings figure largely on the menu, others consume more milk and groceries, and then there are vegetarians.

The kind of food required varies, too, with the time of day when the principal meal is partaken of, so it is not possible to estimate details without an intimate knowledge of individual tastes and needs.

The following proportions will, however, give a rough idea of the manner of apportioning the allowance: the butcher receives one third, the grocer and milkman each one fifth, baker one ninth, and the fishmonger and greengrocer each one fourteenth of the total sum.

The system of paying ready cash, which is rapidly superseding the more old-fashioned custom of "books," is one of the most sensible innovations of the present age. Not only does it enable the tradespeople to retail their goods at a smaller profit, and consequently lower price, but its other advantages to the housewife are manifold. By paying ready money she is not tied down to dealing at any particular shop, and can make her purchases at the best market of the moment; the unpleasantnesses entailed by mistakes in the books are altogether avoided, and last, but by no means least, the housekeeper is able to keep much more control over her allowance by paying out little by little, and the temptation to purchase luxuries—to be "booked"—is non-existent.

The system of receiving a weekly allowance is undoubtedly best for the inexperienced housewife; she learns more quickly how far—or alas! how short—a way money goes, and her accounts are not so elaborate as are those when she receives the money monthly or quarterly, unless these two latter time-limits are reckoned by weeks, when of course an equal division can be made. A methodical entry of cash received and paid out will be found of great assistance, and need not be the overwhelming task which the muddler makes of it. Another help to the beginner is to keep a book in which the various dishes provided for each meal are entered, then, when at a loss for variety in meat or pudding, a glance at the back pages will often solve the problem and prevent the formation of the dreaded "groove." She should also make out, and hang in a prominent place, a full list of fish, flesh and vegetables and the seasons when

each is at its best, thereby obtaining the acme of perfection at the most reasonable price.

With reference to the actual shopping, the careful housewife is always her own market-woman. One often hears a newly-married woman declare that nothing would induce her to enter the butcher's or fishmonger's shops. The butcher and fishmonger naturally are partial to this kind of customer and do not hesitate to turn the advantage to themselves. But these repugnances are soon overcome by the exercise of a little will-power, and it certainly pays to overcome them as soon as possible.

System in ordering is another important point. It is a good plan to set apart a fixed hour in each week to make the tour of the store and kitchen cupboards and to jot down what is required. Friday morning is generally acknowledged to be the best for ordering all stores, and on this day most of the marketing for the week-end can be accomplished. In small households, where but one maid is kept, the task of cake, pastry and sweet-making falls to the share of the housewife, and it is to her advantage to see that all the ingredients she requires are ready for her use early on Saturday morning. She can then commence the cooking directly after breakfast, when she is at her freshest and best, and in the coolest part of the day.

Experienced housekeepers make a rule of never allowing their stores to run out before a fresh supply is ordered, and also of so regulating their purchases as to ensure an even outlay. It is quite as easy to cater for one day ahead as it is for the actual day, or at any rate to decide in one's own mind what one is to eat on the morrow. In winter time the ordering may even be done, except in the case of fish or other perishable comestibles, but one must not be too previous with one's purchases in the warmer weather.

Lack of space forbids me to enter into any details regarding the reduction of muddle and chaos in the daily work which reigns supreme in so many establishments, owing chiefly to lack of system and organisation, and the really dreadful disregard of even the rudiments of punctuality, which is in itself enough to dislocate any domestic machinery.

The servant problem, of which one hears

THE HOME DEPARTMENT

so much, would be far less difficult to cope with if mistresses realised and acted upon the theory that properly regulated work never kills, or even unduly tires. It is the unsystematic, disorderly household that spoils good maids, and not only the maids, but the children too. Is it not a point worth taking into consideration that the boys and girls who are growing up will, one day, in all probability, have homes of their own? How is it possible for them to become methodical, orderly, punctual men and women, when

entirely opposite seeds have been ineradicably sown in their natures during childhood?

Imitation may be the most sincere form of flattery, but the mother who, through lack of knowledge or selfish unconcern, fails to grasp the importance of a well-organised household, is not only neglecting one of her most sacred duties, but is also laying up a store of unhappiness for those whose future for weal or woe, lies, to a great extent, in her making.



"CHARITY BEGINS AT HOME"

By ISABEL BROOKE-ALDER

"*CHARITY begins at home*"—a phrase very familiar to everybody, but one capable of such a large variety of readings that to many of us its "true" significance must inevitably appear in quite a different light from that which it assumes in the eyes of our neighbours, or even of our nearest and dearest.

The particular scope of usefulness in which I would now employ it presents itself as not unworthy of the reader's attention, although it may prove but an echo of an already conscious sentiment, but one remaining hitherto unexpressed.

It is just this: The greater commendableness of bestowing the charity of one's own presence on dependent home circle than the spending of one's time and energy on the so-called "deserving poor." Thus crudely put, in harsh black on white, the axiom may acquire more vindictiveness than is its due measure; but given an explanatory and humanising example, its appropriateness will doubtless be conceded.

Here, then, in simple terms is the statement for the defence:

Imagine a family of gentle-people comprising a trio—widowed mother and grown-up son and daughter. They have only just comfortable means for the maintaining of the cheerful life to which the mother before her widowhood had been accustomed—the life that permits the almost daily advent of a couple of unexpected guests to luncheon or dinner; the presence of abundance of fresh flowers in the home; the frequent taking of seats for concert or

play—all those little luxuries which have always been to her but as the ordinary necessities of life, and are, indeed, her rightful privilege. And, since to live on as she had been accustomed before her bereavement leaves unimpaired the bestowal of the same tithe of her income on the good works which long have benefited by her patronage, why should there be a check to her expenditure and the inseparable discomfort?

To say that the daughter of such an environment ought to hold her part therein brightly and gracefully, is but to state she should do her duty in that condition of life to which she has been called. For surely it is her unquestionable duty to make things as pleasant as possible for her mother; especially since, with increasing years and decreasing health, the cares of household management, and the reception of welcome but sometimes fatiguing visitors, make much effort undesirable. The daughter, then, should obviously be available, both for the practical needs, such as keeping accounts, and the dainty agreeableness of looking fresh and sufficiently well-gowned to be a fitting pendant to her mother. And in the evenings it should be her privilege to hold the little family together, for, but for her willing partnership in music or other amusements, the son of the house, released from office, would probably wander far afield and find distraction of an undesirable nature.

Whilst, however, advocating such a disposition of the daughter's time, I do not overlook her right to keep a portion of it

THE QUIVER

for her own use, and this consideration brings me at once to the crucial point of the argument. What number of the hours that stretch around the clock and make up the daily life of her home circle is she entitled to appropriate?

Instead of proffering arrogant pronouncement on so delicate a matter, let me give, in support of the initial standpoint that charity should primarily benefit the home circle, some illuminating insight into the falling from grace in this regard of the member of the trio serving us for example.

It happened that at the house of some London neighbours she met a splendid specimen of the hard-working East End curate. The result of the meeting was a determination on her part to help him in his hand-to-hand fight with all the ills spiritual and physical with which his crowded parish teemed. She soon became one of the most energetic of lay workers. But the hours that she spent at home were

consequently curtailed almost to vanishing point. Moreover, so much of her dress allowance was appropriated to the good of the East End poor that her toilette suffered beyond the limit becoming to her station.

What wonder that the mother, left solitary by day, and the brother, confronted with a tired-out sister in the evening, allowed some bitterness to be apparent in the reproachfulness of their utterance of the time-honoured saying, "Charity begins at home."

The above, it may be argued, is an exceptional case. Let us hope so; but it happens to be quoted from real life—quoted in the hope that it may move some unwittingly erring daughters to reconsider the disposition of their time, and perchance come to realise that to renounce the strenuous (probably more enjoyable) mode of doing good in favour of the tamer duty of exercising their Charity in the home circle is really to "choose the better part."



BABY'S FIRST YEAR

By ELIZABETH SLOAN CHESSER, M.B.

OVER 90 per cent. of babies are born healthy and start life with every chance of progressing healthily and happily through infancy, childhood, and adult life. At the same time, 120,000 infants under twelve months die every year in England and Wales alone, and half of these deaths are preventable. These statements bear strongly on the subject of maternal responsibility, maternal ignorance. The average mother is anxious to do her best for her child. She sacrifices herself to do this; she gives all the consideration she is capable of to the life which is a part of her own. And yet she fails so often. Through the mother's lack of knowledge, her ignorance of the most elementary facts about health, hygiene, dietetics, the child is ailing and fretful and liable to succumb to one of the numerous infantile ailments which are so apt to terminate fatally in the case of sickly children. Thousands are hampered through life with ill-health, so-called delicacy of constitution, with physical defects and deformities, the result of mismanagement during the first year of life. Infantile

rickets is only one disease due to defective feeding, and it is the chief cause of stunted growth, of such defects as knock-knees, bow-legs, and pigeon-breast. Vitality during one's whole life is strangely dependent upon proper care for the first year. A strong, healthy, well-developed baby of twelve months has a good start in life, has every opportunity of building up a sound constitution to withstand the strain of later years. These facts are being more and more realised every day. It is being impressed upon the whole community that the study of child management ought to be a part of every woman's education. Every mother, at least, ought to study the practical details of hygiene and health as they affect the child. In all classes of society the education of the mother is receiving serious attention. Centres and schools for mothers are organised for the benefit of working-class women; whilst the better-class mother, who has leisure and opportunity for acquiring knowledge, can do so if she likes. Let it be granted that a woman desires to do the best for her children, but yet does not know what know-

THE HOME DEPARTMENT

ledge she ought to possess or how to acquire the necessary information.

How should she proceed? She can ask the family doctor to recommend some practical and yet comprehensive book on the management of children. She can study the feeding, bathing, clothing of babies, and know something of the care of sick children. She can plan her nursery on a hygienic system.

Hygiene in the Nursery

is one of the most important factors in the preservation of health. The child who lives in clean, fresh surroundings, who breathes pure air day and night, whose skin is kept healthy with regular bathing, who sleeps in a well-aired, hygienically-furnished room, is far more likely to thrive than the baby who lives in a continual muddle and breathes a stuffy, hothouse atmosphere whenever he is in the house.

Cleanliness is essential to health. An untidy, ill-swept, ill-dusted nursery offers harbourage to countless microbes of disease. Dust should be rigidly kept outside the nursery by attention to furnishing and daily cleaning. Cork carpet, sparse furniture, a washable wall-paper, and an absence of books and superfluous articles generally should characterise the ideal nursery. The best, sunniest, and airiest room in the house should be given up to the baby. The mother who imagines that any little back bedroom will do for a nursery until baby gets bigger is making a mistake. During the first year an airy, sunny room is most necessary. Day and night nurseries are luxuries few young couples can afford, and they are not essential if one room is kept well aired and baby is a good deal out of doors and has an occasional change into one of the living-rooms when the weather keeps him at home.

Every infant should sleep in his own cot, and if he sleeps in the nursery the nurse-maid must have a small iron bedstead to herself. The first baby often sleeps in the mother's room, and the nursery can then be reserved for baby's occupation during the day. The best bed consists of a white enamelled or brass cot or crib, with a firm hair mattress and low pillow. Blankets and a warm quilt are necessary for the first six months, in winter especially, but afterwards there is no reason why baby should not have his pair of well-aired sheets, which

help considerably to keep the blankets clean.

Ventilation requires personal attention from the mother, as few servants are educated up to the appreciation of fresh air. The window should be open at the top day and night, and if baby has to remain indoors he should be moved into another room two or three times a day, and the nursery then flushed with fresh air. A fire in the nursery during the cold weather ventilates as well as warms the room; whilst the absence of unnecessary furniture provides more air space, and consequently a freer circulation of fresh air in the nursery.

Cleanliness of clothing and of skin may be considered together. The ideal condition for a young baby is a change of clothing daily, and night garments must be changed every night or well aired in the fresh air and changed every second night. Too many clothes simply embarrass and fatigue a child, and the long clothes should be replaced by short clothes as early as possible, to allow baby full use of his limbs. A morning bath is sufficient if baby is sponged at bedtime and allowed time to kick and enjoy the freedom of an air bath, guarding against chill, and especially draughts.

Baby's Bottles

Hygiene must, of course, include the most careful attention to the cleanliness of baby's bottles and cooking utensils. A great many babies die as a result of dirty bottles, dirty milk-jugs, and dirty milk. The old-fashioned feeding-bottle, with a long rubber tube, was a veritable death-trap. Even the modern tubeless bottle requires careful attention if it is to remain free from the germs which are so often fatal to the baby. If every mother knew the meaning of cleanliness, thousands of children's lives would be saved annually to the nation. One rule should be made and adhered to in every household where there is a baby on the bottle. That is, that bottles and teats should be boiled every morning. The usual method is to wash the bottles with hot water and a bottle-brush. The brush is never boiled, and consequently may contain innumerable microbes. The teats cannot be effectively cleansed unless they are boiled, and the same is true of the glass bottles and the brush. The right thing is to reserve a large enamel-lined saucepan for the purpose, and

THE QUIVER

after washing bottles and teats they should be placed in the saucepan in cold water, which is brought to boiling point. The water must afterwards be allowed to cool before removing the bottles in case of cracking. All day the two bottles and teats should lie in an enamel basin of cold water, and every time one is used it should be washed and replaced in the water. Two milk-jugs are necessary—one for day and one for night—and they require to be carefully washed and scalded with boiling water. The baby's milk or food must be protected from flies, which are said to be responsible for the death of two hundred babies a week in London during the hot weather. Disease germs are carried on the wings and bodies of the flies into the milk and set up fatal gastro-intestinal disorders in the child. So that it is important to cover the milk-jug with clean muslin and to wage eternal warfare against flies.

And now we must consider the most important matter in baby's first year—his diet.

The Food of the Child

Every mother who can do so ought to nurse her own child for the first few months at least. The child's chances of health and life are increased 50 per cent. if he has not to run the risk of bottle-feeding, with the digestive disturbances which are so apt to result. But when the mother is unable to nurse her child, what is the next best alternative? The food which agrees best in each instance must be chosen. One child will easily digest cow's milk, properly diluted; another will do better if one of the well-known chemical foods augments his milk diet. An ordinary healthy child should be able to digest equal parts of milk and barley-water given in the quantity suitable to his age, according to the diet tables which are printed in every little book on baby management. Meal hours must be strictly adhered to, and baby should on no account receive anything but a sip of water between one meal and the next. As the child grows older the strength of the milk is gradually increased until at four, five, or six months he can digest pure milk.

A large number of ailments during the first year of life can be traced to irregular feeding, over-feeding, and unsuitable feeding. If you have fixed upon a food which

agrees with baby, do not be in a hurry to change it. That the food "agrees" is shown by the fact that the child is never sick or subject to diarrhoea, and that he steadily gains in weight. If he is not satisfactory in these respects, consult a doctor at once. It is wiser to consult a doctor "too soon," before the child is really ill, than to wait, as many mothers do, until it is too late. Many a child's life would be saved if mothers would arrange with their doctor to visit the child regularly during the first year, to advise the mother as to his management and keep a watchful eye upon his progress. The average person, whilst valuing the doctor's services in time of sickness, does not realise that the doctor's advice is more valuable in time of health, to preserve health and to prevent the occurrence of illness.

If baby is being fed properly, is given all hygienic care, sleeps the round of the clock at night, and has a morning and afternoon nap during the day, he can hardly help thriving. If he is not increasing in weight, nor cutting his teeth easily, nor keeping happy and "good," and sleeping quietly without restlessness, find out the reason why. Turn first your attention to his diet; make absolutely certain that he is digesting his food, and that it is "agreeing" with him. Then examine his bed, his nursery, his clothing (which may be too tight, too heavy). Ask yourself if he is getting out of doors sufficiently. The healthy baby should go out every morning and afternoon, except in heavy rain or fog. He will not "catch cold" from weather conditions, but from stuffy nurseries and infection from others. See that his nursery is well ventilated, because the more fresh air he breathes the more resistant will he become to cold and disease generally.

If, in spite of everything you can think of, baby is still in imperfect health, consult a doctor and get him to lay down for you a line of treatment and management.

But if you adhere to the simple advice given above, if you are methodical and punctual in attending to every detail, it is most unlikely that baby will not thrive. There is every chance that he will grow and develop to the entire satisfaction of the most exacting mother, and be a "perfect picture" at the end of his first year.



HOW, WHEN AND WHERE CORNER

Conducted by "ALISON"

The Companionship Motto—"By Love Serve One Another"

MY DEAR COMPANIONS,
I must not begin my January letter without wishing every one of you a very Happy New Year. The months fly so quickly that I can hardly believe 1911 is here already! *Hilda Wilson* wrote to me, "Do have an extra long talk in the Christmas Corner. It will be something extra nice to look forward to besides Santa." She says, too: "I always turn eagerly to our own Corner in *THE QUIVER*. As soon as I have read it, I keep on wishing for the next month's number." Well, we had our Christmas chat, and I hope *Hilda* was satisfied. It was so recent that I am not going to talk of my own thoughts now. Let me just say that I hope sincerely that this is to be, not only a very joyous year for all of you personally, but an exceedingly busy and prosperous time for our Companionship. It will be if every one of you will realise that it is not I, *Alison*, who is able to bring this to pass. We

can only accomplish all we want to do by the enthusiasm and loyalty of every individual Companion.

A Letter from Violet

You'll all be delighted, I know, with this

new photograph of our Companion, *Violet Little*. It's jolly, isn't it, to have one of her taken in Canada? And I have a letter from her also. We ought to be very glad that the plans for *Violet* have worked out with such exceptional happiness. How glad every one of you who has had a share in our Scheme must be! How thankful, too, every reader of our pages must be to know that our little protégée has been rescued from poverty and sadness, and a wrong environment altogether, and is being given a loving and beautiful home, with all that that means for her future life.

The lady who helps to look after the Barnardo children in Canada, sends me word about *Violet*.



A NEW PORTRAIT OF VIOLET.

THE QUIVER

She is boarded in the home of a lady and gentleman who have only one little girl of their own. She is named Helen, and her father and mother wanted a companion for her. They chose our little friend, and we shall all hope that they will be very satisfactory partners.

My correspondent writes:

"I went out the other day and saw her. Truly, she is very happy, so light-hearted—playing and skipping about, gathering autumn leaves. Any one who had known the child in her former home could not but be thankful she had been given the privilege of enjoying such a happy, wholesome home as the R—s'. Helen is so good to her, not at all selfish, willing to share her dolls, playthings, etc. Mrs. R— is a kind, sweet, Christian woman, very wise in her training, and already Violet is very fond of her. She calls Mr. and Mrs. R—, 'Father' and 'Mother,' and they treat her like a daughter. Mrs. R— is getting her such nice clothes for the winter. Both children attend one of the city schools, Mr. R— driving them to and fro."

Isn't this delightful news?

Now for Violet's letter:

"DEAR ALISON.—Since last writing to you I have come to P—to live. We live just outside the city. We have lots of beautiful trees, and there are many squirrels running around. This is the time of year for lots of apples. We gather large baskets full after we come home from school. I have a little playmate: she is eleven years old, and we attend the city school together. Papa calls for us with the pony, and takes us with him in the morning. We have the dearest little pup and a kitty. We call the pup 'Puggie' and the kitten 'Buster.' We have a good big hill beside our home to sleigh-ride down in the winter. I am in the Part Second at school. I love my teacher; she is very kind to us all. Mamma is making my winter clothes and Helen's too. Helen and I had our photograph taken on Saturday. I hope you will like mine. I thank you, dear Alison, for your kindness to me, and give my love to all the Companions of THE QUIVER.—I remain, your little friend,

VIOLET LITTLE.

You will all understand how very glad I was to have such an interesting and loving letter. I may as well tell you that I wrote to Violet for Christmas, and sent her your love in return. Wouldn't it be pleasant if Helen became one of our Companions too? I suggested this to Violet; we shall see what happens.

You will be wanting to know now how the financial part of our Scheme progresses. It was a real joy to me that our £10 was made up, and paid to Dr. Barnardo's before Christmas. You will all like to see the names of Shareholders in this amount. I thought that it would be a pleasant arrangement to let the £10 be divided into as many Shares as possible. Because of this, I am putting our Editor's gift towards the £13 for which we are responsible for this year. Here are the givers' names:—

A Shareholders' List

Dorothy J. Best, Aberdeen, 8s.; M. Isabel Young, Sytchampton, 2s. 6d.; G. W. B., Dumfries, 1s.;

Beatrice Lye, Kirkton, 1s.; Bessie Lipson, Nazing, 6d.; E. Launder, Redruth, 6d.; Frances Winsor, Margate, 6d.; Harry Blades, Folkingham, 6d.; Kitty Miller, Perth, 6d.; Ruth Owen, Gloucester, 2s.; Anonymous (Accrington), 1s.; Nora Goble, Catherine and Doris Amos, Lydd, 3s. 6d.; Phyllis Brissenden, Folkestone, 1s.; Ida M. Jones, Cardiff, 3s. 6d.; Miriam and Bee Jupe, Canada, 2s.; Isabel Hale, Nathalia, Australia, 1s.; Maggie Gillespie, Aircric, 3s. 6d.; Irene and Marjorie Collier, West Dean, 3s. 6d.; Meta Uys, Natal, 2s. 6d.; Ivy Mary Slesser, Christchurch, N.Z., 2s. 6d.; Isabel Young and Phyllis Cartwright, Sytchampton, 1s. 6d.; Winifred M. Toplis, Louth, 6d.; F. M. Gregory (Mrs.), Derby, 2s. 6d.; Harold M. Naish, Romford, 6s.; Gertrude Allam, Guernsey, 2s.; Mary J. Thomson, Cushnie, 2s. 6d.; R. Hill, Uppingham, 6s. 6d.; Hilda Wilson, Macduff, £3 15s.; A. Bateman, Penrith, 5s.; Ida M. Jones, Cardiff, 5s.; Vera K. Black, Dundee, 6s.; M. A. L. Hounslow, 5s.; Eric Forbes, Ballater, 3s.; Hetty Joubert, Lower Paarl, Cape Colony, 1s.; Evangeline and Phyllis Steel, Nelson, 1s.; Clarice Hilton, Birkdale, 2s. 6d.; E. Winter, Doncaster, 1s.; Frieda Martin, Grenada, B.W.I., 2s.; K. M. Crago, Plymouth, 3s.; Betty Balfour, Jamaica, 2s.; Margaret Farbridge, Japan, 5s. 6d.; Mrs. Etty, Wolverhampton, 10s.; Ruth Owen, Gloucester, 1s.; Kathleen Collyer, Ontario, Canada, 1s.; Alice, N. King, Jamaica, 4s.; Anon., Birkenhead, 2s. 6d.; W. H. Randall, 1s.; Daisy Valentine, 1s. Total, £10.

I can imagine how eagerly you will all study our first Shareholders' list. It represents a great deal of loving service, and a good bit—as I know well—of self-sacrifice. It is impossible for me to comment on all the gifts, and I appreciate the small donations every bit as much as the bigger ones. You will notice the largest sum was sent by *Hilda Wilson*, as a result of her Sale of Work. Unfortunately, I have so much to cram into our space this month, that I cannot print her letter about it, but *Hilda's* mother and a friend of hers helped magnificently, and they all had a happy time together. Ten of *Hilda's* friends have become Companions, and she tells me they are going to have a Sale of Work every year.

An Ambition for 1911

Have any of you thought over the suggestions made by *Ivy Slesser* and *Harold Naish*? I have, and consider them very valuable. If, in our plans for 1911, we can each say: "I will try to give, earn, or collect (whatever sum we think possible) every quarter for our Fund," we should be able, I feel sure, to enlarge our Scheme. Because £13, spread out over our Companionship, is a very small sum for us to raise. This is especially true as the latter grows steadily month by month. And this year we have already our Editor's generous help to start with. *Harold Naish* backed his suggestion with a promise of 5s. a quarter for our Fund; I will contribute half a guinea a quarter. So we are started already, you see, on these sensible lines. I think there are lots of you who might undertake

YOUNG PEOPLE'S PAGES

to provide some definite amount every three months, even if it were a sixpence from your own private pocket-money.

With a system like this, and all the extra gifts that we can get together, we ought quite easily to go ahead. If we can arrange this, do you not think we ought to be able to adopt another protégée this year? That would mean raising £10 for her outfit and expenses. And, of course, we should then have two children to keep in Canada instead of one. Please let me have your opinion about this matter as soon as possible.

A fat parcel lies in one of my drawers at this moment; it contains collecting-cards and little books which are waiting for your use. The cards have thirty squares on them, and are intended for pennies. Each one when filled up, you see, would be worth half a crown. The little book has columns headed "£ s. d.," and would hold lots of entries. Both of them are daintily printed, and have our Motto adorned with violets. The booklet has a summary of our Scheme on the flyleaf. I should like to get rid of this parcel very quickly. Please, everybody write for a card or a book.

From My Letter-Box

As always, I have a budget of interesting letters. A new Companion abroad is *Frieda Martin* (age 8), Grenada, B.W.I. Her last letter to me says:—

"I enclose a postal order for 2s., which I worked for by my needlework, and by doing a little frame in chip carving. I got my certificate; many thanks for it. My grandfather is a clergyman in Barbados, and he sends Mother THE QUIVER; he has sent it since November, 1909, and I have always been very interested in the 'How, When and Where Corner.' We are hoping to spend Christmas with my grandparents. When we go to Barbados we have to go in the 'Royal Mail' steamer, which runs between these islands. It is very near, and only takes a day and

a night to go there; sometimes it is very rough, and I (who am no good sailor) get very seasick, and then the voyage is not very nice to me. Yours affectionately,

FRIEDA MARTIN."

Another new member of our Companionship in the West Indies is *Betty Balfour*, at Halfway Tree, Jamaica. *Lorna Gascoyne's* sister, *Esther*, has joined us at Pickering, Ontario, Canada. *Kathleen Collyer* (London) is also a new Companion living in Ontario. And *Muriel* and *Olive Dodd* are two new members in Australia. They are friends of *Eileen* and *Muriel Nelson*. *Hetty Joubert* tells me of the fate of Hans, the sheep who ate my letter, you remember.

"He became too fond of clothes—especially woollen stuffs—(says Hetty)—so I am sorry to say that he was executed by the order of his mistress. Poor Hans, he died a sinner's death, but I think he quite deserved it. Not only because of eating the flowers and clothes, but for eating your letter. Poor Hans has no grave! He was eaten—so we cannot put wreaths over him in tokens of our loving remembrance."

Another South African letter is from *Meta Uys*, who wrote jubilantly about her garden.

Meta was reading Tennyson's "In Memoriam," and liking it very much.

"Tennyson is my favourite poet—(she writes)—Best of all his poems I like 'Break, break, break on thy cold grey stones, O Sea!' There is something so wonderful and real about it."

New Links in the World-Chain

Our links with far-away countries are being added to steadily. I had a very kind letter from *Irene* and *Marjorie Collier's* mother. They were just leaving for New Zealand. Mrs. Collier wrote:

"The children take a great interest in your Corner, so we shall hope to have our old friend THE QUIVER in the new land. Irene is sending 2s. she won for a wild-flower competition, and Marjorie 1s., as their 1911 contributions for your Fund. I hope your Scheme will be very successful, and that little Violet,



ALISON.

THE QUIVER

and maybe others, will grow up good and useful women."

We shall all wish *Irene* and *Marjorie* and their family the best of good fortune across the seas. I shall look forward eagerly to the continuance of their charming letters. From Japan, *Margaret Farbridge* sent 5s. 6d., the proceeds of pin-cushion making. *Margaret* expects to come to England to school, so we shall probably hear more frequently from her. She was trying to get someone to be our representative in Japan, and we all hope she will be successful.

A Sheaf of Letters

I ought also to thank for letters and gifts: *Molly Bridgman*, *Gertrude Allam*, *Gladys West*, *Mrs. Elty* (Wolverhampton), *Kathleen Crago* (who made 3s. by needlework, and is going to do some more), *Winifred Roadhouse*, *Essylet Prichard*, *Allison Laidlaw*, *Ralph* and *Stanley Hill*, *Harold Naish*, *Vera Black*, *Dora Dewhirst*, *Winifred Welch*, *Eva Wheeler*, *Irene Knight*, *Effie Forbes*, *Muriel Nelson*, *Marjorie Heard*, *Lena Davis*, *Marjorie Hayward*, *Clarice Hilton*, *Esmé Winter*, *Dora Brogdale*, and others.

Puzzle Competition Award

The successful papers are those of *Vera K. Black* (senior), *Aberdeen*; and *Dora Dewhirst* (junior), *Stockton-on-Tees*, to whom book prizes are given. They will see, on looking at the answers, which I give below, that their details were not absolutely correct, though the solutions were right as a whole. *Kathleen Crago* and *Dora Brogdale* came next in order, and must be commended.

These puzzles were arranged by *Winifred Teplis*, you recollect. I think you will all admit it is an excellent series.

ANSWER No. I.

		D		
L		u		A
	o	I	b	
		l	e	
I	d	o	L	i
		l	a	F
	e	a	u	
D		p		F
		O		

ANSWER No. II.

			o	N	e
			b	O	y
			a	T	e
b	o	u	n	T	i
g	e	n	t	I	l
g	r	e	e	N	g
			e	G	g
			a	H	a
			d	A	y
			a	M	y

No. III.—MISSING LETTER PUZZLE

Let us then be up and doing,

With a heart for any fate;

Still achieving, still pursuing,

Learn to labour and to wait.

No. IV.—DIAMOND PUZZLE

				K				
			p	I	t			
		L	o	T	t	y		
	r	a	s	C	a	I	s	
K	I	T	C	H	E	N	E	R
	C	o	I	E	n	s	o	
		p	a	N	i	c		
			d	E	n			
				R				

New Competition

I want you all to write to me about the suggestions made earlier in our chat, and the prizes offered this month are for letters on

Our Scheme for 1911

Home Companions' letters ought to reach me by January 20th. Members abroad are allowed another month.

Now, just a big, big wish that your holidays will have a jolly ending, and love to everybody, from your friend,

Alison.

All young people are cordially invited to join the Corner. To become a Companion fill in the coupon to be found in the advertisement section, and send, with penny stamp, to ALISON, THE QUIVER, La Belle Sauvage, London, E.C. A beautiful certificate of membership will then be sent.

PLAIN NEEDLEWORK FOR GIRLS

By Mrs. F. B. TOWNEND

III.—SEAMING—COTTAGE PINAFORE

SEAMING is sewing combined with a fell, and is the method used to join two pieces of material when you wish both sides, right and wrong, to be quite neat.

There are several ways of making a seam, but we will only take one this time—sew and fell.

For the purpose of practice take two pieces of material, soft print or calico, four to six inches long, and about two inches wide, or even a little less, and turn down a narrow fold upon the wrong side of one piece; fold the same depth on the right side of the second piece, turn the material entirely round and fold over this last turn rather deeper than the first. You will have no difficulty in doing this if you look well at Diagram I. Now place the two wrong sides together, have the folded edges quite even, and tack the two pieces together very firmly, holding the material nearest to you which has the double fold, keeping the left thumb and finger firmly on the seam whilst the needle is put in for tacking. Then sew it along, as described in Article II.

When finished take out the tacking thread and well flatten the seam ready for the felling.

The edge on the wrong side is made neat by a fold of the material being hemmed down to cover the raw edges. This fold is called a fell because one piece of material is made to fall over on to another. This stitch is exactly the same as hemming, which has already been described.

There are several faults to be guarded against, such as:

(i.) Uneven turnings, which will cause the seam to be clumsy.

(ii.) The sewing

puckered, which will not happen if the directions for holding the work and putting in the needle are carefully carried out.

(iii.) Stitches badly shaped and irregular.

(iv.) Insecure beginning and fastening off.

(v.) The seam not flattened.

You will find it very helpful to practise the folding on paper. The folds should not be too wide, or the seam when finished will not look at all nice. You will find that a quarter of an inch is quite wide enough for a seam, or even less in some instances, according to the work you have in hand, and the quality of the material used, so that the first fold on the double and the single fold on the other piece should be half the width you wish the width of the seam to be.

A Cottage Pinafore

This is an all-round pinafore, easy to make and very suitable for big girls to wear who are just learning to be a help in the house, and would also be a nice present for a little girl to make for her big sister. The material which seems best of all for this pinafore

is a nice soft *print*, the old-fashioned lilac print for preference; though it can be made up in almost anything you like—*muslin*, *holland*, *zephyr*, *gingham*, etc.

The simple pattern, of which the diagram is given (Diag. II.), does not show material for bands, for these are not often used with this kind of pinafore, the neck is simply hemmed wide enough to allow a tape to pass through. The principal feature is the slanting shoulder. It can be without any trimming at all, or you can have narrow



COTTAGE PINAFORE—BACK VIEW.

THE QUIVER



DIAGRAM 1.

of the stitches you have just learnt, and if nicely done, would make a very useful little New Year's present for a little girl you may know, a little sister or a little cousin—for I only want you to make a *small* pinafore. You will require three-quarters of a yard for one, but if you like to make *three* pinafores with bands and sashes, you can easily cut the three out of two and a half yards. The selvedge length is always given first, and allowance is made for turnings. Notice the diagram and cut out the pattern first of all in paper. Mark the sides of the paper for "selvedge," then you will make no mistake. I shall give you directions for cutting the material, but of course the same will apply to the cutting of the paper.

You will always find it easier to cut out if you take the cloth off the table; you will then have no fear of cutting the cloth, neither will there be any little bits for you to pick off afterwards. Always be very tidy over your work—don't throw bits of stuff and ends of cotton on the floor, but put them together, then they can be easily thrown away afterwards; and don't settle down to needlework in a hurry, *think* about what you are going to do, and give your thoughts to it whilst you are doing it; it will save you a lot of trouble in the end, and your work will look all the better for it. And now to cut out the pinafore.

First of all fold the material in half, selvedge way, and again into quarters, allowing a margin of quite one inch of the selvedge edges beyond the first fold (which will be the front of the pinafore); this margin is allowed for turnings and overlapping at the back.

The width of the pinafore is about one and three-quarter times its length, the smallest size will be about eighteen inches in length, which allows a hem of about one inch.

Decide what length you wish the shoulder. The hems for neck and armhole must come from the same length, so think of this before

lace or edging along the neck and round the armholes.

I have chosen this particular kind of work for you to do because you will be able to make use

beginning to cut. A good length is four to five inches. Mark this amount down from the top corner of the quarters—A to B—which will be on the double folds; mark the same distance again down the fold; fold over the top raw edges, so that A touches B, crease well, then raise it again—this is to guide you when cutting the neck and is shown by the dotted line. Measure from A half the shoulder and mark it D. Place the corner of the inch-tape at D, and move it in a slanting direction till the exact shoulder length can be marked on the folds. Now make a crease by turning down the corner from D to this mark.

Open out the pinafore in half and hold it so that the back edges are to the right-hand side. Now cut from the back towards the front—*i.e.* from D to just above B, and then straight down to about one inch above C. No other cutting is needed here. Cut the back neck first, keeping straight along the crease for about half-way, then curve gradually up to D. Then cut the front neck, which can be made a little lower if you like than the back. The second figure of Diagram II. shows the pinafore with the shaping done.

Join the shoulders first of all (the corner D comes down to B). Fix very carefully for a sew and fell seam, being careful not to have the seam too wide, and arrange so that the fell falls towards the back. If one side should come out longer than the other, let it be at the armhole where you can cut it away. Keep the neck even. Make hems down the back a quarter of an inch wide; hems will look much better than leaving the selvedge. Have a nice hem at the bottom of about one inch in depth. The armholes are finished off with a narrow hem, but the hem round the neck must be wide enough to have a narrow tape run through. Do not sew up

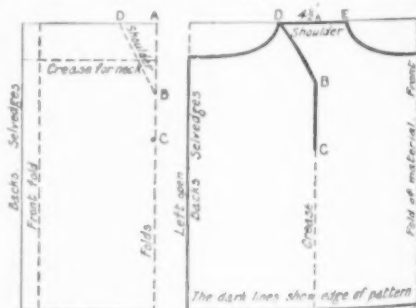


DIAGRAM II.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S PAGES

the ends of this hem, they must be left open for the tape.

Make me a little pinafore in any material you like from the directions given, though you may have it a little longer if you prefer, and that is why I said it would cut into three-quarters of a yard, or you may make it from half a yard of material. Trim with

narrow lace round the armholes and along the neck, and hem up the ends of the tape, and the ends of the bottom hem. Work steadily and thoughtfully.

Three Look prizes will be awarded for the best pinafores. They must reach me not later than January 28, and the result will be announced in the April number.

Specimens should be sent to Mrs. Townsend, THE QUIVER Office, La Belle Sauvage London, E.C. Those wishing their work to be returned with full criticism must enclose a stamped addressed envelope.



The Crutch-and-Kindness League

By the Rev. J. REID HOWATT

Starting the Year

IT is a great thing to get a good start. A deliberate start, I mean, a start with a clear and definite purpose ahead. A stroll may take us far, farther perhaps than we meant, but there is little to show for it afterwards, and the results are not the best possible. It is different with a fair start. This implies an object to be reached, and to get at it there must be a bracing up of both mind and body, and this cannot be done without leaving a good effect on us for many a day. Few things help us here like clear landmarks. To be able to look back and see how far we have gone from where we started, and look ahead and see how we are getting nearer and nearer to the point we are making for—these are pace-makers, for they keep us in heart when we are inclined to flag by appealing to one of the strongest motives we can have—our self-respect.

The Making of Resolutions

It is little wonder then that so many good resolutions are made, to date from the 1st of January. It is an excellent date to go by, easily remembered, always in sight. Most other dates after a time are apt to become vague, but the first day of a year!—this stands by itself. When we find ourselves slackening, growing careless and limp, what a tonic comes with the thought—"Thus far—so many days or weeks or months—we have kept our good resolution in spite of all temptations to laxity. What!—shall we yield now?—now, when so much ground has been well and faithfully covered, and the goal is by so much nearer? It is not to be

thought of"—and so the tonic works, and we gird up our loins afresh.

It is this appeal from Philip tempted to Philip free, from our fainter to our truer and stronger selves, that lies at the base of whatever dependableness gets worked into our characters at last. It is many years, perhaps, since you began to write that letter regularly to your friend or to the old folk at home, and you never once missed the mail. But one night you are not just up to the mark, you are tired, have been worried, or are not quite in the mood, and so are tempted to postpone the labour of love. But the remembrance of your long, unflinching faithfulness comes back. Why should you break it now? Why spoil your good record? The thought cannot be brooked, and so, though it may not be exactly the best you have done, yet you write the letter again at the proper time, and find your thoughts and your spirit growing better and better before you have finished it.

The Advantage of a Right Start

And the opposite of it all confirms the more the advantage of getting a right start. There are many people—too many, alas!—who, having begun, have yielded after a short run, and now they say they will never make any more good resolves. The pity of it! How did they learn to walk? Was it without falls, stumbles and hurts? They fell and fell, again and again, but got up and were off once more, and walking is now so easy that they are unconscious of it. Are these victories of persistence restricted to child-

THE QUIVER

hood's schooling? Are they not our daily rewards about everything, and to the very end? Think of people like these—as many as you know—and say, have they not grown mentally flabby? They have lost will-power, and the decision of character that comes with its exercise; the weaker nature has ceased to be on speaking terms with the stronger, and they have become tossed about by every shifting wind of circumstance, like very thistledown. Unstable as water, they shall not excel.

The Outside Resolve

Yes, it is good to make a good start, good in a thousand ways. What the goal, the purpose, may be, everyone must settle for himself. But there are some resolves which stand peerlessly over all others, and include them, and highest of these is the resolve to do some good, unselfish thing, and stick to it. Can a simpler, more humanising effort of the kind be found than in doing good to a little child? And when that child is weak, sickly, lonesome, and crippled? This is the glorious opportunity which the Crutch-and-Kindness League sets before everyone, no matter where living, how situated, whichever sex or whatever age. There are about 12,000 poor crippled children in London alone, and what the League seeks to do is to raise up somewhere a friend for each of these. It is not much it asks of each member, only the writing of a letter once a month, sending a toy, old illustrated magazine, or similar token of kindly remembrance to the little prisoner of God, and about whom all particulars are given. Here is a gracious work which cannot fail throughout the year both to give and bring a blessing. The entrance fee is only 1s., and there are no others, while a glance at the subjoined list of new members for the month will show how the good work can be carried on anywhere. Let anyone start the year with the resolve thus to help and comfort "one of these little ones," and better than can be guessed now will he (or she) find the truth of the promise "A little child shall lead them."

All further details concerning the League may be had for a stamp from Sir John Kirk, Director and Secretary of the Ragged School Union, 32, John Street, Theobald's Road, London, W.C.

New Members for the Month

Miss Margaret Adams, Greenock, N.B.; Mrs. A. Altrec-Coley, Illecillewast, B.C.; Miss Muriel Andrews, Kingston, Jamaica; Miss Dorothy Aslin, Buckingham Palace Road, London.

Miss E. M. Baylor, Rockmills, Co. Cork; Miss

Stella Banks, Clapham Park, London, S.W.; Mrs. Beckwith, London, S.W.; Mrs. Bennetts (per), Miss Holder and Miss Kilner (Group 109), Canterbury, New Zealand; Miss Elsie Branch, Manor Park, Essex; Miss Kate Bridge, Eastbourne, Sussex; Mrs. Broderip, Bridgwater, Somerset; Master Malcolm Burns, Belfast; Miss Elsie Butterworth, Lincoln.

Miss Ellen Cameron, Glasgow, N.B.; Misses Lilian and Marjorie Carson, Ballymahon, Ireland; Miss Elizabeth Chinch, Frinton-on-Sea, Essex; Miss T. Clonson, Nelson, New Zealand; Miss M. Cochran, Hawick, N.B.; Mrs. Crookall, Lower Paarl, Cape Colony; Miss Dorothy Crussell, Hyde Park, London, W.; Miss L. Cuthbertson, Musselburgh, N.B.

Miss E. M. Dickson, Kileara, Ireland.
Miss K. Easton, Leintwardine, Hereford; Mr. P. A. Edinger (per), Misses Winnie and Marjory and Masters Victor, Leslie and Dene Jernyn, and Misses Kathleen and Christina Woodhouse (Group 27), Blenheim, N.Z.

Miss A. Forrest, Epsom, Surrey; Miss Furnell, Oxford.

Miss Marion Gilman, Quebec, Canada.
Miss Margaret Hall, Swindon, Wilts; Miss Agnes Hamilton, Glassford by Strathaven, Lanark; Miss E. Hamilton, Bundaberg, Queensland; Miss Hart, Kingston, Herefordshire; Miss A. M. Harvey, Sherborne, Dorset; Miss Milly Hogbin, Haywards Heath; Miss Mary Hunt, Newent, Glos.

Miss M. Jackson, Ormesby, Yorks; Mrs. A. J. Jenner, Clapham, London, S.W.

Mrs. C. Kane, Roscommon, Ireland; Miss Keys (per), Miss Ada Waters, Mr. Harry Coxell, Mr. Harold Gunston, Miss Thorne, Miss Dorothy Stockill (Group 43), Boscombe, Hants.

Miss Joyce Lawrence, St. Anne's-on-Sea; Miss Lennard (per), Miss Florence Hollingdale, Miss Daisy Harman, Miss Carrie Triggs, Misses Ivy and Olive Driver, Miss Gladys Carly, Miss Nellie Smith (Group 32), Brighton, Sussex; Miss Doris Levy, Jamaica, B.W.I.; Miss Kitty Life, Southport, Lancs; Miss C. J. Lindsay, Southborough, Kent; Miss A. Long, Wimbledon, Surrey.

Miss Evelyn Matthews, Brockley, London, S.E.; Miss Dora McDonald, Dorchester, Dorset; Miss Martha McEachern, Dunedin, N.Z.; Miss Blodwen Morgan, Neath, Glamorgan; Miss B. Murgatroyd, Rawtenstall, near Manchester.

Mrs. Nicholas (for S.S. Class), Bolo Head, South Africa.

Miss M. Osborne, Plumstead, Kent.
Miss Paice, Stroud, Glos.; Miss Vina Payne, Loughborough, Leicester; Miss A. G. Phillips, Sandstead, Yorks; Miss Mabel Pring, St. Leonards, Sussex; Miss Proctor, Stamford Hill, London, N.

Miss K. Redman, Much Newchurch, Hereford; Mrs. Rice, West Derby, Liverpool; Miss Edith Rita, Hollington, near Hastings; Miss Mary Roberts, Waikato, N.Z.; Mrs. F. E. Rowe, Addiscombe, Surrey; Miss L. E. Russell, Hove, Sussex; Miss Alison Rutherford, Hawick, N.B.

Miss R. P. Scott, Kilbrittain, Cork; Miss Lena de Silus, Mirigama, Ceylon; Miss Minna Simpson, Melbourne, Australia; Miss Jean Simson, Methven, Perthshire, N.B.; Miss B. L. Smith, Newington Green, London, N.

Miss Catherine Tudman, Forest Gate, London, E.
Miss Meta Uys, Utrecht, Natal, S.A.

Miss Irene Walbank, Usworth, Durham; Miss J. J. Wallace, Westland, New Zealand; Miss M. H. Walmsley, Eccles, Lancs.; Mrs. Watts, Bishopston, Bristol; Mrs. Webster, Union Hall, Co. Cork; Miss Janet Welsh, Gilmerton, Edinburgh; Miss White's Class, East Dulwich, S.E.; Miss F. K. White, London, W.C.; Miss May Wicks, Winchelsea, Sussex; Miss Myrtle Wilcock, Auckland, N.Z.; Miss Kathleen Wright, Nelson, B.C.

THE ROAD-MENDER

A Sunday Talk with Boys and Girls

By the Rev. J. D. JONES, M.A., B.D.

I REMEMBER reading, some years ago now, a beautiful little book called "The Road-Mender." It professed to be written by one who got his living by breaking stones by the wayside, and it showed how full of happiness even the life of a road-mender may be. It reminded me of the road-menders I myself knew in the days of my boyhood at Towyn. I remember one especially, and in imagination I can see the old man now, sitting by his heap of stones, with great goggles on his eyes to protect them from splinters, swinging his hammer with an almost rhythmical beat, and carefully breaking the stones into the fitting size.

When he had got a sufficient amount of stone thus broken up, he would fill his barrow, and then spread the stone over those parts of the road that needed repair. He left the traffic to do the rest (for there were no steam-rollers in those days), and though at first it was a case of jolting over these newly laid stones, before very long the traffic wore them down until the road became as smooth and solid as a rock.

I sometimes feel we have to go to a new country before we realise how much we owe to our road-menders. I never appreciated our English roads as they deserved until I had been to Canada. The roads there are not so much roads as tracks or trails. You go bumping and jolting, now down into deep ruts, and then over tree stumps, until a drive becomes quite an exciting experience, and you are thankful to arrive at your destination safe and sound. After driving over these rough tracks of the Canadian North-West, I learned to value the work of those humble men who make our English roads so easy and smooth and safe.

Roads Not Made with Stones

Well, thinking of these English roads of ours reminded me that there are other roads along which we have to travel, as, for example, the road to holiness and purity and goodness. And reading about this man who spent his days breaking stones to make our English roads smooth and easy to travel brought to mind the thought of the great Road-mender Who lived and died to make a road for us to holiness and heaven and God. Jesus Christ was the great Road-mender, or perhaps I ought to say the great Road-maker. Men, for instance, had lost the way

to God. At any rate, they found it a very difficult way to travel. Jesus made a "new and living way" for us. The way to God is plain and easy for us to-day. The weakest can travel it. A child's feet can tread it. Whosoever will may come.

And then, thinking of Jesus the great Road-mender, it seemed to me that we ought all of us to be road-menders. We are to be like Jesus, and if He spent His life making roads along which men and women might travel to God, so must we. We must make "straight paths" for people's feet. We must make it easy for them to tread the way that leads to life.

Road-Breakers

I know some people who are *road-breakers*. They put stumbling-blocks in their brothers' way. They tempt them to do wrong and to sin. They make it hard for them to live pure and speak true. Schoolboys have before to-day tried to laugh a new-comer out of saying his prayers; they have made fun of him because he would read his Bible; they have called him "prig" because he would not cheat or lie or share in evil talk. All lads who try to make it hard for other lads to do right are "road-breakers." And for the "road-breaker," the man who puts a stumbling-block in his brother's way, Christ says an awful punishment is in store.

The Road-Menders of Life

But, thank God, I know many people, young and old, who are *road-menders*. Like Jesus, they are always helping people. When Tom Brown stood up in his dormitory to protect young Arthur at his prayers, he was a road-mender. They used to say of Professor Clerk Maxwell at Cambridge that he "made it easy for the undergraduates to be good." What a road-mender he must have been! Well, that is what I want you dear readers to be—*road-menders*. Make the way to heaven easy for all about you. Make it "easy to be good." And the best way to make the road easy for other people is by being true and loving and brave yourselves. Stand up openly for Jesus Christ and let everybody know you are on His side. By so doing you will help others to stand up for Jesus too. In that way you will become a road-mender. You will be making straight paths for lame feet so that they be not turned out of the way, but rather be healed,

AMUSING COMPETITIONS FOR CHURCH SOCIALS

By BETTY FINCH

IT is sometimes very difficult to provide suitable amusements for church socials, G.F.S. meetings, clubs, and guilds. Round games are not always advisable, and table games pall after a time. A competition or game in which all can join is very much more sociable than one which is taken up by half the company whilst the other half are obliged to look on.

A geography party causes great interest and amusement, and is worked on much the same lines as the now familiar book party. It entails no expense beyond the prizes awarded.

The rules for such an entertainment should be made known at least a fortnight before the evening. They may be written up as a large notice in a church parlour or hall, or should be cyclostyled on small handbills to be distributed. The following is a suggestion for these:—

"A GEOGRAPHY PARTY will be held in . . . on . . . to commence at . . .

RULES

1. Everyone who hopes to be present is asked to wear at the Social a badge or symbol representing the name of a town or city in England.

2. The symbols may be drawings or pictures which will represent the name of the place. Example: A very black and muddy pond would represent Blackpool, or an object such as a piece of deal wood would represent Deal. These symbols should be worn pinned to the dress or coat.

3. Papers will be provided for competitors to write lists of guests and places they represent.

4. The competitor who makes the greatest number of correct guesses will be awarded a prize.

5. Competitors must ask no questions of the wearers of symbols.

6. It is requested that those who intend to wear symbols will keep their choice secret.

7. Competitors should bring pencils."

The papers provided should have the words "Name of Competitor" at the top,

and should then be ruled into two columns for "Name of Guest" and "Place Represented." The secretary of arrangements should be prepared with a few symbols to provide those who have been unable to make their own. A few hints as to the preparation of these may be useful. Pictorial advertisements cut from catalogues are often suitable, and to those who cannot draw well they will be very welcome. For example, the name "Maidstone" can be worked out as follows: Cut out a picture of a trim and dainty housemaid in cap and apron from some draper's catalogue and paste it to a card, and choose a tiny stone from the roadside and glue it also to the card, and you have a symbol complete. Fix a tiny piece of ribbon to the back of the card, so that it can be pinned to the coat or blouse. It is well to provide several pencils, as some guests are sure to forget their own.

A time limit of about three-quarters of an hour should be set for the competition. At the end of this time the papers should be collected for correction. If two or three authorised helpers make correct lists of guests and places, after asking each competitor what place their symbol represents at the beginning of the evening, the task of correcting will be simplified and time economised.

Whilst the papers are being corrected it is well to serve refreshments, unless a miscellaneous concert is arranged.

It is sometimes advisable to have a prize for ladies and another for gentlemen. Or to give one for those competing who are over twenty and one for those under twenty. If the latter plan is adopted it must be made clear to competitors that they must write "Over twenty" or "Under twenty" on their competition papers. The exact age is, of course, not necessary. In a church social where old and young are together this gives a chance for the younger people to distinguish themselves.

Some guests may prefer to only wear badges and not to enter the competition. This is, of course, quite permissible.

The prizes need not be very valuable, but should be sensible, and not of the "booby" prize type.

ROWLAND'S MACASSAR OIL FOR THE HAIR

Preserves, Beautifies, Nourishes It.
Nothing equals it. 110 years proves this.
Sole. Golden Colour for Fair Hair.
Of Stores, Chemists, Hairdressers.

Always Reliable.

The Most Fastidious Enjoy
**MCCALL'S
PAYSANDU
OX TONGUES.**

Delicious. Appetising.

Always Ready.

"Arethusa" Jack appeals for help

THE 'ARETHUSA' AND
'CHICHESTER' TRAINING SHIPS
prepare poor British Boys of good character for the
ROYAL NAVY and MERCANTILE MARINE.

Subscriptions and Donations will be
thankfully received.

The National Refuges for Homeless
and Destitute Children

(Incorporated 1904).

PATRONS: THEIR MAJESTIES THE KING
AND THE QUEEN.

PRESIDENT: THE EARL OF JERSEY, G.C.B.
London Office: 154, Shaftesbury Avenue, W.C.

Joint Secretaries:
H. BRISTOW WALLER and HENRY G. COPELAND.



G. BRANDAUER & Co., LTD., CIRCULAR-POINTED PENS.

SEVEN PRIZE
MEDALS.



Neither Scratch
nor Spurt.

Attention is
also drawn to the
**NEW PATENT
ANTI-BLOTTING
PENS.** Sample Box of
either series, 7d.

Works: BIRMINGHAM.

WHOLESALE WAREHOUSE: 124, NEWGATE STREET, LONDON.

THE LONDON GLOVE CO.'S CELEBRATED GLOVES

GRANDS UNEQUALLED GOLD
PRIX FOR VALUE, MEDALS,
1904 FIT, AND WEAR. 1900
1908 1910

Ladies' Gloves.
Real Kid, in Black,
White, and all colours.

The Antonia,
3 buttons, 1/11 per pair

The Clarette,
4 buttons, 2/6 per pair.
Ladies' Strong Pique
Sewn Kid Gloves in
Black, White, Mole,
Tans, Beavers, Greys
or Browns, with Self-
braid Points, 4 buttons
2/10 per pair.

Ladies' button Suede
Gloves, in Black,
White, and colours.
Special Value, 4 but-
tons, 2/6 per pair.

Ladies' Long White or Cream
Glacé Gloves,
12th Mousquetaire, 2/10 per pair
16th ditto 3/10 "
20th ditto 4/10 "

P.O. payable to the London Glove
Co., at G.P.O.

Write for New Detailed and Illustrated Price List of all Departments
free by post.

THE LONDON GLOVE COMPANY,
45 & 45a, Cheapside, E.C., & 82 & 83, New Bond St., LONDON



Ladies' Doestkin
Gloves, Mocha finish,
in Tan, Beaver, Grey
Shades, or Black,
pique sewn, 3 buttons,
2/6 per pair.

Ladies' Real Gazelle
Gloves in Tan, Beaver,
Grey, or Black, pique
sewn, 2 press buttons,
2/11 per pair.

Men's ditto, in Dark
Tan or Grey, 1 press
button, 3/6 per pair.

The Canadian,
Ladies' Buck Finish
Gloves, British made,
in Tan or Grey, pique-
sewn, 3 buttons,
3/11 per pair.

Men's ditto, in Tan or Grey,
1 press button, 3/11 per pair.

Ladies' Real Reindeer Gloves,
in Tan, Grey, or Black, pique
sewn, 2 buttons, 4/11 per pair.

Men's do., in dark Tan or Grey,
1 press button, 4/11 per pair.

OSBORNE, BAUER & CHEESEMAN'S WORLD-RENOUNDED "Glycerine & Honey Jelly"



FOR CHAPS, ROUGHNESS OF SKIN, ETC.

INVALUABLE AT ALL SEASONS OF THE YEAR. It
softens and improves the Hands, Face, and Skin, after
exposure to WIND and COLD.

OVER 40 YEARS' INCREASING DEMAND.

Sold by all Chemists and Stores in Metallic Tubes, 6d., 1s., and 1s. 6d.,
or sent postage free for stamps by Sole Proprietors,
OSBORNE, BAUER, & CHEESEMAN, Performers to Her Late Majesty
Queen Victoria, 19, Golden Square, Regent St., London, W.
N.B.—Sample Tube, post free on stamp.

HOOPING COUGH CROUP

The Celebrated Effectual Cure without Internal Medicine

**ROCHE'S
Herbal Embrocation**

will also be found very efficacious in cases of
**BRONCHITIS, LUMBAGO AND
RHEUMATISM.**

Price 4s. per Bottle, of all Druggists.

W. EDWARDS & SON, 157, Queen Victoria St., London, Eng.

New York: FOUGERA & Co., 90, Beekman St.
Paris: ROBERTS & Co., 5, Rue de la Paix.

THE QUIVER

Be a **DOCTOR** of Mechano-
Therapy
The Recognized Method of Drugless Healing



£600 to £1,000 a Year

WE TEACH YOU BY MAIL.

In a few months you can begin practising Mechano-Therapy—an elevating and highly paid profession for men and women. Simpler and more comprehensive than Osteopathy. Endorsed by physicians. A fascinating study, easy to learn. We teach you by mail or in class, and guarantee success—an ordinary education and our course of instruction fits you for a professional life. Authorised diplomas to graduates. Work absorbingly interesting. Vast opportunities for social and financial betterment. Special terms now. Write to-day for our 84-page illustrated prospectus—free.

AMERICAN COLLEGE OF MECHANO-THERAPY,
Dept. 245, 120-126, Randolph St., Chicago, Ill., U.S.A.

The
very
BEST

YOU OFTEN WANT A DELICACY
FOR
LUNCHEON.
BREAKFAST.
TEA or SUPPER.
HOME-POTTED
MEATS

PLUMTREE'S

Are the very thing.

Delicious ———— Appetising

Of all Grocers and Confectioners, at 6d. or 1s., in Earthen-ware Jars, bearing Registered Label and Signature.

SAMPLE JAR, 7d. or 1s. 3d., Post Free, from
PLUMTREE, Southport.

THE CARE OF INFANTS.

HENRY'S CALCINED MAGNESIA.

The mildest, safest, and best aperient
for children in early infancy.

The cause of most infantile disorders of the stomach and bowels is that the milk turns sour on the stomach, resulting in acidity and flatulence.

HENRY'S CALCINED MAGNESIA

neutralises the acid, and flatulence is avoided. A small quantity added to the milk will prevent it turning sour. It is prepared with scrupulous care, and the fact that it has been in use since 1772 is proof of its remarkable medicinal value.

Free from taste, smell, or roughness
to the palate.

Invaluable to adults in all cases of Heartburn, Gout, Headache, Biliousness, and Acidity of the Stomach.

Price 2/9 and 4/6 per bottle.

From all the leading chemists in the United Kingdom and abroad—
United States: Schaeffelin & Co., 170-172, William Street, New York.
France: Roberts & Co., 5, Rue de la Paix, Paris.

Sole Makers:

THOMAS & WILLIAM HENRY,
11, East Street, Manchester.

MACKINTOSH'S TOFFEE

BUTTER SUGAR
AND CREAM

Made in the
Mackintosh Way



"IT'S RIPPIN'!"



YOUNG PEOPLE'S PAGES

An advertisement party is worked on exactly similar lines to the geography party.

The guests are asked to wear fairly well-known pictorial advertisements taken from magazines and newspapers with the names of the commodity and the manufacturer cut away. Wording which gives a clue should also be cut away.

The competitors make lists of the guests and the advertisements they wear. It is not necessary to always put the manufacturer's name unless it is the name given to the goods, such as "Pears' Soap." In the case of Sunlight Soap it is not necessary to put "Lever Bros."

In this competition also the competitors may be divided into two groups according to age, or as it seems most fitting.

In some cases it might be better to fix the advertisements, numbered, about the room, for competitors to name. This does not prove to be quite so sociable as the first method, as the competitors are not brought in contact with each other.

The geography party and advertisement party both tend to break down the awfully solemn stiffness of some church socials, when nothing arouses interest until the chill of the first half-hour has been gradually lessened by judiciously timed refreshments. The guests generally begin to enjoy the evening at its close. Why not provide something they will enjoy all the way through?

A Plasticine Party

If you wish to cater for the amusement of a few girls or boys, invite them to a Plasticine party. There is always a charm in a substance which can be squeezed into quaint and grotesque shapes. Girls may be diffident at first over trying to shape the clay, but boys will be only too eager, having probably enjoyed the fun of handling lumps of putty.

Plasticine can be bought at 1s. 2d. the pound. One pound is about sufficient to divide among a dozen players.

Several competitions can be arranged

with prizes to be awarded, no one being allowed to take more than one prize.

A competition which always causes great fun is one in which the competitors are told to model a particular animal decided upon by the host or hostess. The result will be a collection of weird creatures which should be on show for a little while until the next competition is arranged, when they can be squashed up into a shapeless mass and once more pulled and squeezed as the fancy of the modeller dictates. To model a man or woman's head will cause endless amusement, and if some celebrity is chosen for the model the interest is even greater. Perhaps the celebrity might not feel exactly flattered if he were confronted with a row of the results of the competition, but that is quite a detail and one that will not trouble the competitors at all! The prizes can be awarded after the boys or girls have voted for the best model, or if this causes too much "excitement" it may be wise for the host to judge them. For such rough-and-ready work no tools are required, so that there need be no expense beyond the purchase of the Plasticine. As it is very clean to work with, there will be no danger of spoilt frocks.

Plasticine will be found to be equally alluring and fascinating to grown-up guests at a social gathering. The same competitions may be carried out for them. Some may call it "child's play" at first, but the funny forms and quaint devices will conquer all but the most "potent, grave and reverend seigneur." Chuckles of suppressed laughter will go round among the guests as they model the effigy of some local celebrity.

If the Plasticine will be no longer required after the evening's entertainment, it can be sent to some Children's Home or hospital. In most cases boys and girls will plead, "Let's have it another time, Miss, won't you?" Some hostesses may like to give each guest their own lump to take home as a memento of the Plasticine party.

In the January GIRL'S REALM "The Possibilities of a Handkerchief" are dealt with in a bright article which will prove a revelation indeed to all who have hitherto looked upon the handkerchief as a thing not readily to be turned from its proper use. Many will be glad to find information upon "Teaching the Deaf," a career which has the merit of being under rather than overstocked. The second part of a great competition for a hundred-guinea pianoforte is also given in this number.



PARTING DAY.
(Drawn by J. Dorton.)



The Haze of the Coming Days

THE old year is fast wearing out its brief remaining days, and we view its passing with mixed feelings. There have been days of gloom and disappointment, but there have also been times of unspeakable gladness and unexpected blessing. Perhaps in your case, dear reader, the sadness has predominated; or, let us hope, the gladness. But life is always varied: no one year ever holds store of unmitigated gloom, nor is it ever spent entirely in the sunshine. Whatever the old year has brought us, I think we can all say it has brought surprises; it was not the expected, the hoped-for, the dreaded, that happened, but something quite different from our imaginings. I must confess to a sense of wondering awe as I look forward to the new year. By no amount of anticipation and conjecture can I pierce the haze that hangs over these coming days. Past experience tells me that it has in store for me something quite new, both of sorrow and rejoicing; I cannot forecast, but I can go forward, if with awe, yet also with trust in the Guiding Hand that will not fail.

Change the Thought, Change the Man

DR. O. S. MARDEN, in a paper headed "Change the Thought, Change the Man" in this month's *Cassell's Magazine*, has a New Year's thought which will appeal to all my readers. "One of the hardest lessons we have to learn is that we build our bodies by our thoughts; that they are discordant or harmonious, diseased or healthy, in accordance with our habitual thought and the thought of those who preceded us. There are those who, having learned this lesson, have had their countenances so altered in a single year by persistent right-thinking that one would scarcely know them. They have changed faces that were lined with doubt, disfigured with fear and anxiety, and scarred by worry or vice, to reflectors of hope, cheer, and joy.

"Growth everywhere neutralises decay. So long as we keep growing, renewing the mind, constantly reaching out for the new and progressive, the retrograding, disintegrating, ageing, deteriorating processes cannot be operative."

A Wife's Pocket Money

"AMICA" in her letter on another page of this issue, writes very strongly on a delicate, but important, question. Matters of this sort are more often neglected than dealt with in literature, yet they are the practical issues in life about which men and women often feel most strongly. Some of "Amica's" previous letters have been challenged by those who do not agree with all her conclusions, and I would not have it otherwise. Of course, it is not always possible to deal adequately with both sides of debatable questions, but the letter this month will at least clear the writer of one charge—that she is too hard on her own sex! What do my readers think on this question of a wife's pocket money? Is the "one-twentieth" portion of a man's income such a fit and inalienable right as "Amica" holds it to be? How does it work in practical life? I shall be delighted to print short letters from my readers on the subject, withholding, of course, the names of my correspondents. In the event of sufficiently good replies being received, I shall be pleased to award a handsome volume to the best.

Women's Friendships

"IS there such a thing as friendship between women?" was asked rather cynically not long ago. The question of "Women's Friendships" is an interesting one, and Mrs. Elizabeth Sloan Chesser is contributing an article on the subject which I believe my readers will agree to be one of the best she has written. The paper, illustrated by some charming drawings, will appear in my February number.

THE QUIVER

Life's Tangled Thread

THE little series by the Bishop of Ripon, which starts in this issue, will be continued next month, when the Bishop will deal with "Life's Perplexities." I believe these articles will be found most helpful to my readers.



"Quiver" Medallists

I HAVE pleasure in giving the portraits of the two QUIVER Medallists at the Reedham Orphanage. The following are the reports of the head master and head mistress respectively:—

"Leslie Ernest Daggett is this year's winner of THE QUIVER medal and prize for good conduct, kindness, and manliness. He is a boy we are sorry to lose, though, before this paragraph appears, he will be at work in a City office. He will have no easy time before him, and will need the fine spirit he has displayed in his work here to get safely through the first years, when a small salary must keep him. But we have little fear as



LESLIE ERNEST DAGGETT.



LILY MILLGATE

to his ultimate success. We have seen him as cheery playing a losing game on the sports' field as when he was captaining a team to victory. He will not shirk difficulties. It is good to be unspoiled by success: better to show courage in the face of odds. Daggett has done both in the little world at Reedham."

"Lily Millgate, winner of THE QUIVER conduct prize for 1910, has been one of Reedham's children for nine years. During all that time she has been obedient, diligent, trustworthy, and helpful, while for the last two years she has been one of our most capable and conscientious 'little mothers.' She is now fifteen, and is leaving to become a nursery-maid in the family of a well-known London rector. I am confident she will use every endeavour to grow into useful and honourable womanhood."



For Young Folks

THE January *Little Folks* is an unusually bright number, with no less than eight full-page pictures in colour by well-known artists, besides a beautiful coloured frontispiece. The stories and articles in this number are well suited to add to the enjoyment of this festive season.

The Editor

Recovered Beauty.

The distressing disease of Obesity permanently cured, with a delightful renewal of health and strength.

HOW delightful to recover perfect beauty of figure and to feel the thrilling in every artery and nerve of the great joy of health!

This is what is experienced by men and women who, once over-stout, have reduced their weight to normal by a judicious course of the simple, pleasant and entirely harmless Antipon treatment.

No matter how much over-weight there is, Antipon will restore all the desirable conditions, without discomfort or inconvenience.

This is quite different from the starving, drugging and sweating processes of getting off so much avoirdupois; methods which weaken, and often ruin, a good constitution. Obesity—that most stubborn disease—is not to be cured by such measures. The body requires food and warmth at all times, whether one be fat or lean.

Antipon, the famous tonic remedy for the permanent cure of obesity, absolutely conquers the abnormal fat-accumulating tendency, and so roots out the disease. Yet the action of Antipon is mild and gentle and refreshing—neither laxative nor the opposite.

At the same time Antipon is delightfully stimulating; it creates a splendid appetite, and repairs all defects of the digestive economy. The wholesome food enjoyed without stint (there are no vexatious dietary restrictions imposed) is properly assimilated, and the whole organism benefits. Health and vigour return as fast as the reduction of obesity proceeds.

The decrease of weight within the first twenty-four hours is very surprising. In ordinary cases of obesity from 8 oz. upwards is taken off, while in more exaggerated cases of fatness as much as 3 lb. is sometimes got rid of. Then there is a delightful decrease day after day until normal weight and nice proportions are attained.

The following is the experience of a lady residing in Sussex (the letter may be seen, together with hundreds of others, at the office of the Antipon Company):—"I am most completely satisfied with the result of the Antipon treatment in my case. It has not only decreased the painful stoutness, but it has had a wonderful tonic effect on my whole system. I feel better than I have done for a long, long time. When I had recourse to Antipon it was a counsel of desperation, for

I felt so far from well, and so utterly run-down and unfit for any exertion. I feel a different being now."

Ladies who contemplate a pleasant course of Antipon need be under no apprehension lest wrinkles should result from the reduction of the superfluous facial flesh. Antipon has a very marked tonic effect on the cuticle. The pores are freed from the congestion due to the excessive fatty matter under the skin, and regain their natural action in removing impure matter. The complexion becomes radiant with renewed health.

The danger to life consequent on the enormous development of internal fatty matter is obviated

by taking Antipon. It is not generally known that the heart is the first of the vital organs to be affected by obesity, the muscles becoming flabby with the adipose matter which permeates the tissues. Antipon restores normal conditions, and restores physical beauty with perfect health.

Antipon contains none but harmless vegetable ingredients in liquid form, and is very refreshing to the palate.

Antipon is sold in bottles, price 2s. 6d. and 4s. 6d., by Chemists, Stores, etc.; or, in case of disappointment, may be obtained (on sending amount), carriage paid, in private packet, direct from the Antipon Company, Olmar Street, London, S.E.



"My dear, I'm just writing to Julia, to thank her for recommending Antipon to me. It's amazing how it reduced my weight, and I feel years younger and better."
"Yes, I've just begun taking it myself. I find it a lovely tonic."

THE QUIVER

Now Ready]

For 20 Years

[*Now Ready*

PEARS' ANNUAL

(Price **SIXPENCE** Complete)

has set the highest standard of Christmas Literary and Artistic fare for the entire English-speaking world, with the result that it prints and sells

450,000 COPIES,

and this year it is brighter and more interesting than ever, containing

FIVE GREAT STORIES

superbly illustrated in tints; also



FOUR PAGES

IN COLOURS

(facsimiles of the Original Water Colour Drawings)

Illustrating the Old English Hunting Song

"JOHN PEEL,"

together with

THREE COLOURED
PRESENTATION PLATES

each well worth framing.

The Biggest Sixpennyworth in the World.

Of Booksellers and Newsagents everywhere.

Order your copy at once, or you will be too late.

Sunday School Pages

POINTS AND ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE INTERNATIONAL SERIES

JANUARY 1st. THE KINGDOM DIVIDED

1 Kings xii. 1-24

POINTS TO EMPHASISE: (1) The King's counsellors. (2) Rehoboam's reply to the people's request. (3) The rebellion against the throne. (4) God's prohibition of civil war.

The Power Behind the Throne

WE often speak of the power behind the throne without realising all that is involved in the phrase. The men who sit in high offices and give advice to the Sovereign on all important matters wield a tremendous influence, and thus in all cases it is imperative that they should be of sober judgment and wide knowledge. Many a ruler has been ruined by listening to the counsel of evil men, and the history of Rehoboam is a case in point. At the critical moment of his career, when he had the opportunity of winning the hearts of his people by a little kindly consideration, he followed the foolish counsel of one section of his advisers, and then the people rose in revolt.

There is a story told from old Russian history, that at one time twin boys were seated upon the throne of the Tsars, whose verdicts were so wise, and whose counsels were so discreet, that men marvelled, remembering the extreme youth of the lads. But it was found that the Princess Sophia, their mother, always sat on a seat, hidden by a curtain, behind the throne, and as the need of counsel came to the youthful rulers, so the mother's word would tell them what to say, and they would pass it on.

In this case the counsel was good and the young monarchs profited by it—a striking contrast, indeed, to the unfortunate and misguided Rehoboam.

JANUARY 8th. JEROBOAM MAKES IDOLS FOR ISRAEL TO WORSHIP

1 Kings xii. 25 to xiii. 6

POINTS TO EMPHASISE: (1) The "gods" of Jeroboam. (2) The prophecy at the altar. (3) The stricken king.

Turning Away from God

On Jeroboam the brand rests eternally that he "sinned and made Israel to sin." "Rejecting Jehovah's will, he was no longer king by the will of God, but a successful usurper, whose example others followed." It is a

terrible thing to turn one's back on God and to reject His commandments. Backsliding, whether in a nation or an individual, always ends in disaster, if repentance does not come in time. An example of this fact is given in the case of "a harmless old man who died on Staten Island, in 1836, at the home of a poor Scottish woman. He had once been the most brilliant lawyer in America and Vice-President of the United States. He might have been President had he been true to the talents with which God endowed him and the light which had shone upon his early life. At the age of fifteen a wave of revival swept over the institution in which he was a student. Christ was on trial before him. The voice of conscience cried out, 'Give your life to Him.' But, Pilate-like, he played with his convictions, sought advice from those who mocked at experimental religion, embraced the teachings of Lord Chesterfield, and a life of failure, crime, and misery resulted."

When the late Dr. Maclaren preached at the opening of the Metropolitan Tabernacle, he told the old story of a soldier who shouted that he had caught a prisoner, and the officer cried back, "Then bring him in." And the soldier answered, "But he won't come." "Then," said the officer, "come yourself." And the answer was, "But he won't let me." This represents the state of the Israelites under Jeroboam. Led by their king, they were prevented from coming back to the God whom they had forsaken; they went deeper and deeper into sin, forgetting the God who had done so much for them.

JANUARY 15th. ASA'S GOOD REIGN IN JUDAH

2 Chronicles xv. 1-15

POINTS TO EMPHASISE: (1) The backsliding people. (2) Asa's removal of the abominations. (3) Judah's return to God.

WHAT a contrast this lesson presents to that which precedes it! In the one case, the king turns his back on God and takes his people with him into sin; in the other case the king is determined to give God His rightful place, and the nation follows in allegiance to Him.

Conversion and Apostasy

The story of God's chosen people gives many instances of apostasy from Him and

THE QUIVER

of return to His fold. A missionary tells a story of the son of a Hindu couple who lay dangerously ill. His relatives and neighbours had given up all hope regarding his life, and even were already making preparations for the obsequies. At this juncture the afflicted father hit upon the idea that if he and his family became Christians, God might possibly spare his son. The rest of the family approving, they all came one day and declared their resolve to embrace Christianity. "How glad we were," says the missionary, "when we found that their faith had not deceived them, for the man who had been at the point of death opened his eyes and desired to eat something. But no sooner had he recovered than his neighbours began to dissuade him from joining the Mission, and their words fell on a willing ear. He one day came, and, obviously at their suggestion, declared, 'When my family broke their caste I was in an unconscious condition; therefore I do not belong to you.' And with these words he left us, the whole family following him. As a consequence of their returning to heathenism, they certainly have outward relief, their landlord, who since the time they had gone to the Mission had made them feel his displeasure, now was appeased and allowed them to remain on their land. The old father came into the Mission House and, returning the New Testament which had been given him, said, 'Please, don't be angry; my son is unwilling to join you. Perhaps we may come later on.'"

JANUARY 22nd. OMRI AND AHAB LEAD ISRAEL INTO GREATER SIN

1 Kings xvi. 15-33

POINTS TO EMPHASIS: (1) Zimri's brief reign. (2) The wickedness of Omri. (3) Ahab on the throne.

Too Late!

ZIMRI reigned for only seven days. Doubtless he imagined that a long reign stretched out before him, and that there was plenty of time for altering the course of his life. But death came speedily, and his day of opportunity was gone for ever.

Professor Drummond used to tell a parable of a sailor who reported to his captain that the water was gaining upon the vessel. The captain only scoffed at his fears. Three times the sailor repeated the warning, but each time it was unheeded. At last when the ship began to sink the captain ordered the men to the lifeboat, and when they had taken their places, he said, "I told you there was plenty of time." Just then he tried to cut with his knife the cable which bound

the lifeboat to the ship; but he fell back with a cry of horror, for the cable was an iron chain. He had delayed till it was too late—just as a great many people are foolishly doing to-day.

The Slippery Path of Sin

It is easy to fall into sin, but difficult to climb back to righteousness. That was the experience of Israel, and it is the experience of many a human life. A minister was once visiting a part of Ireland, and was struck by the awful grandeur of the cliffs. Declaring his intention of climbing to the top in order to obtain the view, he was advised against doing so, but he would not be persuaded to abandon his plan, and after much effort he reached the top. After drinking his fill of the wonderful panorama that lay stretched out before his eyes, he began to descend, but found that this was not so easy as he had anticipated. The path was so slippery that he had to lie down on his face and cling to the ground with his fingers, for just a slip to one side would have meant death.

The lesson is obvious—the pathway of sin is a tempting one, but it leads very often to death.

JANUARY 29th. JEHOSEPHAT'S GOOD REIGN

2 Chronicles xvii. 1-13

POINTS TO EMPHASIS: (1) How God prospered His people. (2) The wise rule of Jehoshaphat. (3) The tribute of the Philistines and the Arabians.

Prosperity the Fruit of Obedience

THE days of Judah's prosperity were the days of her allegiance to God. Jehoshaphat was a wise and a good ruler, and when he and his people acknowledged God, then God sent them times of happiness and prosperity.

In his admirable "Short History of the English People," Green says, "England became the people of a Book, and that Book was the Bible. . . Elizabeth might silence or tune the pulpits, but it was impossible for her to silence or tune the great preachers of justice, and mercy, and truth, who spoke from the Book which the Lord had again opened to His people. . . The effect of the Bible in this way was simply amazing. The whole temper of the nation was changed. A new conception of life and of man superseded the old. A new moral and religious impulse spread through every class. 'Theology rules there,' said Grotius of England only ten years after Elizabeth's death."

Between Your Family and



DANGER!

Have you adopted
any precautions to pro-
tect your family and
home against the ever-
present menace of Fire?
If not, why delay?

KYL-FYRE

The Fire Extinguisher

secures perfect safety against any outbreak.
Kyl-Fyre is a dry powder contained in
handsome cylindrical tubes. Immediately the
fire is discovered the Extinguisher is snatched
from the hook, thus releasing cap; the contents
are then dashed on to the flames, thereby
creating a powerful but harmless gas which
instantly extinguishes the fire. It can be used
with great effect by woman or child. Guar-
anteed to remain effective for years.

Price 5s. Each.

Polished Brass or Nickel-Plated, price 10/6

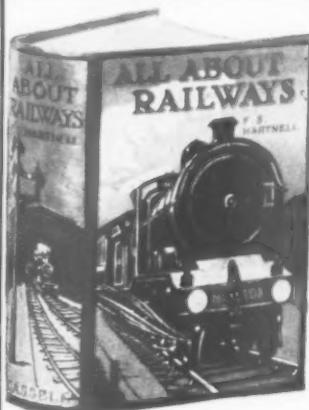
This wonderful Appliance is daily saving both
life and property. Send post card, and full par-
ticulars will be sent you post free.

KYL-FYRE, Ltd., EASTBOURNE,

7, MARK LANE, LONDON, E.C.,
and 92, MARKET STREET, MANCHESTER.

Splendid Books for Boys and Girls

FROM ALL BOOKSELLERS



All About Railways

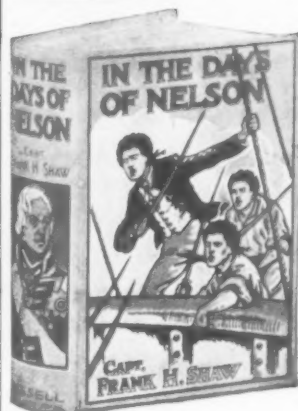
By *F. S. Hartnell*

With Beautiful Colour Frontispiece and 48 pages of Illustrations from Photographs. Cloth gilt, 6s.

Three Girls on a Yacht

By *E. E. Cowper*

With 4 Colour and 4 Black-and-White Pictures by E. S. Hodgson. Cloth gilt, 5s.



In the Days of Nelson

By *Captain Frank H. Shaw*

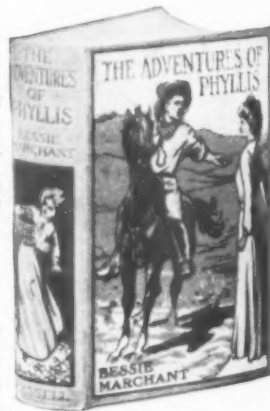
With 4 Colour and 4 Black-and-White Illustrations by Archie Webb. Cloth gilt, coloured edges, 5s.

His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales has graciously accepted a copy of this book.

The Adventures of Phyllis

By *Bessie Marchant*

With 4 Colour and 4 Black-and-White Illustrations by Fred Whiting. Cloth gilt, 5s.



Yo-ho! for the Spanish Main

By *S. Walkey*

With 4 Colour Illustrations by Archie Webb. Cloth gilt, 3s. 6d.

The Mysterious Twins

By *Brenda Girvin*

With 4 Colour Illustrations by Hilda Cowham. Cloth gilt, 3s. 6d.



Beautifully Illustrated Catalogue Post Free from CASSELL & CO., LTD., La Belle Sauvage, London, E.C.

TASTE IN HOSIERY.

The prevailing fashion of wearing the walking-skirt quite short, and the preference given to shoes, necessitates the very careful selection of one's hosiery. Any material but guaranteed all wool in the shape of hosiery should be avoided. The reasons are not far to seek. There is the question of one's comfort first of all. Wool is a bad conductor of heat. In other words, it remains at an almost even temperature, and so prevents the feet from getting too hot or too cold, as in the case of cotton or cotton mixtures. Then, from a health point of view, doctors are very emphatic in their praise of wool as a next-the-skin fabric, principally on account of its absorbent nature. The moisture from the body is readily taken up by the wool, and the risks from taking cold are minimised accordingly. Lastly, there is nothing that looks so well as an all-wool stocking. By reason of its elasticity it fits perfectly to the leg and ankle, and does not detract from the natural beauty of an ankle by sagging or by being unduly stretched.

One of the best examples of an all-wool hosiery is to be found in the Jason brand, made in Leicester by the Jason Hosiery Co., the features of which are, in short: It is made from a good quality wool, rendered unshrinkable in manufacture and finished in the Jason way, which gives the material a soft and almost silk-like smoothness. The idea of boxing all the Jason hosiery has certainly assisted in bringing it into public favour, because, apart from the convenience of handling, a box containing two or three pairs of ladies' stockings or three pairs of men's socks, makes a most appropriate and useful winter gift, and the price of 3s. 11d. is within most people's reach. It should be mentioned, however, that all Jason goods must be obtained from the usual drapers or hosiers, as the manufacturers under no consideration can supply goods direct.

"N" POLISH
(BLACK OR BROWN)
For BOOTS & SHOES.
Tins 3d., 6d., and 1s.
To be obtained at all Bootmakers, &c.
Manufactured by G. M. NELSON, Clarke Rd., Northampton

DISFIGURING
ERUPTIONS

Speedily Yield to

CUTICURA
Soap and Ointment

Cuticura Soap, assisted when necessary by Cuticura Ointment, not only preserves, purifies and beautifies the skin, scalp, hair and hands, from infancy to age, but tends to prevent clogging of the pores, the common cause of pimples, blackheads, inflammation, irritation, redness and roughness, and other unsightly and annoying conditions.

Sold throughout the world. Depots: London, 27, Charterhouse Sq.; Paris, 10, Rue de la Chaussee d'Antin; Australia, R. Towns & Co., Sydney; India, B. K. Paul, Calcutta; China, Hong Kong Drug Co.; Japan, Maruya, Ltd., Tokio; So. Africa, Lennon, Ltd., Cape Town, etc.; U. S. A., Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Sole Props., 133 Columbus Ave., Boston.
#8-Post-free, 32-page Cuticura Booklet, giving instruction for the Best Care of Skin, Scalp and Hair

THE QUIVER

The Doom of the Pill.

If I were really very ill,
And asked to take the nicest pill,
I fear I'd have to sadly frown,
And say "I could not get it down."

—♦♦♦—

"I'll tell you, old chap, the finest
thing for keeping fit. Take
CARNA SALTS TABLETS
in your Tea—we all take
'em at home—self, wife,
kiddies, and all."

—♦♦♦—

CARNA SALTS TABLETS
can be dissolved in a cup of tea, coffee,
cocoa, or hot water, and being taste-
less, will not spoil the flavour. They
purify the system, but do not strain
the organs. They are especially good
in cases of indigestion, constipation,
liver and kidney troubles, and giddiness.

In Boxes, 1/- Of all Chemists.

On post from—
CARNA MANUFACTURING CO., Ltd.,
110, Strand, London, W.C.

Get
a Box
To Day

SEEGER'S SEEGER'OL
FOR GREY HAIR.

Trial Bottle. **6d.**

SEEGER'S tints grey or
faded hair any natural shade
desired, BROWN, DARK
BROWN, LIGHT BROWN,
BLACK, AUBURN, or
GOLDEN. SEEGER'S has
a certified clientele of over
FOUR HUNDRED AND
SIXTY EIGHT THOUSAND
LADIES. SEEGER'S contains
no lead, mercury, silver or
arsenic. A medical certi-
ficate accompanies each
bottle. SEEGER'S is per-
manent, washable, has no
grease, does not burn the
hair or scalp. Large bottle 2/-
post free 2/6. Trial bottle
post free 2d. Chemists and
Stores everywhere.
HINDS LTD.,
Finsbury, London.




**THE
STARS
TELL
YOU.**

FATE

4,000 TESTIMONIALS.

I will send a **TEST HOROSCOPE** comprising
seven pages and cover on receipt of 1/- P.D. and 2/-
stamp for postage. Simply give date,
month, and year of birth-time if
known.—**Mr. Newton Verity (C.A.)**
4, Duke St., Adelphi, London, W.C.



DO YOU STAMMER?

"**THE NORMAL SYSTEM**" gives a perfect and
permanent cure. Originated by self-cured author.
Supported by clergy and medical men.

Full particulars on application.

Principal—**HAILSHAM COLLEGE, SUSSEX.**

COUPON.

The League of Loving Hearts.

To the Editor, "The Quiver,"

La Belle Sauvage, London, E.C.

*Please enrol me as a Member of the League of Loving Hearts
and forward a Certificate. I enclose One Shilling.*

(Signed)

Address

Dr. J. Collis Browne's

Chlorodyne

The Best Remedy known for

**COUGHS, COLDS,
ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS.**

Cuts short all attacks of
SPASMS, HYSTERIA, and
PALPITATION.

The only Palliative in
NEURALGIA, TOOTHACHE,
GOUT, RHEUMATISM.

Acts like a charm in DIARRHŒA and DYSENTERY.

Refuse Imitations and insist on having

**Dr. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S Chlorodyne.
The ORIGINAL and ONLY GENUINE.**

Convincing Medical Testimony with each Bottle. Of all Chemists, 1/1½, 2/6 and 4/6.



The Most Valuable Medicine ever discovered.

FITS CURED

By OZERINE. It has cured permanently the very worst cases of Epilepsy, Fits, Falling Sickness, etc., when everything else had failed. In almost every case Fits cease entirely from the first dose. It is recommended by one sufferer to another, and, by that means, is now being
SENT TO ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD.

Many thousands of testimonials have been received, and more are coming to hand every day.

59, Sparth Road, Clayton Le Moors,
Accrington, Lancashire.
Sept. 5, 1910.

Dear Sir,—It is now about three years since I began to take your wonderful medicine, Ozerine. I had been a subject to fits for fourteen years, but since taking Ozerine I have never felt any signs of them.

I strongly advise other sufferers to try Ozerine, as I am sure it will do them as much good as it has done me. Why should one live in misery when such a glorious cure is at hand?

You may publish this testimonial whenever you like.

Yours faithfully,
RICHARD PILKINGTON.

This is only one from many thousands of letters which have been received, all testifying to the extraordinary efficacy of OZERINE. It has cured sufferers of all ages, from 12 months to 80 years. I invite you to

TEST IT FREE OF CHARGE.

You need not send one penny for it. On receipt of postcard I will send you a bottle absolutely free, so certain am I that you will find it most successful.

Price 4s. 6d. and 11s. per bottle, post free.

I. W. NICHOLL,

Pharmaceutical
Chemist,

27, HIGH STREET, BELFAST.

INDIGESTION

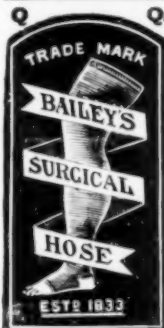
is the primary cause of most of the ills to which we are subject. Hence a medicine that stimulates the digestive organs will relieve quite a number of complaints.

WHELPTON'S VEGETABLE PURIFYING PILLS

arouse the stomach to action, promote the flow of gastric juice, and give tone to the whole system. Headache flies away, Biliousness, Kidney Disorders, and Skin Complaints disappear, while cheerful spirits and clear complexions follow in due course. ASK FOR

WHELPTON'S PURIFYING PILLS.

And remember there is NO PILL "JUST AS GOOD."
Of all Chemists, 1s. 1½d. per Box.



CATALOGUE FREE.

TRUSSES, BELTS,
and
EVERY ARTICLE
for
SICK NURSING.

"Fairs," all about Elastic Stockings,
how to wear, clean, and repair them,
post free two stamps.

W. H. BAILEY & SON,
35, Oxford St., London.
(City Branch, 62, Fore St., E.C.)

There is no simpler, safer, or more agreeable preparation than

ENO'S

THE OLD TIME EVER POPULAR
HOUSEHOLD REMEDY FOR

Biliousness, Sick Headache, Constipation. Errors in Diet—Eating or Drinking. Thirst, Giddiness, Rheumatic or Gouty Poison. Feverish Cold with High Temperature and Quick Pulse, and Feverish Conditions generally. It proves beneficial in the early Stages of Diarrhoea.



CAUTION.

Examine the Capsule, and see that it is marked **'ENO'S FRUIT SALT,'** otherwise you have the sincerest form of flattery—*IMITATION.*

'FRUIT SALT.'

Prepared only by J. C. ENO, Ltd., 'Fruit Salt' Works, LONDON, S.E.

A welcome gift
to friends abroad.

M'VITIE & PRICE'S SCOTTISH SHORTBREAD

Can be obtained in
tins from all grocers.

Orders should now be placed.

Fry's Pure Concentrated Cocoa

Cocoa and Chocolate Manufacturers
to the Royal Houses of England
and Spain.

BY SPECIAL WARRANTS OF APPOINTMENT.

CLARK & CO.

Send your Dress or Suit
to **CLARK & CO.**
THE CLEANERS
to be dry cleaned & made like new
FIXED CHARGE 4/-
Postage paid one way.

SEND FOR
PRICE LIST

34 HALLCROFT ROAD RETFORD

BEST WORK
AND CHARGES

DELICIOUS COFFEE.

RED WHITE & BLUE

For Breakfast & after Dinner.